

Political.
ASKS CITY FOR POLICE GUARD.

Steps Taken to Protect Republican Committee.

Request Prompted by Report of "Rough House" Plans.

Intimidation Not to Be Tolerated in Chicago.

DET A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES;
CHICAGO, June 7.— Col. William F. Stone, sergeant-at-arms of the Republican National Committee, appealed tonight to Mayor Harries for police protection at tomorrow's session of the committee, which is conducting contest hearings at the Coliseum.

Col. Stone's action, he said, was prompted by the report that certain Roosevelt leaders had proposed to take steps to intimidate the members of the committee in its deliberations.

Other members of the committee, including Col. Harry S. New of Indiana, Senator Crane of Massachusetts and Senator Newell Sanders of Tennessee, had heard of the reports of a planned Roosevelt demonstration at the committee-room during the hearings.

"There will be no 'rough-house,'" said Col. Stone. "In the first place, neither will there be any demonstration permitted on the outside of the Coliseum. Drastic measures will be taken if anything of the kind is attempted."

Col. New said he had reports of possible pending trouble, but was loath to believe them.

"Certainly no one is foolish enough to believe anything can be gained for a cause by the adoption of such methods," said Col. New. "Surely no one who knows the members of the National Committee is going to be bluffed or terrorized by any mob or set of things that can be mustered."

"If anything of the kind is attempted the individuals behind it will live to repent of their folly."

"This is supposed to be a national committee, not a pugil ring or a bier garden, and the dignity of a good order of its proceedings will be enforced."

United States Senator Dixon of Montana, Col. Roosevelt's campaign manager, declined to discuss these reports when the master was called to his attention. Senator Dixon said he might have some comment to make later.

Congressman William H. McKinley, director of the National Tax Bureau, appealed to William F. Flinn, Pittsburgh, as the Roosevelt leader who had been informed, was expected to start trouble.

Senator Flinn was expected to reach Chicago tonight. Senator Dixon said if he could procure a proxy in the National Committee, he would give it to Flinn.

Congressman McKinley's statement regarding reported threatened trouble follows:

"Reliable information has been received indicating that the sole purpose of the coming of William F. Flinn of Pittsburgh to Chicago, at the instance of Theodore Roosevelt, is to take steps to intimidate the Republican National Committee, if possible, in its deliberations on the contest of delegates at sea in the national convention."

"It is understood that the plan which Mr. Flinn is to follow is to organize crowds of Roosevelt followers who shall make demonstrations at the Coliseum for the purpose of attempting to overrule the National Committee."

"Roosevelt members of that body today deplored the plan, and it is agreed with Senator George W. Perkins of New York, one of Mr. Roosevelt's most intimate friends, to put an end to it."

Mr. Perkins had made no comment on this report up to tonight.

Former United States Senator Hennaway of Indiana, whose seat in the convention is contested, arrived today. United States Senator Newlands of Nevada and Senator Clark of Wyoming also arrived.

TWENTY-FOUR NAMES ADDED TO TAFT LIST.

DET A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES;
CHICAGO, June 7.— Twenty-four delegates from Alabama and Arkansas were added today to the Taft column by the National Committee of the National Committee upon the so-called Roosevelt contests from those States.

All the contests presented before the committee today were decided in Taft's favor, and in all but two the decision of the committee was unanimous, although one roll call test apparently had shown fifteen anti-Taft votes.

The cases decided were those of the six delegates at large and the two each in the First, Second, Fifth, Sixth and Ninth Congress districts in Alabama, and the four delegates at large and two each in the First and Second districts of Arkansas.

The remaining cases, those of the Arkansas contests, those of the First, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh districts.

The contest over the six delegates at large from Arizona was postponed until the day on which the Committee of Presidents of National Committees meets.

In view of the bitter fighting between the Taft and Roosevelt adherents, the meeting was surprisingly peaceful, although it opened with a contest which seemed to forecast a degree of friction.

BORAH HAS HIS FLING.

This contest arose over a renewal by Senator Borah, of Idaho, of his motion yesterday which would permit only eight members of the committee to demand a roll call instead of twenty as provided by the rules. Dennis T. Flynn, of Nevada, moved to lay the proposal of Committee of Presidents of National Committees upon the so-called Roosevelt contests from those States.

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"But you shall not adopt any rule or gag by laying motions on the table that will stop the campaign," retorted the Idaho Senator.

The committee proceeded to table the Borah motion by a voice-vote, and then Mr. Borah was permitted to continue, which he did as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, to will not make

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any progress here. Now I know that you have a steam roller. I am perfectly willing that the steam roller shall operate, but I want to say here and now that it will be known to the country that it does operate, how it operates, who is operating it. Men who have not the moral courage to record their vote before the people of this country are not worthy to represent the great Republican organization of the United States."

"Men who have not the manhood to stand up here and state for whom they are going to vote, how they are going to vote, are evidently acting as—

RULED OUT OF ORDER.

The chairman: The gentleman from Idaho is out of order.

Mr. Bartholdi: There is nothing before the house.

Senator Borah: I am before the house.

Mr. Bartholdi: I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman be permitted to proceed in order that this proceeding shall be made parliamentary.

Mr. Farnes: I hope consent will be given to the Senator from Idaho to continue, and I think we should give unanimous consent now and let him get his remarks in before the rest.

It was main point soon after this that even though Mr. Borah's motion had been tabled, the majority intended to give the minority a roll call on some of any motion.

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Lafayette Street.

WOMEN BANDITS
IN A SKYSCRAPERBeat, Bind and Gag the Wife
of a Merchant.Steal Jewelry Valued at Ten
Thousand Dollars.Victim Thinks One of the Trio
Was a Man.

By Federal (Wireless) Line to The Times.]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, June 7.—[Special Dispatch.] Women bandits held up the wife of a wealthy New York merchant in the hall of his apartments in one of the residential skyscrapers adjoining Riverside Drive today, gagged and bound their victim, beat her with a potato masher and an ice pick, thrust her under a servant's bed, raided the apartments from garret to dumb waiter and made away with loot valued at over \$10,000.

Mrs. S. C. Bernheimer opened the door of her fashionable suite at No. 71 West Eighty-fifth street, after returning from a shopping trip shortly before noon. The same woman pounced upon her, striking her screams and assaulting her without mercy with the weapons mentioned.

One woman held her while the other two clubbed her and rammed an apron into her mouth. Then they bound her with a rope, dragged her by the feet into the room of an absent servant and thrust her under the bed. While they were beating her, their victim, who was wearing her diamond necklace, a diamond ring worth \$1,000 and another ring worth \$750.

Other valuables stolen from the rooms brought the total to over \$10,000.

For over an hour Mrs. Bernheimer remained unconscious. Then she revived and managed to free herself from her bonds and struck the telephone. When the police arrived, she said she thought one of the strangers in women's clothes must have been a man, judging by the force used by this member of the desperate trio.

ENDS LIFE BY SHOOTING.
DESpondent over trouble.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—Mrs. F. A. McCall, wife of a well-known architect of this city, committed suicide at her home today by shooting herself. She had been estranged from her husband and had contemplated divorce. Mrs. McCall's daughter, Mrs. Josephine Reed, became alarmed at her mother's strange actions and left to summon neighbors. When they returned, Mrs. McCall was dead.

TO WED AN ENIGMA.

Maryland Society Maid Will
Become the Bride of a Young California
Officer Today.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

BALTIMORE, June 7.—[Exclusive
Dispatch.] Miss Dorothy Knox,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W.
Knox, will be married to Ensign Rose
E. Martin, U.S.N., son of Mr.
and Mrs. John E. Martin, Calais, Maine.
The ceremony will be performed in
Glen Elly Manor, the home
of the bride's parents, in Howard
county, and will be followed by a
wedding breakfast for the two families
at the same place. The groom
comes from the naval academy in Annapolis.
Later the bride and groom will leave
for the bungalow which they have
leased for their honeymoon, on the
Severn River.Miss Knox is described as a beautiful
society girl of literary ability. The
groom is a member of this year's
graduating class of the naval
academy.Christians in Jap Diet.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
SEATTLE, Wash., June 7.—[By
A. P. Night, Wire.] Japan's diet
received by steamer report the ten
Christian members of the Diet were
eaten in the general election on
May 15. The Sei Yuki, or government
party, won 213 seats a gain of
five, the Kukmin, or opposition
party, won ninety-eight seats, a gain
of six, and the Chuo Club party lost
fifteen seats.PITH OF THE DAY'S NEWS
FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

CHICAGO, June 7.—[Exclusive
Dispatch.] Today was bright, but as
cold as the ordinary November
day, and light wraps were necessary.
The maximum temperature was 57
deg. and the minimum 48 deg. North
wind, twelve miles an hour. Other
temperatures:Alpena 64 40
Bismarck 60 44
Cairo 72 60
Cheyenne 66 54
Cincinnati 70 54
Cleveland 64 55
Concordia 66 52
Davenport 66 48
Denver 66 48
Des Moines 66 48
Detroit 60 46
Twin's Lake 66 46
Dodge City 70 64
Dubuque 66 46
Duluth 68 48
Erie 62 48
Evanston 62 48
Grand Rapids 66 48
Green Bay 66 48
Helena 62 48
Huron 62 48
Indianapolis 68 50
Kansas City 70 52
Marquette 68 58
Memphis 78 58
Milwaukee 68 58
Omaha 66 52
St. Louis 70 56
St. Paul 68 44
Sault Ste. Marie 60 26
Springfield, Ill. 70 62
Springfield, Mo. 70 52
Wichita 74 56

ACCUSES BANKER'S HUSBAND.

[By Federal (Wireless) Line to The Times.]

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE

LIGHT FROM THE EAST
ON THE LIVING ISSUES.

[BY FEDERAL (WIRELESS) LINE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, June 7.—[Special Dispatch.]
The following editorial comments on topics of the hour are printed today in eastern papers.RENT UP FOR A YEAR.
ONE WAY WITH STRIKERS.[New York Times:] A New
York Justice yesterday sentenced twenty-one men to one year each for disorderly conduct. The sentence is as remarkable as the conduct which was thought to be disorderly. The convicts had done nothing but stone some men who were working. Incidentally a schoolboy was shot to death, and the Chief of Police of Newark had his skull crushed. There can be no possible doubt that this summary action is thought by some to be a savor of tyranny.

The organization which has its roots thus depicted is the same which was driven out of San Diego by a vigilance committee, and which has revolution for its aim rather than an improvement of conditions for the workers.

Between workers and strikers, it is well that once in awhile sympathy should be shown to the workers.

THE GANGSTERS.
REAL PROBLEM INVOLVED.

[New York Sun:] If the police of New York, or any city, were free-handed, gang would be short-lived.

But experience has proved that police unrestrained by strict regulations are likely to be more dangerous than the gangsters themselves.

Between workers and strikers, it is well that once in awhile sympathy should be shown to the workers.

OVERHAULING THE DIET.
FIGHTING THE FOOD TRUSTS.

[Boston Globe:] Consumers of foodstuffs are beginning to discern how they can avoid paying exorbitant prices. The plan adopted in many households is to purchase only the things which are really cheap and at the same time nutritious.

There is probably less meat being consumed in the United States than for many years. People find they can keep well and strong without indulging in a steaming meat diet.

If men and women would study the hygiene tables which inform them in regard to the percentage of nutrition and energy value of all kinds of food, the could improve their health and save money on food purchases. Consumers, by judicious buying, could soon bring food trusts to terms.

ARTICLE SHORT OF BAFF.

[New York Herald:] With Samuel Untermyer as chief fisherman and Representative Arsene Fujo and his associates tending lines, the House Committee on Banking and Currency took its first excursion to the Pacific Ocean. The committee, which the radical wing, known as the Industrial Workers of the World, in the national platform adopted at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1905, has always espoused, the cause of the avowed enemy of the government he lives under and demands the impeachment of Judge Hanford, who has had the power of the law.

The line of cleavage between the Berger and Haywood plans for wiping out the Constitution is scarcely distinguishable to the average man. All the same, the Berger's full fellowship with the Haywood wing outside of political action if Haywood's plan is undisguised and transparent. The Constitution is indefensible in Berger's plan, marching on our works under cover of the Stars and Stripes any less so?

THE DELEGATES ELECTED.
IN ACCORD WITH FEDERAL.

[Philadelphia, June 7.—The President Taft should have the delegations-at-large from his own State in as much in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the most vicious of the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt can hardly begrudge the President the six additional delegates the six additional delegations he has.

The Republican party has never had such a preconvention contest over nominations. It has divided the country, and created much bitterness. The danger of a continued discord after the convention is very

grave. We can only hope that the sober sense of the Republicans will prevail. The folly of the strike is evident, and will come together in loyal support of the nominee of the convention, whoever he may be.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.
AVOIDING SUMMER HEAT.

[New York World:] It is announced that the main part of the "money trust" investigation will go over until fall. This would complete a full year or more preparation for the inquiry.

It is the view of the committee to gain public confidence in the judicial character of its work this should be helpful. It will thus avoid the warp and weft of the political campaign. It will avoid the disconcerting influences of the summer heat.

DEMOCRATS NOT DECEIVED.
LOOSE TALK DEMORALIZING.

[Baltimore Sun:] Chairman Mack is too astute a politician to believe that any candidate, the Democrats put up can win this year. Loose talk like that is demoralizing, over-confidence is the Democratic danger. The idea that "any one" of the aspirants is "strong enough to defeat Taft or Roosevelt" is poppycock.

If the Democrats depend on the Republican family fight to give them the nomination, they may be sadly disappointed.

Promising as is the outlook, the 1912 campaign is not going to be any walkover. Republicans have a great many good speeches to offer on election day. The Democrats will have to put up their strongest man if they hope to win.

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ARTICLE SHORT OF BAFF.

[New York Herald:] With Samuel Untermyer as chief fisherman and Representative Arsene Fujo and his associates tending lines, the House Committee on Banking and Currency took its first excursion to the Pacific Ocean. The committee, which the radical wing, known as the Industrial Workers of the World, in the national platform adopted at Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1905, has always espoused, the cause of the avowed enemy of the government he lives under and demands the impeachment of Judge Hanford, who has had the power of the law.

The line of cleavage between the Berger and Haywood plans for wiping out the Constitution is scarcely distinguishable to the average man. All the same, the Berger's full fellowship with the Haywood wing outside of political action if Haywood's plan is undisguised and transparent. The Constitution is indefensible in Berger's plan, marching on our works under cover of the Stars and Stripes any less so?

THE DELEGATES ELECTED.
IN ACCORD WITH FEDERAL.

[Philadelphia, June 7.—The President Taft should have the delegations-at-large from his own State in as much in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the most vicious of the supporters of Mr. Roosevelt can hardly begrudge the President the six additional delegates the six additional delegations he has.

The Republican party has never had such a preconvention contest over nominations. It has divided the country, and created much bitterness. The danger of a continued discord after the convention is very

grave. We can only hope that the sober sense of the Republicans will prevail. The folly of the strike is evident, and will come together in loyal support of the nominee of the convention, whoever he may be.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.
AVOIDING SUMMER HEAT.

ARMY TO SHARE NAVY'S BURDEN.

American Troops Ready to Proceed to Cuba.

Transports in Dock to Move the Regiments.

Colonists Vote a Million to Quell Rebellion.

A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES: WASHINGTON, June 7.—The army today took steps to share with the navy in the American demonstration in Cuba.

The General Staff gave a preliminary test to the machine it has constructed when it issued orders to the quartermaster-general to put in the readiness for Cuban service the four army transports at Newport News. It was at the same time notified the proper officers at the various army posts where are located the organizations which go to make up the "expeditionary force" to have the men ready to entrain at a moment's notice.

Within six hours word came from Quartermaster-General Alexander that the transports were in condition with full supplies and coal and augmented crews, and were ready to sail the moment the troops were aboard.

The order for the transports to sail for the troops to entrain was not given, and it was said that word would not be given until the marine forces now being assembled in Europe were proved insufficient to protect the shipping, plantations, or colonies on the island had assumed such a phase as to demand intervention.

Intervention must follow in a regular manner, and the government of the United States decides to follow the intervention laid by the judge advocate-general of the army.

Warnings have to be conveyed to the different governments of Cuba, and every effort must be made to induce it to exhaust its own resources in a disorderly order.

Some of these steps already have been taken, and today the following cable was sent to the American legation in Havana for presentation to the Cuban government:

"Under the exigencies of the situation arising out of the failure of the Cuban authorities to take effective measures for the protection of American life and property the commandant at Guantanamo naval station has been compelled to land four companies of marines. The following measures have been taken for the purpose of putting down the insurrection, which is clearly the duty of Cuba. Four large war vessels with will be sent from Key West to Guantanamo, to be in readiness to meet the circumstances, demand additional forces for the same purpose. It is hoped that these measures will at once awaken the Cuban government to the necessity of promptly and effectually meeting its obligations, and will vigorously impress upon the government of Cuba that a continued failure on the part of its government adequately to protect life and property, will result in the call for intervention in response to its treaty rights and obligations."

The issue of a proclamation by President Taft now is all that is necessary to call for the regular intervention, whether this last step shall be taken depends upon the ability of the Cuban government to deal with the insurrection.

The manager of the Cuban Copper Company's mines at El Cobre, ten miles west of Santiago, telegraphed the American legation at Havana that forty marines were landed there at 10 o'clock last night. The Ponoponengane Company telegraphed the American legation that marines were landed there last night.

The Paducah, which performed this service, now at the port of Eighty-eight, was en route on the Little Eagle for the protection of life and property at Silibey and Daquiri.

Late today a message was sent to the commander of the Dr. R. R. R. in readiness for a possible voyage to Cuba. This company consists of about 100 men, mounted and carried full equipment, including field wire.

An ambulance company was also ordered prepared.

VOTE A MILLION TO QUELL REBELLION.

CARLOS AND A. P. TO THE TIMES: HAVANA, June 7.—The House of Representatives ratified late today the action of the Senate in its authorizing President Gómez to expend one million dollars to cover the extraordinary military preparations, but there was no further action, by either branch of Congress in the line of granting a further credit despite the estimation in the President's proclamation that there was no such additional appropriation.

Publication by the afternoon papers of dispatches, stating that the American War Department might send 1000 troops to prevent Cuban rebels from a profound sensation.

The general impression was that such movement was indicative of active intervention.

The government still is without news from the front of hostilities in Oriente, beyond reports of trifling skirmishes.

Torrential rains are making the movement of troops impossible, and are greatly impeding the supply of the rebellion.

It is rumored that Gen. Montaño, commander-in-chief of the government forces in Oriente, is disgusted with the futility of his attempt to force the rebels to submit, and intends to resign.

The presence of American forces in the vicinity of Guantanamo apparently has had no deterrent effect on the rebels.

The rebels, armed with rifles attacked the Toledo sugar mill at Marianas, a suburb of Havana today, evidently with the intention of burning it. They were held back by private armed guards, but were driven in and a small cavalry summoned by telephone from Camp Columbia, appeared, when the insurgents fled.

Juan Duncan, who was a leading Negro general in the way of the revolution, was arrested in Havana today, charged with conspiring to support the present negro insurrection. P. Galvez, leader of the negro party in Pinar del Rio, also was arrested.

TAFT WINS ALL CONTESTS

(Continued from Second Page.)

WASHINGTON.
OVERRULLED
IN ALL CASES.

Supreme Justices Put the Commerce Court Right.

Its Function Not to Harass the Commission.

Jurisdiction Defined in a Series of Decisions.

A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

WASHINGTON, June 7.—With the declaration that the Commerce Court was not to substitute itself for the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Supreme Court of the United States in decision after decision today reversed the Commerce Court and upheld the Interstate Commerce Commission in its jurisdictional rights as announced by Chief Justice White and concurred in by the entire court.

Chief Justice White declared that the law creating the Commerce Court did not grant new powers to it over the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but merely sought to co-ordinate and simplify the powers then existing in the Federal courts.

The construction which the Commerce Court had placed on its jurisdiction, the Chief Justice asserted, would wipe out the great object sought to be accomplished by the Interstate Commerce Act, and would result in great disorder and confusion.

THE PIGEON'S WIFE.

Lawsuit to Recover the Ownership of the Female Bird That Had Found Her Affinity.

[Omaha Bee:] Little 10-year-old Mabel Sheldykey says the ways of the probation officer are mysterious. Mabel speaks Polish better than she speaks English, but she is very proficient in either. She spoke for her mother in Juvenile court. The mother was charged with harboring a pigeon that had made an unnatural affection of another pigeon's spouse.

Mabel explained. She said earlier in the season a whole flock of pigeons had belonged to them, but one by one they had gone away. "I don't know where they went," she declared. "I shriveled them up, but they left. They never came back." After a while there was only one pigeon left. He was a he pigeon. Then he went away. When he came back he brought a mate. Now he is responsible for that? How can we tell where the pigeon came from?"

Mabel glared across the table at one of her neighbors who had firmly asserted that the pigeon's wife was her mother. The court was in session. How could it be proven where the pigeon got his wife? Judge Kennedy gave it up. The neighbor left the courtroom in anger. Mabel smiled graciously and would have favored the probation officer with a kiss, but she was cautious. "I don't trust you yet, Mabel. If you look three dozen valentines from a drug store, and gave them away and you ought not to have done it."

ART OF BEING HAPPY.

You Can Learn to Be Your Own Best Friend, If You Are Willing to Realize This Fact.

[Woman's World:] The very important article suggests the most important lesson that it is something that controls us.

We can learn to be happy, just as we can learn to be studious, diligent or neat.

It is like learning to ride the bicycle, difficult and fearsome at first, but when you have caught the knack it is easy as second nature.

It is not a matter of temperament. Any morbid soul can become stately and dignified.

It is not a matter of circumstances.

It does not depend upon health, money, luxuries or any such thing. This is the hardest truth, almost, in the world for ordinary folk to see.

Yet it is a fact that when you try to see it or there is no hope for you. So long as you nurse the false idea that your joy in life depends upon anything outside of yourself, you are condemned to misery.

If you are determined to be happy, it is yourself that you must go to work at, and not other people nor outside things.

Paul and Hastings sang in prison.

Theirs was a amazed the world in the character of the early Christians was that even in torture and death they smiled one at another and sang hymns.

The secret of happiness must seek is the one that can make you triumph over all that happens to you.

Bride Fined for Coquetry.

[London Standard:] A young woman of Zurich has been fined £14s and costs for coquetry. She will be required to be married and duly presented her birth certificate at the Town Hall, where it was found that the figures of the year of her birth, 1885, had been tampered with by the person who thus became three years younger.

As it is a serious matter in Switzerland to tamper with official papers, the police were informed and the young woman, who belongs to a good family, had to appear before the magistrate. She explained that she felt at least three years younger than her (39), and therefore changed the figures. In pronouncing sentence the magistrate smilingly remarked: "Ah, mademoiselle, you must not be so much of a coquette!"

The Coast, No. 77, for San Luis Obispo, leaves Los Angeles 1:30 p.m.; arrives San Luis Obispo 2:00 p.m. Returning, No. 78, leaves San Luis Obispo 4:00 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 4:30 p.m.

The Lark, Nos. 75 and 76, no change in time; dining car open at 7:00 p.m. to serve all.

No. 17, leaves Los Angeles 1:30 p.m.; arrives San Francisco 4:00 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 9:45 p.m.

No. 18, leaves San Francisco 5:15 a.m. Returning, No. 19, leaves San Francisco 4:00 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 6:30 p.m.

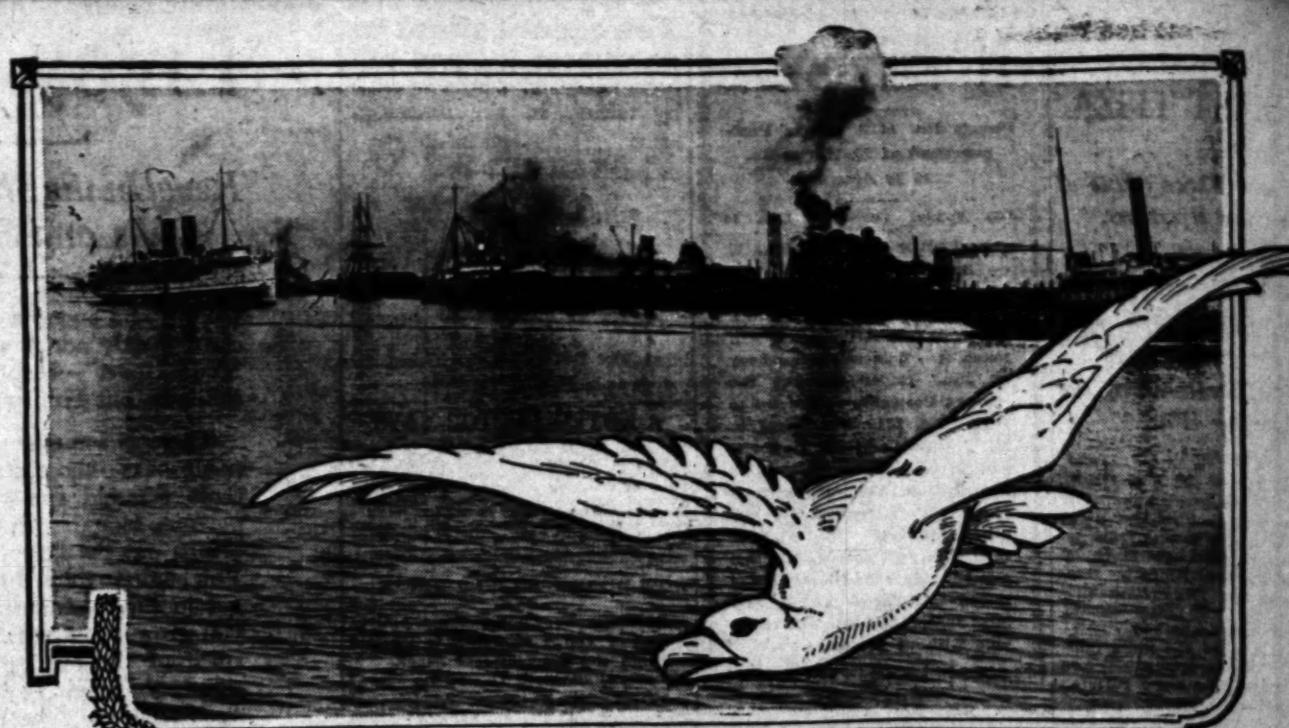
No. 20, to Nordhoff instead of Santa Barbara. Leaves Nordhoff 11:30 a.m.; arrives Santa Barbara 12:30 p.m. Returning, No. 21, leaves Santa Barbara 1:15 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 4:00 p.m.

No. 22, leaves Santa Barbara local. Leaves Los Angeles 3:30 p.m.; arrives Santa Barbara 4:30 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 11:45 p.m.

No. 23, leaves Santa Barbara 3:30 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 4:45 p.m.; arrives Los Angeles 7:45 a.m.

No. 24, leaves Fernando 4:45 a.m.; arrives Los Angeles 7:45 a.m.

Other trains unchanged. Southern Pacific



Get Your Tickets NOW for the

Next Four Parlor Car Excursion Trips

TO THE

Inner and Outer Harbor

Saturday June 8th and
Sunday June 9th

Round Trip 25c

Includes Special Water Trip on the New Yacht "Anita D."

Saturday Excursion 10:30 a. m.

Sunday Excursions 9:30 a. m. 1:30 p. m.

Hundreds of people have investigated the industrial, municipal and private improvements of the outer and inner harbor under our auspices. If you desire to take in one of these profitable and pleasurable trips, get your tickets at once, as our space is extremely limited. Hundreds of people were turned away last week owing to lack of accommodations. As a good citizen of Los Angeles, you should be thoroughly in touch with the various details of our harbor situation. Los Angeles is about to become a great world harbor. She will fall into line with Liverpool, Sydney, New York, Boston and San Francisco, from a maritime standpoint. The 25c round trip fare includes an enjoyable and instructive water trip on the new \$16,000 yacht, "Anita D." At the end of this trip we show you "Wilgry-at-the-Harbor"—the only industrial property close to deep water that is obtainable at bed rock prices.

We have sold scores of harbor sites in this deep water tract, in less than two weeks—the greatest harbor subdivision selling record in local real estate history. We offer this property in parcels of 4800 square feet at about 15c per square foot, or \$500 and up per lot. Industrial property in Los Angeles today, nearly 20 miles from deep water, is selling from \$1.20 to \$8.00 per square foot. Profits ranging up to 1000% have been made in the Wilgry District in the past sixteen months. 70% profit was recently made in a period of two and a half months. We have another record of 80% in four months.

Now is the time to buy well-located harbor sites. How would you like to own property near the water front of New York or San Francisco? Los Angeles Harbor property will be equally valuable a few years hence. Don't fail to see Wilgry-at-the-Harbor. Telephone, write or call now for ticket reservations.

F. P. Newport Company

206-209 Central Building

Sixth and Main Streets

Home 60175

Main 4792

Remember we are making a
Special Summer Rate on Carbon
Briquets

and you can

Buy Your Winter's Supply Now

at the following prices:

Per Ton \$8.00

Half Ton \$4.25

Quarter Ton \$2.25

Free delivery, except in outlying districts, where an extra charge will be made.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation

645 South Hill Street. Phones: Main 899 and A4070.

The Times

Business Office, Advertising and
Subscription Departments and
Information Bureaus are now
located at
619 South Spring St.

P. A. STANTON, Pres.
Bay City.
C. C. PIERCE, Sunset P.
ALBERT HERMES, N.
PRESIDENT

SOUTH COAST

Announcement Extraordinary

The South Coast from Belmont Heights to Balboa is the best and most attractive part of the seacoast of Southern California.

Its greatest needs have been adequate transportation facilities, publicity and a policy of development, on a continuous, PERMANENT basis.

It shall have all these.

Capital and growth and increased values will surely follow.

To secure such results, the undersigned, the South Coast Improvement Association, representing more than \$10,000,000.00 invested on the south coast, have united for a PERMANENT campaign along these lines.

We have already secured results, as witness the accompanying letter and train schedule from Vice-President Shoup of the Pacific Electric.

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. THE SOUTH COAST IS TO BE MADE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE SECTION IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FOR THE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF LARGE CAPITAL, FOR THE HOMEBUILDER AND FOR THOSE SEEKING HEALTH AND RECREATION.

WATCH FOR FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Vice-President Shoup's Letter and New Pacific Electric Time Table

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY	
OFFICE OF VICE PRESIDENT	
PAGE ONE	40-3
LOS ANGELES, CAL. June 6, 1912.	
Hon. P. A. Stanton, President, South Coast Improvement Ass'n., Los Angeles, California.	
Dear Sir:	
Referring to conference with the South Coast Improvement Association representing the cities and resorts of that section, I beg to advise that beginning Sunday, June 9th, we will put into effect between Los Angeles and points on the Newport line the following service:	
<u>Leave Los Angeles</u>	<u>Leave Balboa</u>
6:30 AM	5:45 AM
2:15	6:30
6:00	7:15 - Flyer
8:45	8:00
9:30	8:45
10:15	9:30
11:00	10:15
11:45	11:00
12:30 PM	11:45
1:15	12:30 PM
2:00	1:15
2:45	2:00
3:30	2:45
4:15	3:30
5:00 - Flyer	4:15
5:45	5:00
6:30	5:45
7:15	6:45
8:00	7:45
8:45	8:45
10:15	9:30
11:45	10:15
12:30 PM	11:00

Willing to arrange this service as a measure of co-operation with the enterprise the communities served have shown in getting together and advertising and improving their advantages. I congratulate your association upon its work which I am sure is along right lines and will be productive of great good. We shall be glad to co-operate with you in every business-like way.

In this connection, in view of your announced intention of keeping your resorts open and attractive the year round, this company will undertake to do its part by maintaining throughout the year satisfactory train service—not only in summer but in winter.

Yours truly,

Paul Shoup

The South Coast is Coming Into its Own—“Watch it Grow”

South Coast Improvement Association

EXECUTIVE BOARD

P. A. STANTON, President.
Bay City.
C. C. PIERCE, Sunset Beach.
ALBERT HERMES, Newport.

H. L. HEFNER, Second Vice-Pres.
Huntington Beach.
E. J. LOUIS, Balboa.
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DR. A. C. DAM, West Newport.
T. B. TALBERT, Huntington Beach.

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Huntington Beach.
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D. P. HARRISON, Balboa.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, 303 TITLE INSURANCE BLDG., LOS ANGELES.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 632 UNION OIL BLDG., LOS ANGELES.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Story of the Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

INNER HARBOR FOR HUENEME.

Oxnard Business Men Want Better Facilities.

Legislature Will Be Asked for an Appropriation.

Ventura County Sheriff Wars on Iniquitous Places.

OXNARD, June 7.—With a view to securing legislation for improved harbor facilities, a number of prominent business men of the public, today commenced an agitation for the harbor work. The matter is to be thoroughly gone into at the bar and Congress will probably be petitioned for an appropriation before long.

The suggestion of a breakwater is the one suggested, for docking and other works are sufficiently good as they are.

The movement has been strengthened by the opening of a railroad line from the Bakersfield oil section to the northern part of the city in the port, in part the harbor improvements can be made.

FLOODED DISTRICT.

Meeting of the conditions of lands in the New Verde section of residents having holdings there.

L. W. Stewart, a prominent member of the Palo Verde Mutual Insurance Company, left today to give the aid of his office to those who have flooded their homes. Several members of the Donlon brothers, and C. Murphy.

MORAL WAVE.

Rooms down doors and generally scenes in various parts of the city were formerly the red light section. About McMartin today arrested a young woman and a Chinese on the premises. It was learned that a number of men were violating the order given to the city just some weeks ago among certain women. Several of these men were arrested. Some were entered rooms down doors with axes of sufficient nature to break was secured.

OVER A WOMAN.

A small battle over a young woman of the city was seriously wounded recently here this morning, being struck in several places. G. Yau, a young man from Mexico, is now charged with doing the damage.

Money at the bottom of the ocean.

RINCON FUND.

Investigations are continuing to see if not today to the Rincon fund by C. J. Elliott, who has been getting Rincon money for a long time. This is the last of the investigation to the Rincon road.

NEW CAMP POPULAR.

The members of Long Beach Y. M. C. A. are having Merry Time in the new camp near San Jacinto.

SAN JACINTO, June 7.—Members of Long Beach Y.M.C.A. have arrived in San Jacinto half a hundred and have established a camp there, above Soboba. This camp will remain open until the first of August, when the boys will arrive in place, and after two weeks' training will be successful crowd for a two weeks' vacation. The camp will be run by the Indian team, mounted on the various points of interest and entertainments for the boys.

HORSE BREED CROPS.

The numerous sugar beet fields in the San Joaquin that were planted last month are attracting much attention and owners in this field are the best growers from the San Joaquin Company.

TULARE, June 7.—The seventeen-month-old son of W. C. West, living west of this city, had a close call yesterday afternoon, when it spilled a can of concentrated lime into some milk it was drinking. How or where the child got the lime is a mystery. The first the family knew of the accident was when the child suddenly became violent. It is believed to be a case of a child having a fit.

The boy was taken to the hospital, where he was given a transfusion and in a short time recovered.

REMY ACTIVE.

The numerous combined forces of individual hand owners in the San Joaquin are to their safety daily, and in addition is now in the hands of the Farmer's All Rentable Stockmen, because it is likely that a number of ranches will be erected to the demand that is rapidly on.

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their orders with the new cannery for 3,000 cans of tomatoes and will contract their orders in advance for the products of the local factory. A long-term lease will be given to the cannery to be realized in the convenient and commodious packing quarters which the Imperial Wholesale Company has agreed to let to plant.

ONTARIO CROP.

One small patch of forty-five acres of onions, planted and cared for by a young Japanese, Z. Y. Zanjoka, and his two assistants, has netted this enterprising oriental \$10,627.75. Zanjoka ships six carloads of onions which cost for 1000 cans each. The net returns on each car were \$1757.54.

LAND CONTESTS.

Frank Buren, Registrar of the United States Land Office at Los Angeles, is in Imperial, the guest of W. W. Wilson, who is taking Mr. Buren on many trips throughout the valley. This is Mr. Buren's first visit to this valley, and naturally he is wonderfully impressed with what he is seeing and, though he has been here a number of years, in the land department, and has seen many promising localities opened to the public, today commenced an agitation for the harbor work. The matter is to be thoroughly gone into at the bar and Congress will probably be petitioned for an appropriation before long.

The suggestion of a breakwater is the one suggested, for docking and other works are sufficiently good as they are.

The movement has been strengthened by the opening of a railroad line from the Bakersfield oil section to the northern part of the city in the port, in part the harbor improvements can be made.

Another patch of onions, which was to see substantial development in an adjoining country, but when I remember that the community here would do credit to a community must be surprised at what the people here have accomplished.

Mr. Buren, in company with the Receiver of the Land Office, is in Imperial to view the land near Brawley, which is under contest before the Los Angeles Land Office.

The board is endeavoring to encourage the appointment of a commission to visit other sections of the State for the purpose of securing information that will make possible the distribution of the lands in and near the city. This would enable the holder of any certain piece of land to discover what crops could be grown to advantage, in view of location, and to whom they would be most suitable.

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THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

TODAY AND TONIGHT.

THEATERS.
Adelphi—Vanderbilt ... 1:30, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.
Auditorium—Alhambra, Hotel ... 2:30 p.m.
Opera—"My Heart" ... 2:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Empress—Vanderbilt ... 2:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
Lyric—"Little Jimmy" ... 2:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Majestic—"The Mission Play" ... 2:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
Olympia—Vanderbilt ... 2:30 and 3:30 p.m.
Paramount—"Vanderbilt" ... 2:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
G. "Shows—Garfield" ... 2:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.
Motors—pictures and socialities. Continuous.

SPORTS.

Baseball—Vernon and San Francisco, at Washington Park ... 1:30 p.m.
Thomas, twenty rounds, Vernon arena ... 2:30 p.m.
"THE LAND AND ITS PATRIOTS." Program of the Chamber of Commerce meeting on Broadway.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

Times Office, No. 212 South Spring street.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

On Labor Matters.
Lincoln Steffens will be the speaker at the noon luncheon of the City Club at the Westminster today. His talk will be "Political Light on the Labor Problem."

To Counties Convention.

President Osborne has appointed John S. Mitchell to represent the Chamber of Commerce at the Seventeenth Annual County Convention, June 21 and 22. Mitchell is president of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway Association and will address the convention on the subject of "Federal Highways."

The Hotel Wesley, on the north side of North street just west of San Pedro, has been sold by Richard Arens to Louise N. Davis for a reported consideration of \$75,000. The property consists of 160x125 ft. It is now under construction with a three-story, reinforced concrete building, which is under lease. The deal was negotiated by L. J. Durnerin of W. W. Miner & Co.

The Chamber of Commerce wired the California Senators at Washington last night that it is most earnest in its advocacy of amendments which were inserted in the House of Representatives making it unlawful for free tolls to be charged for shipping in coast-wise trade; also amendments making it unlawful for steamers and barges, owned or controlled either wholly or in part by railway companies, to engage in coast-wise shipping through the canal. The chamber asks as to the present condition of the bill and offers any possible assistance toward passage Nine Miles of Soap.

The largest single shipment of soap ever received here or, so far as saponaceous experts know, anywhere else, is now being unloaded at the warehouse of S. Newell & Co. It comes from the Peet Brothers, in Kansas City, and consists of twenty solid box-bars containing nothing but soap. There are 760 bars in each case and each case has a weight of 6,000 lbs. altogether. Laid end to end to end, the individual bars would make a line 8.8 miles in length. They weigh approximately 100 pounds net each. The total value of the shipment is \$40,000. It is stated by E. H. Quimby, who represents the soap manufacturers here, that Los Angeles alone uses 90,000 bars of soap a year. On this basis the shipment would last, the city twenty-five days, provided no other soap was used.

BREVITIES.

Bimini Hotel and treatment departments closed few days for renovation and improvement. Sub and room reservations now. Watch for opening announcement.

The Times Branch Office, No. 118 South Broadway, Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Furs remodeled. D. Bonoff, 447 Edy.

A ROMANCE OF INDIA.

Cupid Busy At the Durban Coronation and the Engagement of Los Angeles Persons Results.

A romance resulting from the excursion of Angelenos to the Durban coronation last spring will culminate in a wedding at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the matrimonial when Robertson, who conducted the trip, will take as his bride, Miss Charlotte Livingston, one of the fair travelers. Rev. Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher will officiate.

The giddy globe trotter, having been around the world six times, and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will start on another circle September 15, when the long-distance honeymoon trip will begin. Robertson, a member of the stockholders' department of the City Trust and Savings Bank. Miss Livingston is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert George Livingston. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson will be at home after July 19, at No. 725 West Forty-ninth place.

BETHROTH ANNOUNCED.

The betrothal of Miss Elizabeth Oliver and W. D. McConnell, deputy city prosecutor, is formally announced by the bride-elect's mother, Mrs. S. J. Oliver. She was an active member of the Elbel Club and was formerly secretary of the organization. She is now assistant curator of the art and travel department. The wedding will be solemnized in this city in the near future.

UNDESERVED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union office for J. C. Cunningham, Miss Alema Ladd, Harry Cline, A. L. Biggs, W. H. Miner, H. W. Curtis, D. Urquhart, Gus Jacedan, Building and Loan, Frank J. McDaniel, M. Gebhardt, Mrs. Anna Wright, Mrs. Elsie Allen, Lazar Leich, J. McDonald, Mrs. L. B. Hirsch, G. W. Overstreet, F. O. Stafford, J. B. Sullivan, Mrs. W. P. McDaniel, E. C. Davis, Mrs. O. U. Nield, J. C. Watson, Dr. T. P. Curtis, John A. Salsbury, J. E. Kelly, Stella M. Benson, J. A. Hayes, Mrs. P. Jones and J. L. Disney.

U.S.W.V. ENCAMPMENT.

The third annual encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans, Department of California, will be held at Scott's Hall, No. 551 Central avenue, commencing Monday, the 17th inst. Public exercises will be held at West Church, Eighth and San Julian streets, 10:30 a.m., the 17th. Patriotic speeches, songs and welcome addresses will be delivered. Tuesday morning, the 18th, the annual parade will start from Scott's Hall.

ROAD RACES FOR
FUTURE YEARS.

SANTA MONICA WOULD CONTROL
ALL THE DETAILS.

Committee Handling the Beach Road Report. Several Hundred Dollars Profit and Recommends the Exclusion of Any Outsider Participating in Coming Events.

SANTA MONICA, June 7.—The local committee having charge of financial affairs and contributions in connection with the recent successful automobile road races here today submitted a report through W. J. Stadelman, chairman of the committee. After thanking the public for generous contributions which made the races possible, and then called for Santa Monica much advantageous advertising, the committee submits a terse recommendation, as follows:

"We recommend and sincerely hope that this racing event will be continued and will be made an annual affair and that a permanent organization will be perfected consisting of ten special citizens and that the entire arrangements and detail be carried out by our local people and that we discourage the holding of any more racing events if outsiders are to have anything to do with the management. We are convinced that if this event is properly conducted and carried on, it will be a great benefit to the city of Santa Monica and can be raised that will be of such a magnitude as to bring direct results."

Associated with President Stadelman on the committee were Messrs. R. W. Armstrong, H. Michel, E. Livingston, M. C. Bunker, Paul D. House, L. D. Speers and George D. Snyder.

The financial report shows collections aggregating \$282.35, and expenses of \$147.17, leaving a balance of \$135.18 to refund to the club extraordinary expenses. The heaviest contributors to the fund were the Pacific Electric, \$500; Santa Monica Land Company, \$225, and the Edison company, \$200. Of the expenditures, \$47.75 went to airing police officers for the course, \$106 was spent on building the turns, and \$120 for the bridge.

THREE SCORE AND MORE.

Mrs. Susan J. Tufts, who came to the beach five days ago for the benefit of her health, died last night at her temporary home, No. 2017 Ocean avenue. Deceased, who was 74 years of age, was a native of Los Angeles and had been ill many months. She is survived by four sons and three daughters, all of whom reside in Los Angeles—Edward B. Williams, A. Carl R. and Roy M., and Mrs. T. A. Sammons, Mrs. R. F. Prichard, Mrs. A. B. Cane. The interment will be at Rosedale, Saturday afternoon, at 2 p.m. The funeral will be at the Los Angeles residence, No. 318 West Thirty-third street.

AN EASTERN STAR.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Eliza Davis will be held at the Episcopal Church at 10 o'clock Monday morning. The interment will be made in Woodlawn Cemetery. Deceased was a past officer in the Eastern Star organization at Puyallup, Wash., where her home was made for a number of years. The services will be conducted by Rev. Edward Davis, is in feeble health and well advanced in years.

ON THE WARPATH.

The members of the local military company are preparing for a trek to the Topanga delta, where they will go into camp one week from Sunday. The blue uniforms are being made and the buttons polished in anticipation of participating in the parade at the Fourth of July celebration, either at the beach or in Los Angeles. Plans are already being made by the officers to take the company to San Francisco August 8, to remain in camp there until August 24.

BEACH DRIFTWOOD.

The Golds—West Elms. Builders are prepared to move their offices and take possession tomorrow of a new three-story brick block that has just been completed at Utah and Ocean, at a cost of \$40,000.

Members of the local lodges of Knights of Pythias will go to Redondo in a Monks' banquet, to attend a Friarian banquet, that is to be held by the Redmonds.

Flag Day will be celebrated at the beach by the lodge of Elks, they having in preparation a patriotic programme that will be given at Columbia Hall.

VITAL RECORD.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday. Name and age given are as follows:

ANDERSON—OCHSNER, Oscar P. and Mrs. ... 21.

ANIECH—MATIC, Frank Aniech, M. D., Durhins

CONNOLY—WILSON, John M. Connolly, 21; Elizabeth Connolly, 19.

DANIEL—STEPHENSON, Robert G. Daniel, 21; Nellie Stevenson, 20.

DOWNEY—DODD, Frank S. Dowdy, 26;

FORD—FORD, Margaret F. Ford, 21;

JONES—MOORE, Ira Joyce, 21; Florence

KNOX—EGGERT, James E. Knox, 21; Crystal

Knock, 19.

MULLEN—DANIEL, Richard E. Daniel, 19; Dennis O. Daniel, 17.

PEPPER—PEPPER, Harry A. Muller, 21;

ROTH—ROTH, Herbert F. Roth, 21; Louis

Wolff, 19.

ROTH—WALDEN, Frank M. Prior, 21; Margaret E. Walden, 21.

SHREVER—SHREVER, Cal. Leonard F. Shrever, a native of California, aged 21.

SHREVER—SHREVER, Charles F. Shrever, 21; Margaret E. Shrever, 19.

SHREVER—SHREVER, Howard E. Shrever, 21; Margaret E. Shrever, 19.

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The Times

LOS ANGELES

Population: | By the last Federal Census (1910) — 319,198
By the last School Census (1911) — 360,000XXIst YEAR.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1912. — 12 PAGES.

PRICE: Single Copy, on Streets and Trains, 5 Cents
Per Month, Per Copy, Delivered, 30 CentsBIG
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2nd floorasement
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You.nts to \$5
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\$3.75, at \$1.95

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U. B. Blackstone Co.
318-320-322 South Broadway.

Summer Union Suits

50c and 75c

There's just enough elasticity in these Union Suits to make them comfortable—not enough to make them baggy, or ill shaped. They fit the form and they have the elements of wear.

Crestwood Union Suits 50c Merode Union Suits 75c

In each of these special lots are all styles—high neck and long or short sleeves, low neck, sleeveless, knee or ankle lengths, some finished.

Main Floor



Children's Dresses \$2.50

Values \$3.75 to \$5.50

Perhaps a hundred Dresses in this specially priced lot, and they are pretty Dresses. You wouldn't think of making them for that price, to say nothing of the cost of material and trim.

There are White ones of lawn, and Colored ones of gingham and chambray. Some lace or embroidery trimmed, also embroidered, some decorated with both or all three. Lots for girls from 4 to 14 years. Choice of the lot, \$2.50.

Third Floor

White "Onyx" Hosiery

Hosiery stock is equipped to satisfy any whim for White hosiery—and there's no need to tell women of Los Angeles of the popularity of White Footwear.

WHITE LISLE HOISERY, at every price, up from 35c. WHITE SILK STOCKINGS, all prices, up from \$1.00.

Main Floor

The Best Hot Weather Glove is
Kaysers Chamoisette Glove

It is fashionable, washable, serviceable.
KAYSER'S 16-BUTTON WHITE CHAMOISETTE
GLOVE, \$1.00.

Main Floor

Wonderfully Good Bath Towels
Regular 35c Value 30c

an extremely large, extra heavy, double-thread bleached bath towel, one that sells regularly at 35c, is listed for 30c. At 30c.

Main Floor

Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos,
Band Instruments, Violins, Harps, Etc.

Excellent values in these, and other Small Instruments—including the best and most popular makes. Select from these—

Lyon & Healy Harps Martin Mandolins and
Guitars.Sawzett Zithers, the
most famous make, \$35 to \$200.

Washburn Mandolins, Guitars and Banjos.

Morrison Banjos and Guitars.

Victors
—and—
Victrolas at
\$1.50 AND UP
WEEKLYVictrolas in all styles—Victors
from \$1.00 to \$100—Victrolas at \$15 up to
\$100. Come in and hear
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SATURDAY MORNING.

How It Was Done.

REBEL ARMY'S INNER SECRETS.

Several Tell How Recruits Were Enlisted Here.

Opera Bouffe Effect Given by Soldier's Story.

Even the Judge Laughs When Army Is Described.

TO TEACH WOMEN LAW.

Legal Department Will be Added by University of Southern California For the Fair's Sex.

Dean Frank M. Porter of the College of Law of the University of Southern California, told the students of the college at a meeting last night that next year the college will depart from the regular customs of legal institutions of learning, and inaugurate a women's department.

The interest women are taking in the march of the famous Coxey Army on Washington, were thrown on the official screen in the United States District Court yesterday.

Some of the testimony, indicating the nerve and spirit of the women who heeded the call to arms, was so extravagant as to cause laughter among the spectators, but through it all was shown the honest intention of the witness or the other who denied that they deserved in the way of land and money.

One of the interesting features of the day was the testimony of Secret Agent Gainer, who made the raid on the office of El Regenerator on East Fourth street a year ago. A mass of books, papers, documents, etc., were seized, and many taken by the junta, a number of incriminating letters alleged to implicate the defendants, and a number of memoranda on various cases which the junta were in the course of preparation.

Gainer told in a dramatic way how he seized the stats and how the Masons tried to dislodge him from the office.

The junta, too, was much interested in the raid, and asked how the function nearly resulted in gun-play. The examination of mass of letters, etc., will be a guide of further proceedings in the case.

CASE OF THE GIRLS.

A station for contempt of court against Leslie Norman and Mercedes Flores for the alleged attack upon wives Peter Martin will be heard by Judge William Willborn this afternoon. Attorneys for Peter Martin, L. B. McElroy, and H. C. Hubbard, and for Mercedes, are in the courtroom.

The report of the president of the student body showed that \$4000 has been spent in defense and \$600 in expenses. Old models were presented to James L. Patten and Oliver P. Elliott for excellence in debating.

OPPOSE HARRIMAN'S PLAN.

Members of Board of Freeholders Endeavoring to Keep Party Lines Out of City Charter.

Practically the entire session of the Board of Freeholders that is under way to frame a new charter for Los Angeles was taken up last night in a discussion of the proposed provision for proportional representation of political parties on the commission plan.

The Advisory Board convened at 10 o'clock in the morning and after a long session adopted a resolution recommending to the Board of Public Works that the resolution of January 4 be rescinded.

The Advisory Board is practically the Board of Public Works, since the Harbor Commission withdrew from the organization December 1. Last night members are Chaffee, A. L. Hubbard, William M. Humphreys, City Engineer Hamlin, Assistant Engineer Vincent and Special Counsel Hewitt.

BANISH THE SCRIBES.

The board had been in session but a few minutes when Gen. Chaffee stopped proceedings and requested the newspaper men to step out in the corridor for a few minutes. Followed a five-minute radio chamber session.

When the open session was resumed Commissioner Humphreys read a resolution reciting the circumstances in which the board last January 4, delegated to the Harbor Commission power to prepare plans for the improvement and development of the harbor. He related the causes which made this action seem the proper course of action at San Pedro during the two years and nine months since consolidation.

SAN PEDRO (Cal.) June 7.—We note with pleasure that you have undertaken a personal investigation into the causes that have prevented the proper improvement of the harbor. We will support a remedy both speedy and effective.

Gen. Chaffee asked Hewitt if he had any report to make, which he did not prepare a resolution which he read. It was more exhaustive than Humphreys' and filled with legal phrasology, but without any extended explanation or discussion elicited the result that neither resolution was adopted.

Gen. Chaffee made a lengthy statement to the effect that the board served in delegating all of its duties to the Harbor Commission, but that in so doing the board believed it had acted for the best interests of the city and the interests of harmony.

"It was done only as an extreme measure," said Gen. Chaffee, "but the board found that the Harbor Commission would not approve the board's plans for harbor work. The board stood for increased timber work and the Harbor Commission insisted on concrete and the side walls of the channel should be built up to the water line on that proposition.

There was no friction between the two boards until the route for the proposed \$4,000,000 harbor funds to the Harbor Commission was discussed. The board stood for the Pacific Avenue route, while the Board of Public Works was solid for the Beacon-street route.

At a meeting of the advisory board on December 18, the question of transferred powers of dredging and the \$4,000,000 harbor funds to the Harbor Commission was discussed, and Mr. Hewitt stated that it could not be done without a charter amendment. Then we drafted the resolution which was adopted January 4, and which we will rescind today.

THE GENERAL DISAGREEMENT.

Gen. Chaffee took home with him the original Goodrich as to his plans for the Mormon Island channel slips.

"The channel should be open and a pier built there," he declared for the reason that a great number of slips proposed by Goodrich for the Mormon Island channel would drive the water into the inner harbor.

At the time of the consolidation, all the frontage of the inner and outer harbor excepting a tract of 146 acres in the outer harbor, was claimed by the inner harbor. It was pointed out by the press that the outer harbor was solid for the inner harbor.

It was apparent to the interest of the public that the outer harbor should be open and the inner harbor closed.

The bonds were voted but because of the opposition of the legal authorities of the city of San Pedro it became necessary to pass an act of the Legislature to get a decision by the Supreme Court of the State before the bonds could be sold. This caused a delay of over one year.

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THE OTHER KIND.

Rabies is said to be prevalent in some of the northern cities. This has no reference to the political kind at Sacramento.

ON FAITH.

The Honolulu fruit fly pest is to be discussed by Hawaiian delegates at San Francisco and Santa Barbara. Pictures of the flies will do for illustrations. The real article might get too frisky in California.

SCRIPTURAL.

War is again declared between the Colorado River and the people at Needles. It is easier for a trainload of millionaires to pass through the eye of Needles than for this rampant stream to enter the kingdom of Arizona.

BAD LOGIC.

The Senators who voted for the second coat of whitewash for Lorimer stated that his election was the logical result of the political conditions existing in the State of Illinois. We trust this is not said in a boastful spirit. Most States would heartily deplore the existence of that kind of political conditions.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

One of the sad things about the fact that human life is limited to three score years and ten is that a man must pass before he sees the conclusion of many events in which he has felt an interest. By the time the young men of today reach the allotted span of earthly existence they will begin to be interested in Italy's war with Turkey. It is rather too bad that none of them may hope to live long enough to see the end of this conflict.

CHEESE.

Cheese is food, although one does not always know this merely by coming into its presence. It is one of those facts which must be taken on faith like many facts of religion and matrimony. Cheese is not always modest and it is often highly temperamental. Many sensitive persons can always tell when they are in the presence of a highly-organized or an advanced cheese and there is a way to tell the difference between such a cheese and a raw garden. Cheese is not easily frightened because it has great strength and courage. This is why many small boys about "cheese it" when they see a policeman coming. Many kinds of cheese do not hesitate to express what they feel. This editorial is timely because many respectable grocers are beginning to offer cheeses for sale, although few of their salespeople are ever able to pronounce the names of most brands. Cheese is notable for other qualities than its bouquet.

SHAP JUDGMENT ABROAD.

"San Diego's resort to anarchy to express its hatred of anarchists" is the way the Literary Digest sums up the comments of eastern papers in trying to criticize the vigilantes. The New York Times says that fighting anarchists with their own weapons will not do, and the New York World says that evidently what San Diego needs to restore freedom of speech and to end mob law is a few prominent citizens and respectable business men in jail. Of course it is very easy for a man as far away from San Diego as New York to express an adverse opinion about action taken in premises of which he has no adequate knowledge. In answering these critics the San Diego Union puts the case clearly when it says that the two central facts about the situation at San Diego are that there has been no suppression of free speech there and that the conditions created by the hordes of anarchists who had swarmed into the city could have been remedied only by some such drastic measures as were taken. It aspers that putting down the rebellion and stamping out anarchy is rough, unpleasant work. "Nobody," it says, "can imagine that the people of San Diego like the task that has been forced upon them, but they are doing it manfully and vigorously." The Union significantly adds that San Diego's fight is the fight of loyal Americanism against an abominable anarchism, and that it is the fight of the whole Union.

VIRTUOUS NEW YORK.

What a respectable village New York will become in time. After excluding the women from the joys of the seductive weed, the New Yorkers have started a campaign to prohibit card playing, even in one's own home. One Mr. Sherman was recently made a horrible example. He and his friends were playing a private game of bridge in a New York flat and a porching policeman peeped in through the window, saw the disgraceful occurrence and had 'em all arrested. In the county court Mr. Sherman was convicted, but being able to afford the luxury he pinned his hopes to the Appellate Court, from which he has just obtained the decision that it is perfectly lawful to play a game of cards in your home, even if a cent a point hangs in the balance thereby.

Now this thing happened in New York, mind you. Not in some little old New England village back in 1780.

So perhaps we can understand the Mexican professor's statement that "he finds New York more virtuous, far, far less wicked than either Paris or London. Dr. Carajalos is investigating metropolitan vice in the world's big cities with a view to establishing the best possible system for meeting the difficulty in Mexico's future New Yorks or Chicagos. Which, of course, is looking ahead—and no end of an interesting job for the doctor. Doubtless the card-playing episode was arranged strictly for his benefit.

NO ANARCHY IN THE SCHOOLS!

The Times heartily commends the action of the Board of Education in disciplining the school teacher who wrote a letter in behalf of Emma Goldman, the notorious anarchist, to the Mayor of San Diego and signed himself "Charles Edwin Locke, teacher of United States History and Civics, Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles," thus apparently dragging the school into the Goldman affair.

It is astonishing that there should be found among the instructors of youth in the public schools of Los Angeles a teacher entertaining the sentiments expressed in this letter in the interest of Emma Goldman; but it is amazing that he should have taken this pains to proclaim them, even if he harbored them; it is past comprehension that he should have signed his letter in his official capacity as a teacher in the Polytechnic High School.

And it is abriging to think that views of United States history such as are reflected in the letter of Locke on Goldman are perhaps being sedulously impressed on the minds of our boys and girls, day after day, by a teacher in the employ of the Board of Education. Shall we next hear of an "Emma Goldman chair" in one of our higher educational institutions, or a Sam Gompers professorship, or a class in Eugenics-Debasement?

BILLBOARDS AGAIN.

There is a place for everything on this earth; for electioneering, for worship, for gymnastics, for speaking one's mind and for holding one's tongue; also for advertising and for scenery. But everything should be kept in its right place. A baseball game is not the proper place for a gospel revivalist to hold forth; the pulpit should not be used to announce the standing of the leagues; the downtown districts in any city are not adapted for street oratory; the straps on a trolley car were not designed for gymnastic exercises; nor should the rolling green hills between Pasadena and Los Angeles or the rural landscape between Los Angeles and the sea be all littered, disfigured and denaturalized by advertising billboards.

We need the advertising and we love the scenery, but we don't want to mix them.

Again the question of abolishing the endless, yet ever-spreading, files and ranks and battalions of billboards, small and large, tall and short, plain and colored, pictorial and grotesque, persuasive and comical, is being agitated by those who prefer our natural scenery undecorated by the handiwork of the ubiquitous sign painter. This is a place for everything on this earth; for electioneering, for worship, for gymnastics, for speaking one's mind and for holding one's tongue; also for advertising and for scenery. But everything should be kept in its right place. A baseball game is not the proper place for a gospel revivalist to hold forth; the pulpit should not be used to announce the standing of the leagues; the downtown districts in any city are not adapted for street oratory; the straps on a trolley car were not designed for gymnastic exercises; nor should the rolling green hills between Pasadena and Los Angeles or the rural landscape between Los Angeles and the sea be all littered, disfigured and denaturalized by advertising billboards.

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SATURDAY MORNING.

By the Staff

in "Local."

Cook Cook? Probably

Pole.

the duties of the Chi-

cian up the "delegations"

reported in the Cham-

bers of rhapsody on Hunga-

ry.

at this distance as I

about had run out of

proposals to fight it out

at San Diego, if it takes

a "Poultry Club"

University. What a job for

us!"

to make Saturday night

only requires the rail-

ers States.

average citizen to keep

up to the sticking point

go fishing.

that Dick Croker wants to

Nette Kellerman, Week-

thinks of it?

the grand jury, having no

the I.W.W. plow, will not

the power to 'em!

ind President Taft?" one

to know. We may be mis-

like the colonel.

tamps season is on and all

we have met up with so far

to the major leagues.

page announces that stage

will be popular this sum-

mer understand, not cheap.

and of radiates doing of all

are of the Dward Boys.

How are yours getting on?

ays: "Dixon says" let us

that silence, like a positive

use to heal these blows of

the great English Dandy

of \$50,000 to J. Pierpont Mo-

at he won't be compelled to

try to write "Mazdaids"

in the middle to think

not already a sufficient

they picked up in Horrento or in Ven-

Miss Dillon's singing left on me the

impression of a Rodin statue—a gi-

gantic idea as yet unfinished. She

has the voice, the sympathy, the

magnetic personality. Let some master

of tradition and interpretation

interpret himself in her for six months

—let her faithfully follow such a

master's tuition for six months, or

perhaps a year—and we have a new

Nordic, new German Bellington

girl.

I fear Miss Dillon spent all her nice

little box-office profit last night hiring

a brigade of taxicabs to haul home

her flowers.

Joseph Montrose and Grace Trav-

ere—Mr. and Mrs. Montrose, in pri-

vate life—returned from their wed-

ding trip last evening to a handsome

new flat gotten ready by their friends,

a splendid silver service, a fine din-

er and a household of company.

This afternoon, at the Auditorium,

Alexander Heimann, the German

Beder-singer, will bid farewell to Los

Angeles in a recital commanding

a price of \$1.15. The programme:

"Ich liebe Dich," "Die quirlige Tomba,"

"Wei bist du, meine Koenigin,"

"Schwesterlein," "Vergleichen Stand-

"Johannes Brahms;" "Robes-

"Schlaf," "Salomé," "Der alte Herr,"

"Die Wanderein," "Hans Hermann,"

"Gesang," "Schlaf," "Erik-

" (Franz Schubert.)

Among the new acts shortly to be

seen at the Orpheum are, Graham

Monk's "The Concealed Bed,"

while a host of super-critical

opera stars are to be seen.

See if the enunciation of

Mimi, ma quel nome

would go over in vogue or if

and pleasure in the scenes

"comes according to the

tradition of the '60s."

The Dances of the "60s" are

and varied. Owing to the

four songs, seven of

were My Aris. A pretty big

for any singer to under-

for the best effect of

the mistakes at

West Point next week.

many Grant, Sheridan or

are in the bunch?

a pouring into the lea-

it has become of the old-

never knew how to use a

the fleshy fruit of the

will be well represented at

Olympiad, but she will have

among the hammer-throw-

'tive kind threatened to put

out of business.

Warner wanted a good man

of the aqueduct investigation

for himself. This sort of

coming quite a habit.

class of graduates will be

at West Point next week.

many Grant, Sheridan or

are in the bunch?

a pourer into the lea-

it has become of the old-

never knew how to use a

the fleshy fruit of the

will be well represented at

Olympiad, but she will have

among the hammer-throw-

'tive kind threatened to put

out of business.

anti-trust suit to be filed w-

it is against the alli-

Why doesn't Uncle Sam

of the sea? "Women and

are scarce, but the words are

the Des Moines (Iowa)

been defeated for the United

trial nomination. Oh, well,

we're scarce, but the words are

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trial nomination. Oh, well,

BILLS
ice box? Well, we informed you that it will always be convenient to use the ice refrigerator. If not convenient, in this wonderful

COMPANY

Main 497.

Ks

Capital

Surplus

Profit

Capital

<p

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest



1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR.
NEW SERIES VOL. 1, NO. 21.

JUNE 8, 1912—40 PAGES

Single copies, by mail,
Or through News Agents. } TEN CENTS

It's Coming.



Southern California will be the world's market-place in 1915.

[881]

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PART II.

Bellcrescent Wafer in five flavors

10c
AT ALL GROCERS

The daintiest, most delectable and satisfying dessert accompaniment you can use this summer for picnics, luncheons, dinners and five o'clock teas—is Bellcrescent Wafers—in five delightful flavors (also assorted flavors.) They harmonize perfectly with ice cream, ices, frozen punches, custards and blanc mange. Served with wine, lemonade, iced tea, they are positively unequalled. The strawberry wafers are dainty tidbits made from the purest materials.

The vanilla wafers are light, rich, crisp and wholesome. Flavored with the choicest South American vanilla. You will find the lemon wafers quaintly toothsome. Flavored with the best California lemon. Full rich chocolate is used to flavor the chocolate wafers. Bellcrescent Ginger wafers are appetizing morsels possessing a warm, piquant ginger flavor.

In addition to the single flavors, you can get a box containing the entire assortment—including all the flavors. At all grocers, 10c the package.

BAKED FRESH DAILY IN LOS ANGELES BY
KAHN-BECK COMPANY



Optometry — The science and art of prescribing and fitting glasses to correct defective sight, without the use of drugs.



Optometrist — One skilled in optometry, an expert in examining eye defects, a physician eye specialist.

Learn the New Profession—Optometry

—BY—

DR. M. M. RING
OPTOMETRIST AND PHYSICIAN

A young man's brain is like \$5.00 worth of pig iron. As pig iron it is worth \$25; made into horseshoes it is worth \$100; into horseshoe nails \$150; into main springs for washers, \$100,000; and if you make it into hair springs, it is worth \$250,000. It is up to the individual in which class he wants to place himself, whether he wants to remain in the pig iron class, or get into the hair spring class, but he can only get there by hard work.

A young man's capital is his leisure time, and if you will invest your capital as your employer does his money, nothing in the world will bring you the same high percentage of interest.

**The Southern California College
of Optometry and Ophthalmology**

offers to teach you this new profession of optometry as defined in the upper corner of this ad.

Strong prospect in view that it will be much harder to enter after this summer.

Well worthy of any young man's ambition.

Full faculty of qualified professors.

We teach the same system as we practice, and practice the same system as we teach.

DR. M. M. RING

OCULIST AND OPTOMETRIST
321 SOUTH HILL STREET
ROOM 10
PHONES—HOME 40254.
SUNSET BROADWAY 2790

NO DROPS USED
IN TESTING.
MANY EYES HAVE
BEEN INJURED
BY DROPS.

Qualified by Examination—California
State Board of Medical
Examiners and
California State
Board of Examiners
in Optometry.

Pertinent Pointers for Practical People

Continuous, adequate and profitable results for advertising space prove the intelligence, hence the buying force of a newspaper's clientele of readers. This is one of the reasons why

The Los Angeles Times

has maintained its lead of the newspapers of the world in advertising space.

At the end of last month—May, 1912—the volume of advertising carried by Los Angeles newspapers, expressed in inches was as follows:

First, The Times	111,198 inches
Second	32,106
Third	54,082
Fourth	45,839
Fifth	36,871
Sixth	20,331

The tabulation below indicates the lead of the Los Angeles Times over other big journals for April, 1912. (Figures for May at time of printing not obtainable.)

Los Angeles Times	5371
Chicago Tribune	2072
New York World	2066
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	2066
Washington Star	2066
Minneapolis Journal	2070
Philadelphia Inquirer	2077
Cleveland Plain Dealer	2107
Baltimore News	2066
Cincinnati Enquirer	2110

Actual Circulation:

Daily average circulation for May, 1912..... 232,000
Sunday only, average circulation for May, 1912..... 30,000
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Delivered by mail or carrier
and Sunday editions (including the Illustrated Weekly) \$9.00 per year; 75c per month. Sunday edition only, \$1.00 per week.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

and in the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exhibition of their marvelous natural resources and the well-preserved of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, and articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant sketches, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the State, the Farm and the City.

Notes in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with sketches of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, cities and plains of the "Land of Illimitable Desires."

Advertisement mostly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and discussion; a Journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady defense of liberty, law and freedom in the industries, holding up the ranks of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly working to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of human, country and civilization.

Editorial Writing, being complete in itself, is served to the public gratis from The Times news sheets when required. Old series and Number 31, 1911. New series began January 6, 1912.

Advertiser: In publishing matter for publication in The Illustrated Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Subscription: 20 cents a copy. With the Sunday Times, \$3.50 per year; without, \$2.00 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Send a second-class matter January 6, 1912, of the post office at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly

Largest Magazine of the Southwest, Southwest

Under the Editorial Direction of
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

160 Pages—Regular Issue Over 88,000 Copies.

BY THE WESTERN SEA,
AND IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

The Garden of the Continent.

THE Department of Agriculture at Washington informs us that the pear crop of 1909 for the United States amounted in value to \$7,911,000, of which California is credited with \$1,861,000. In the matter of trees California has 98 per cent. of all the trees in the United States.

California leads all the other States in the number. In winter a great many grapes reach the market of the large cities of the East, most of them coming from Almeria, on the southeast coast of Spain. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has been experimenting with the Red Emperor grape of California with much success that it looks as if we would get the grape in the future, at least a large part of it.

Riverside's Beautiful Trees.

EARLY ago the progressive people of Riverside organized for the care of the street trees. It is said to be the first city in California to discuss the question of municipal control of street trees. They had a commissioner for this purpose for years who looked after the planting of miles and miles of thoroughfares of ornamental trees which are now planted by people from all parts of the world.

The Board of Supervisors of Riverside county have recently voted \$20,000 for the improvement of the Santa Ana Canyon road, and the work is now being done. Beautiful ornamental trees in the streets and drives such as there are around Riverside make much for the beauty of the town.

New San Diego.

SAN DIEGO is stirring herself in earnest for the exhibition in 1915. Everyone is doing it. The Baptists are moving for a new church to cost \$75,000 to \$100,000. The permits for building since January 1 last in value \$3,250,000. This is twice as much as the corresponding period of the previous year. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company is working a force of 100 men making improvements at an outlay of \$150,000. Many hotel buildings and apartment houses are being put up at a cost of from \$20,000 to \$100,000. An eight-story business and office block will be erected at a cost of \$100,000.

The Beaches Developing.

LOS ANGELES seaside resorts stretch over an ocean distance of fifty miles. Naturally those nearest to the city develop most rapidly. But with the development comes a natural enhancement of the price of property, which constantly forces the seaside dwellers to go farther out. The Pacific Electric Railway Company has been asked by those living at the beach in the southern end of the county and in Orange county to give better service. However, there will be an hourly schedule all the way round to Huntington Beach and on down to Newport Beach. Flyers will be put on to reduce the time.

We Know That, Too.

THE State Superintendent of Education has paid a visit to Los Angeles, where he has had his eyes opened wide. He says the high schools in the city of Los Angeles are "the wonder of the world. The scale on which they are constructed is almost unique. Half a million dollars is about the proper sum to start with. The group plan of building is to be used with an administration building, science build-

ing, building of agricultural and household arts, and industrial building, a gymnasium and perhaps several other smaller structures for special purposes. One of the high schools would have been a wonderful university a quarter of a century ago." Had Mr. Hyatt gone away from the Los Angeles High School with its 2000 students, the Polytechnic High with its 1600 students and the Hollywood High with 800 students he would have found the lower grades of the city as astonishing in their way as the high schools. The Malibu school and the new intermediate on Boyle Heights are as magnificent as a college of a quarter of a century ago.

Wise Santa Barbarans.

THE people of Santa Barbara held an election recently to decide whether the Consolidated Street Railway Company of that city should have a franchise of sufficiently long term to encourage the company to go on with developments. The wise people of Santa Barbara were of the opinion that it was better for all citizens to encourage the investment of capital in the city than to spend their time in the foolish business of "cinching corporations." They voted the franchise and now the company will spend \$200,000 on improvements during the summer.

And then the people of Santa Barbara were not tired of voting. They authorized a sale of bonds to the amount of \$35,000 for the erection of three bridges crossing important thoroughfares.

Better still and more of it. The voters refused to turn over the machinery of the city to the Public Utilities Commission at Sacramento. They prefer home rule and they are sensible.

The Land of all Delight.

LOS ANGELES has come to be a great metropolitan city with much congested population in parts. The congestion of course cannot be compared to that in any other city, but it is enough to make some 60,000 persons wish to get out into the hills and down to the seaside whenever possible, to the hardworking population. Sunday furnishes the only opportunity and all the transportation companies are taxed to accommodate the crowds who come on every Sunday and upon all holidays. The beauty of the thing with us is that every one who goes in any way on an excursion into the country is absolutely sure beforehand of ideal weather. There are no rains, high winds or suffocating heat. Every upland is breezy and every canyon shaded from the rays of the sun. The seaside is always of an ideal temperature, and the people who are cooped up so much of the week return to their homes after a day in the hills or fresh from the seaside refreshed for the toll of another six days.

The Children's Hospital.

IT IS the delight of many hearts, and should be that of all, to note the plans for the new Children's Hospital to be built at Vermont avenue and Sunset boulevard in Los Angeles. The children's orphan asylum of Los Angeles has been for many years the care of a little company of ladies who created it. Lately the providing of a hospital has been taken up and the late Mrs. L. C. Goodwin left a handsome bequest for the purpose. The site has been secured as outlined above and the plans have been drawn.

Let the Bell Speak Again.

THERE is something pathetic in the news from Ventura that the clapper has fallen from the old Angelus bell in the Mission church, and that the side of the bell has been worn away so that the use of it is no longer possible.

The bell was cast in Peru almost a century ago. Do not let it remain silent. Let it be recast, give it a new tongue and let it speak again of joy to the bride and groom and hope and comfort to those who lay the remains of their loved ones away in the old churchyard.

Worthy of its Purpose.

THE counties of Southern California have their plans prepared for their exhibition building at San Diego in 1915. It is to be mission style of course and will cost \$85,000. This building will be the largest at the San Diego fair. It will be surrounded by orange and lemon groves and there will be a sunken garden. We used to speak of the seven sister counties of Southern California. The family of fair ones now numbers eight, and the building at San Diego will no doubt do credit to them all.

Value of Good Roads.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY never before spent money so good advantage as the \$3,000,000 spent on the roads during the last three years. The roads of the county now will bear comparison with almost any in the country. The value of these roads is great in every way, and property holders along them find a new value in them. The roads have been found to enhance the value of every bit of real property by which they pass, and all that have easy access to the roads.

Great Aquarium for Avalon.

IN THE Gulf of Mexico there is a great aquarium, the gift of Andrew Carnegie. Many of the rare specimens have died there from the unsuitable conditions. The whole thing is to be moved to Avalon on Catalina, the Magic Isle. The zoologists have studied the matter and declare that conditions are ideal at Avalon. The most famous aquarium in the world is at Naples. But an Italian naturalist says the aquarium at Avalon is far ahead of that at Naples.

The Dangerous Street Crossing.

NECESSITY is the mother of invention, and if not the mother, the stepmother of reform.

When, long ago, as some of us remember, Los Angeles was an adobe town in the center of the "cow country," there was not much danger of being run over excepting by a broncho team on the rampage.

Los Angeles in the present year of grace is a great metropolitan city, and during the time of her growth and various developments has been forced to adopt a good many reformatory measures.

It is only a few years since a discussion arose as to which side of the street the cars should stop at. They had been stopping at the "far side." That is, the car went over the street crossing before stopping to let off and take on passengers. There was a good deal of trouble about the operation, accidents occurring from time to time. The Times in an editorial article advised a practical change, urging that it would be much more convenient if the cars were to stop on the near side of the street.

The writer of the article now before the readers of The Times wrote the one referred to, and therefore remembers a very serious objection made to the new proposition by those managing the street railroads. These persons very soon after the change was made acknowledged they had been wrong and The Times right.

Well, Los Angeles is like time and tide, and refuses to wait for any man (or woman, either, although she be a suffragette.) She goes on her way like Shakespeare's royal lady, "in maiden meditation, fancy free." And as she grows—faster than "a house afire" or even a prairie fire, which beats a house as a hare does a snail—things necessarily have to change. So borrowing from her elder sisters, native and foreign born, who have reached the stature of municipal giants, or giantesses as you please, we have now a "traffic squad." They are about the "finest of the fine" in their brown uniforms, big, strapping, square-shouldered, stand-up men, who whistle to the street cars and other wheeled things, giving permission now to the east-bound, now to those going south, then to the westerly car, and again to the one bound northward, to move in due order. We say this is a necessity, and it has proved the usefulness and wisdom of the innovation.

The change was made in the interest of the traveling public as a whole, and not least of the one who uses "shanks' mares" as a means of locomotion. Of all those who move about, the pedestrian is in greatest danger, and needs and gets most protection—from every one but himself or herself as the case may be, especially herself. While cars, automobiles, animal-propelled vehicles and even the irresponsible small boy on the wheel, who always goes hell-bent when he can, and sometimes reaches his destination, stands still waiting for the whistle of the traffic man, the pedestrian rushes headlong, regardless. By pedestrian may be meant the small boy or even one of the deadlier species of the race, a woman in hobble skirts so tight that she couldn't do the old cinder-track stunt called "the heel and toe," and these wait for nobody.

Now we have got to have another step directly forward by way of necessary and most desirable reform. The pedestrian, whatever the sex, the age, previous condition of servitude or present condition of locomotive ability, whether wearing "pants" or petticoats, should be arrested at every street corner in the congested part of the city and made to await the signal of the traffic man as if he were traveling on wheels instead of having all these things of spokes and felloes, hubs and tires in his head.

We did not ourselves invent the reforms already in practice, being too young and giddy, so all other cities elder born and with longer experience had gotten ahead of us. Neither is this proposed reform of home manufacture, but imported for home consumption.

It has been found necessary in all densely populated cities, for the safety of life and limb, to arrest pedestrians as well as those traveling otherwise at congested street corners and await the signal to cross. If they do not obey the order and arrest themselves on the signal of the traffic man, he does the trick for them, and arrests them for the tender mercies of the Police Court.

You know, intelligent and properly-educated Christian reader, of the "cities of refuge" to which the man in danger of life or liberty might flee and be at rest. In London and Paris and other great centers of congested population the center of the streets at all dangerous crossings are set apart as islands of refuge for the pedestrian in danger of being run over. The traffic

man gives his signal and all moving things on one side of the street come to a dead standstill while the movable things crossing may gain the center of the street. Then he gives a second signal and all things going the other way arrest themselves while from the isle of refuge there is a wildly precipitate rush to gain not exactly the other side of the Jordan, but the other side of the street crossing.

So it ought to be in great metropolitan congested Los Angeles.

Looks Good for Tomorrow.

THE Wabash Railroad Company announces the purchase of 36,000 tons of new rails for second-track construction, and for the renewal of rails worn out.

This is approximately 1000 carloads of rail for this one railroad, and this order, with frogs, switches, joints, spikes, bolts, tie-plates, etc., necessarily accompanying the rails, is reported to be the largest order for steel products placed so far this year. The order will cost the road \$2,000,000.

Years ago, when the railroads in keeping with other industries were in an undeveloped state, the rail was a flat-iron affair, measuring $2\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{8}$ inches in size, weighing only thirteen pounds to the yard. This rail was spiked to longitudinal stringers. This construction is sometimes used now in small affairs, and is known as a strap railroad.

The rail of today is a heavy steel girder six inches high, and weighs from ninety to 100 pounds per yard. This rail is made in lengths of thirty-three feet.

Instead of the stringer we now have cross ties about two or three feet apart, and the rails are strongly spiked to these "sleepers." A good many roads are now using screw spikes to fasten the rail to the ties, a device very generally in use in France.

The English rail is described as oblong-shaped, held in a chair with a wedge, and differs from the American rail in being cast in much smaller sections. Of course on the short lines of Europe where loads are much lighter than in America, the whole equipment is generally lighter.

They Are Men and Brethren.

WE LIKE greatly the sentiments expressed by Rev. Marinus James of Brookline, Mass., when addressing a Baptist convention at Des Moines, Iowa. Listen to what he says:

"There is as much religion in not calling a Hebrew a 'sheeny,' an Italian a 'dago' or a negro a 'dinge,' as there is in chanting Psalm cix." Now we say we like that. The population of America is made up almost entirely of the offspring of immigrants. The American people present to view about the most heterogeneous conglomeration of humanity ever known in history. The man, therefore, who utters an insulting remark aimed at any other man or class of men on racial or national grounds is throwing a brick to deface the tombstone of his ancestors.

It is utterly wrong to arraign human beings in classes, whether the classification be racial, national, occupational or any other lines on which the race differentiates. There have been excellent men and women of all races and nationalities. There are undesirable citizens of American birth as well as of foreign birth. A man stands or falls in the eyes of all rational, unprejudiced juries on his own merits, on the records of his own actions, on his own impulses and aspirations.

As a whole the immigrants coming to the United States have made good, and, with few exceptions compared to the whole mass, the offspring of these immigrants have made exceedingly good. In the second generation they have reached the Presidency by the suffrages of native-born and adopted citizens alike. And they have made good Presidents. Below the Presidency the immigrant born on foreign soil has filled ably and acceptably to the people of the United States all political offices, high and low. In our industries, from the railroad builder to the bank president, the foreign-born citizen has shown excellent qualities.

There are foreign-born people coming to the United States that are very objectionable. It is an unceasing struggle on the part of the authorities to prevent this kind of immigration as much as possible. It may be true that there is a larger percentage of the criminally-inclined among the immigrants today than among the native-born population. It is an incontrovertible fact that there is a larger percentage of illiterates among the immigrants than among the native born. But we have a good many illiterates of our own, and not a small sprinkling of criminals who were born with the right to American citizenship. It is right and proper that the nation, like the individ-

ual, should bear its own burden in these respects. And it is altogether proper that we should, as far as we can, exclude the criminally-inclined, diseased and otherwise incompetent persons born outside our own borders, as a matter of self-protection.

But the law deals with individuals, not with races nor nationalities. This is a characteristic of the laws of all properly-constituted governments. It is only under tyrannies and in countries of low civilization that laws can be made classifying people by races or nationalities. Ours is the most advanced of all nations in its legal procedures and its civilization, and is most tolerant as to racial, national and other classifications of mankind. This is proper—only what should be in view of our very mixed origin. And there is no true American who does not govern his tongue and mold his sentiments after the advice of the Massachusetts preacher.

The World Will Be There.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND and the other commissioners sent by the United States government to set before the other governments of the world the facts concerning the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915, are experiencing a triumphant procession as they go from capital to capital in Europe. Everywhere they are received with acclaim by crowned heads and chiefs of governments under these.

From all appearances the nations of the world see a great opportunity for their own interests in this great exposition to be held by the Sunset Sea. By means of steam applied to locomotion the great world has shrunk to about the size of a big football. Commerce oversea and inland binds all the nations of the earth together in a close network of bonds as strong as steel. The products of each country are known, needed and used by the people of every other country under the sun. In the case of all the products of the soil and of all the factories and mills "seeing is believing." The exposition furnishes the greatest opportunity ever known to practice Missourian philosophy and show the world.

The population of the United States is made up very largely of immigrants from all over the world. These people have a double interest in the great exposition. As American citizens they will wish their fellow-citizens to have an opportunity of observing what great things are done in the land of their birth. As Frenchmen, Germans or Italians they will take pride in having all Americans see the products of their home country.

These foreign people living on American soil are taking concerted action so as to represent to the people at home the opportunity to be had in exhibiting the products of the home country at the San Francisco exposition. Such representation following the visit of the American commissioners will be potent in bringing about the results we all wish.

From all the signs of the times three years before the event it would seem by the shadows cast ahead as if the fact when it finally appears will be gigantic in its proportions.

We expect to see during the year 1915 at San Francisco not less than a million different persons to view the exposition. It will not be a hop, skip and a jump through the buildings by these visitors. The world is on fire to see California. The railroads will make the most advantageous terms ever known for round-trip tickets, and the visitor who comes to the exposition will come to see it all and stay to see the whole Coast.

Now Ladies Put on "Specs."

A FEW days ago a young woman of Saxon birth, a subject of the Emperor of Germany, was arrested by secret-service men of that empire and charged with crime committed in the land of her birth. Our authorities ordered her extradited.

It was not the business of our government nor a concern of ours as a people to decide how Marie Purz should be taken back to her native land. The German officials in whose keeping she was placed saw fit to ship her on a tramp steamer. It happened that she was the only woman to cross the ocean on the vessel.

Now, no doubt that is a sad predicament for Fraulein Purz. No doubt it does not constitute a claim for the highest civilization on the part of the officials who shipped the woman home in this questionable manner. But that is all aside from the purpose of this writing.

Now come some excellent ladies of New York and Philadelphia, represented by Harriet Stanton Blach and Caroline Lexow, matrons or spinsters as the case may be, with a fiery epistle to

the Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State for the United States, demanding that without moment's hesitation or any preliminary a fast cruiser of the United States navy be dispatched to overhaul the tramp steamer and remove therefrom the lone woman so that she may travel in the comfortable company of persons of her own sex back to Germany to be tried for the crime she is alleged to have committed.

One cannot help sympathizing with these sympathetic ladies and sharing their anxiety for their sister woman. One would greatly desire that Marie Purz might be taken out of the hands of her captors and sent across the ocean on a passenger steamer, in the first cabin if possible, and with a stateroom where she would have women companions, and surely one would wish that these women be of the highest morality and refinement, not European peasants and especially not charged with crime.

But how many things one might wish to have brought about which one knows in spite of his tender sensibilities and high aspirations can not be!

If Fraulein Marie were on a vessel over which the Stars and Stripes were flying an American warship might chase her, challenge her, send a solid shot across her bows if she refused to haul, take her passenger, and that would be all that would be to it.

Unfortunately these secret-service officers who have no tender susceptibilities placed their prisoner on a German steamer over which flies the flag of that empire. Under these circumstances suppose Secretary Knox yields to the call, calm or hysterical, of these good women and gives chase to the tramp steamer. What then? When the German steamer is haled by the cruiser her rights to board the ship will be denied. If the American captain uses the mailed fist and compels the merchant ship to deliver up her passenger, what then?

"Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war." As sure as eggs is eggs.

Now, ladies, are you ready for that? Marie Purz's case may be sad. She may suffer some little inconvenience in traveling alone on that German steamer, but look at the facts square in the eye, and answer, ladies, to yourselves, is it worth a war between two of the most powerful nations of the earth which would cost in a few months billions of dollars and nobody can tell how many thousands of lives?

In many States in the American Union women have acquired the right to vote. It is very easy to foresee that at the next Presidential election nearly if not quite all the States will have passed laws granting the franchise to women. In many States these women citizens now fill all sorts of offices. As time passes they will fill more of them. Let us not be deceived. It will not be long until we have women in Congress, one or two of them already occupy places where they preside over courts.

The opponents to woman suffrage have used as an argument the temperament of women as unfitting them for these duties. These anti-suffragists have insisted that women were too emotional, too subject to hysteria, to qualify them for participation in the functions of government. It may be that there are "old women in pants" who would sympathize with the action of these women in petticoats. The question is as in sex characteristics, and that question is as settled on the law of general average, of the rule, and not of the exception.

Actions like these of the lady Blach and of the lady Lexow do not tend to reconcile the anti-suffragists to woman's taking part in the higher functions of government.

Changing Ideas.

[Catholic Standard and Times:] "You haven't really broken with him!" exclaimed Miss Acum. "What I thought he was your ideal."

"So he was," replied Miss Fickell, "but as long as I find a man who sizes up to my ideal it just seems to be my luck to have the fashions in ideals change."

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the *Illustrated Weekly* a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers, not only to Canada, and intelligent men and women in New England, New York and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with the great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the *Illustrated Weekly*. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers of a distance seeking a "net" California weekly issued at a yearly subscription price, \$2.50, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied within the year with more than 2000 large, handsomely printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.

*From and after this date, every person, whether an old subscriber, who signs a contract subscribing for a year or more, and Sunday Times, including the *Illustrated Weekly*, for one year—costing \$5, payable quarterly in advance—will receive an EXTRA COPY FREE of the *Illustrated Weekly*; and for cash in advance, the *Weekly* will be sent free for *Annual* subscribers.



THE LANCER

ND now we are having a surfeit of Browning just because his mother happened to present the world with another boy baby one hundred years ago. Taken in proper perspective, there is really not much harm in anything Browning wrote, but shoved down your throat in gushing handfuls and lauded as one of the finest poets that ever breathed, Browning becomes an infernal nuisance—worse, an unendurable bore.

Preserve us from our friends, indeed. Truly the most belittling experience meted out to the near-great is the super-efusive eulogy of well meaning admirers. That Browning was a nice intellectual sort of chap with a leaning toward sentimentality and a pretty knack of upholstering a very simple thing in a very intricate way we are prepared to admit, and we are also aware that he was neither more nor less egotistical than the rest of us. To have him lauded as the greatest and most sublime of poets, with a heart of purest gold and an absolute lack of egotism merely makes the poor creature ridiculous to posterity, and a vexatious irritation to those of us who know better.

Self-Effacing Poet.

A matter of fact Browning had a most profound admiration for Browning—and, for that matter no poet worth his salt could be humble and self-effacing. The very assumption that one has a message for the world worth writing in the poetic manner is overwhelming evidence that one's ego is in a fine, healthy state of development. And we all know very well that no one who was self-effacing and humble could ever get the hearing in the world that Browning has attained.

Self-effacing, indeed. Why, he butted into every anniversary of his day in the most arrogant manner and his childish assertion against vivisection is but one of the glaring evidences thereof. "If I had a son," he declared, "who could only be saved from death by medical experiments on some poor animal, I would rather let my son die than that one of God's creatures should suffer in his stead." Which was very much like the small street urchin who bets his mate a million dollars he can't perform some impossible feat—for having never had a son.

To Art Work.

SIGNOR BOLDINI is a modern Italian artist, a portrait painter of recognized merit. The London National Gallery is a temple for the worship of artists of the ultra-dead variety, any canvas under the age of a century or so being excluded from its hallowed precincts. Adjoining it, in Trafalgar Square, is the National Portrait Gallery, another shrine to antiquity, known as no portrait of anyone who has not been dead ten years may pass its sacred portals.

Now, Signor Boldini has painted a very charming portrait of a very charming woman, Lady Colin Campbell, who died but a few months ago, and it has been exhibited for the National Portrait Gallery, which, however, cannot receive it until it has been duly hallowed by age.

In the meantime, therefore, the National Gallery had the corner undertaken, after much consultation, to give it house room until the ten years should have passed, carefully placarding it with a notice to that effect, that they might not be suspected of giving a work any social recognition. And now the art world is in a ferment of wrathful indignation. How dare the council of the National Gallery desecrate the work of holies by permitting anything so vulgarly modish as a Boldini portrait to hang upon its walls.

What a lot of idiotic nonsense! And at the bottom of it all is the innate snobbery, the essential vulgarity of the age we live in. The unspeakable snob is rampant in the world today. He intrudes into every class, every profession, every interest, every possible walk of life. And the worship of antiquity is his watchword, his whole morbid faith. He worships age in everything, for he should not and reviles it in everything that he does.

To Art Work.

AN OLD picture, crude and grubby, will draw the commands from his purse while a modern work of art by a skilled artist finds him parsimonious and intransigent. Musty old furniture, uncomfortable and disagreeable, rouses him to ecstasy and reverence, while its modern counterpart, pleasing and comfortable, finds

him fearful and ashamed. In his heart his tastes are as modern as himself, but poor snob that he is, he would never dare acknowledge it.

Old buildings, crumbling, comfortless, unsanitary, can command any price at his hands—and his old ancestors, just so that he can boast any, receive his whole undiluted worship.

One could forgive the miserable snob if he would be consistent—if he would but reserve a little of his respect for his old parents, his elders and betters in every-day life, or for just a few of the old manners and customs that made life endurable. But in these things an old woman is the subject of derision, an old man a useless encumbrance.

Manners.

ND talking of manners, don't you always want to punch a man's head that accepts your offer of a cigar or a drink or a courtesy of any kind with "I don't mind if I do." I recently saw an Englishman who had only just arrived in this country, reciprocate this sort of remark as it deserved.

"Have a cigar?" he offered politely to his American acquaintance.

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," replied our polite compatriot.

"Oh, don't put yourself out on my account," smiled the Englishman amiably, closing his case with a snap before a cigar could be abstracted. But the worst of it is, the American was quite unaware that he had offended. He had used this impudent form of accepting a courtesy for so long that he failed to realize that it left anything to be desired.

Dining Out.

THE popular diner-out, the man or woman whom all hostesses are glad to welcome, is becoming almost a profession. It takes very peculiar and amiable qualities to be a successful guest. There is a tacit understanding that in exchange for the hostess's hospitality, the loan of her house and the nice meal she provides, the guest must radiate amiability, disseminate genial sparkle, lend tone to the whole proceedings. Time was when great hostesses assumed the responsibility for the entertainment of their guests themselves, but nowadays the provision of sumptuous repast, in a pretty setting—the spending, in fact, of countless dollars—is all that a hostess feels called upon to contribute. She sends out her invitations to two classes of people—the other hostesses and hosts to whom she owes a return entertainment, and to the sparkling, jolly people who may almost be called professional diners-out.

Hosts and guests are quite separate classes. The really successful hostess is rarely a satisfactory guest, and the most delightful and desirable of guests rarely, indeed, makes a good host. The hostess may be stodgy, heavy, a bit vulgar, a bit silly, but just so long as she provides—and has the perspicacity to invite a sufficient number of the guests class—she is sure of a successful affair. But of the guests much, much more is required. As sure as you see certain men and women invited to every social affair, irrespective of whether they give reciprocal entertainment or not, you can be sure that those guests earn their place in society. Yes, the successful guest is an artist of the highest order, without whom society would be flat indeed.

Laughter.

CHARLES JOHNSTONE has leaped into fame with a book entitled "Why The World Laughs." And not long ago Prof. Bernstein, the famous soul lecturer, courageously essayed to define laughter. At the much discussed futurist exhibition of paintings in London and Paris, too, laughter comes in for pictorial delineation. The futurists undertake to paint a state of mind rather than a picture—and according to them laughter is a most chaotic state of mind.

But, you know, it is really rather fearsome to have our emotions dissected like this. A short time since they were scientifically defining love, which turns out to be a form of disease that affects most people at some time during their lives like measles and whooping cough—and those that get it late get it worse.

The criminal mind, ambition and melancholy have each in turn engaged the scientists and we made no moan, but now that laughter is to come under their brutal dissecting instruments it is time to kick. Can't they leave us just one little mystery anywhere? Laughter, they tell us, is the shock of the unusual! The author of the book naturally fills up a good deal of space giving us instances of mirth-provoking unusual things—oh, it's a melancholy recital. It gives one that awful "What's the use of anything ever any more?" feeling. Fancy going on living in a world that could have laughed at any of those things.

I used to think the most depressing thing in life was a joke explained, but, believe me, the explanation of the laughter is worse—it incites one to suicide.

The Average.

It's a pretty good world, after all.
The sunshine may fade
And the gloom of the shade,
In spite of the various plans you have made,
Leave your hopes for the future quite small.
But the ivy that grows on the wall
Knows that sunshine and rain
Cannot always remain
And they both help the growth it is striving to gain—
It's a well managed world, after all.

—[From the Washington Star.]

[883]

Statesmen, Real and Near.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas, in his recent campaign for re-election, adhered strictly to his code of unconventionality with great success.

For instance: Great preparations had been made in one of the smaller towns where he was to speak for his entertainment. The committee had ordered a seven-course dinner at the Palace Hotel—which was at least four more courses than had ever been seen there before—and all the leading citizens of the community were to be present to do homage to the visiting statesman. The menus and the paper napkins used by the humblest commercial traveler at the Palace that day bore pictures of Jeff Davis.

As old Jeff was proceeding on foot toward the hotel, followed by an eager crowd of admirers, a tall stranger in felt boots elbowed his way through the crowd and said:

"Hey, Jeff, can I speak to you a second?"

"Sure," said Jeff. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, it's like this," said the felt-booted stranger. "My wife rode in here thirty-two miles in a wagon just to hear you speak, and the blamed crowd was so big that she couldn't even get to see you, let alone hear what you had to say. Would you mind just steppin' over here to the wagon and sayin' howdy to her?"

Jeff Davis assured the man that it would give him great pleasure to do so, and he followed him over to an old springless wagon, where a plain looking woman was supervising the preparation of a picnic dinner. There was an ample chicken pie, coffee boiling over a little fire of fagots and other simple foodstuffs that they had brought in from the country.

"That coffee smells mighty good," remarked Jeff, after he had shaken hands with the man's wife and soiled-looking children: "I've got a doggoned good notion just to sit down here and eat with you folks. I'm pretty fond of old-fashioned chicken pie, too."

In a few minutes the reception committee, which had lost track of him, came up tense with suppressed emotion, and said that he'd barely have time to get to the Palace Hotel in time for the big dinner that had been prepared in his honor.

"Oh, I've decided just to stay here," said Jeff. "This is the best coffee I've tasted since I don't know when. And talk about chicken pie! There's some sense to pie like this."

And the Palace Hotel feast had to go to press without him.

It annoyed the reception committee somewhat, Jeff's informality did, but oh, what a hit it made with the hundreds of voters from the rural district who stood around the hitching racks discussing the incident!

At the opening of his last campaign, Representative Benjamin K. Focht of Pennsylvania found himself in a small village with a population of about 500, including traveling men and horses. He wasn't scheduled to speak there, but the people about the little hotel clamored for him to "say a few words," and Focht said he would. They placed an inverted tub for him to stand on, near the entrance to the hotel and the crowd gathered out in the street.

"If you don't mind," said Focht, "I wish you would let me stand in the street and you people collect here on the hotel veranda." They marveled at his action, but the shift was made and then Focht explained:

"It's just a question of conservation of natural resources with me. My most important natural resource for the next few weeks is my voice, and I can talk with half the effort if I have that hotel for the sound waves to beat against. If I don't save my voice I can't speak throughout my campaign, and if I don't speak I might not be elected, and if I'm not elected who knows what might happen to this country?"

W. W. Wedemeyer, the massive person who represents the Ann Arbor, Mich., district, sauntered down the hallway leading to his stall in the House Office Building, deeply engaged in thought and absent-mindedly jangling a large bunch of keys. He jabbed one key into the office door and then swore in a low, almost inaudible tone, for the key wouldn't work.

Representative Davis of Minnesota, whose office is near Wedemeyer's, came along at that moment, and Wedemeyer mentioned a few of his troubles.

"I'd like to have somebody explain," says he in a vexed tone, "why a key and lock should work in perfect harmony one hour and then suddenly cease to do so. I let myself in here a while ago without any trouble, but now this blamed lock balks on me because I'm in a hurry. Just seems as if nothing works properly with Democrats in control of things here."

"I'm no locksmith at all," said Davis, who had listened patiently, "but I'll make this suggestion. Try your key in the next door yonder. This door here that you are operating on leads into my office."

When he was a member of the Colorado Legislature, some years ago, Representative Edward Taylor of that State, introduced a bill regulating the grazing of cattle on public lands. The measure was passed, carrying with it severe penalties for infraction.

The day he reached his law office, after the legislative session was over and the new law had gone into operation, Taylor found nearly a score of clients anxiously awaiting his coming.

They wanted him to defend them for violating the cattle-grazing statute he had just had passed.

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6 [June 8, 1912.]

Are We so Awfully Bad? By George W. Burton.

A S people we of the United States, descendants from the Mayflower Puritans or from the Old Dominion Cavaliers, from the Dutch in New York or the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and all native-born persons whether of the first or the tenth generation from the immigrant, are confessedly not quite what we ought to be.

The morning dawn of the millennium is not yet casting its brilliant rays about the eastern horizon at any point in America. We have among us many birdmen, but their wings are artificial. There is no intimation of any evolution by natural or artificial selection by a flight of the people in myriads to Paradise. There is no danger of checking the growth of population by a flight of the people in myriads to Paradise beyond the stars.

A pessimistic influence has sprung up among some of our people. And on the other hand an entirely too optimistic view is taken by others. Gov. West of Oregon is trying out a theory which means that there is very little difference between the red-handed murderer and the carefully trained young woman who has been brought up so tenderly as to weep "that life is flecked with spots of sin." Then, on the other hand, rises in his place the other day a citizen of gloomy views, who tells us that as a whole we are all going in the footsteps of Mr. Mantallini to the "demission bow wows."

Gov. West of Oregon has so far neglected to take the rest of us into his confidence and tell us why he is turning loose criminals on their honor who prove they have no honor by violating their parole. The pessimist gives us the foundation for his theory. He says that it is lack of discipline in the average American home. He means that parents do not exercise sufficient care and practice sufficient severity in "teaching the young idea how to shoot" or bending the leaning twig so that the tree will incline to be straight.

Well, not in this place nor by this writer shall that proposition be directly controverted. All we wish to inquire into at the hands of our readers is whether or not we are so very bad in comparison with the people of other times or of other climes. People were warned of old against too hasty generalizations when they assumed that those on whom a tower fell near Jerusalem were thereby proved to be necessarily abandoned sinners above the common run of the people of Judea of that day. I think the same course of reasoning might be applied in the case of the American people now.

The other day two boys just about entering their

teens, at Compton, close to the city of Los Angeles, took a pot shot at their father and killed him. It was rebellion against home discipline, specifically because from foreign stock. It is quite possible that all three they were commanded to go to school and had no use for book learning. We are informed what the conditions at that home were. The case was an extreme, one and the depravity of the youngsters about "the limit." There are similar things occurring from time to time all over the country. In one of the Southern States not long ago a judge upon the bench and all the court officers were shot to death by lawless bandits standing before the bar of judgment for crimes and felonies and in imminent peril of being condemned. Here again is a case of awful willfulness, possibly the outcome of lax home discipline when these men were in their youth.

Now, in getting at an answer to the inquiry whether we Americans are worse than the people of other civilized nations or not, it surely cannot be out of the way to note that all Americans are not of America. There are coming to these shores something like a million immigrants a year. It is beyond all dispute that as a class these immigrants rank below the native born in intelligence and in morality too. They are poorer and it is a good deal more difficult for the poverty-stricken always to obey the injunction "thou shalt not steal" than for the rich. In all countries there are persons who leave their country for their country's good, and often these are more than glad to get away. In spite of all our laws and all our watchfulness against the criminal immigrant a great many such creep into the country and proceed at once to do here just what they learned to do in the land of their birth, no less and surely no more. The weight of this argument lies in the fact that a good many American crimes are committed by criminals who are in no sense of the word Americans.

Another consideration not to be lost sight of is that the native-born offspring of the raw immigrant will be of the same type as his parents rather than of that of the person whose ancestry in America reaches back several or many generations. It is true that the immigrant direct from foreign shores imbibes our views more or less, and that will gradually transform him from the type he belongs to on his arrival to that of the mass of our own people, and that this is progress from a lower to a higher type.

Three of the most heinous crimes ever committed in America were the assassinations of three Presidents. Who committed these crimes? Not descendants of the Puritans or of the Cavaliers, not Knickerbockers nor plain Quakers, not members of the Sons of the Revolution nor of the Society of Colonial Wars, not the offspring of parents who had enjoyed the privileges of

American citizenship and of American ideas through

two or three generations. Those of them who were native born were the first generation of Americans of these men were of unbalanced mind, but they refused to take the view that they were crazy to the extent of being irresponsible.

White slaving is one of the most abominable, degraded and damnable sins of this or any other country of the present generation or of any former one. Do how many Americans, native born, of any degree of removal from the foreign stock, are engaged in this accursed traffic? In my opinion, though I have no statistics before me, not one in ten.

Proper names are not always conclusive as to origin, but they furnish a pretty fair index. If any one thinks it is right to arraign the American people as naturally or extravagantly depraved, let such a one index the crimes of the daily press for a week, a month or a year, and catalogue the names that indicate ancestry from the British Isles, those from Northern Europe, those from France and Northern Italy, and so on down the line. It will probably throw light on the inquiry in showing that the names of the criminals very generally are not those known in America in colonial or revolutionary days or down to the time of the close of the Civil War and even after that. It is a noteworthy fact that a great mass of the names mentioned in connection with crimes are as outlined as the crimes they commit.

I have not forgotten the McNamaras, Irish Celts, nor have I forgotten Richeson, the professed minister of the gospel who suffered death the other day for a cowardly and cold-blooded murder of the young woman who loved him "not wisely but too well," but we are not engaged in a mathematical demonstration when there are no exceptions to the rule but in an exception which comes under the proverbial head that the exception proves the rule.

In taking lesser things than blood-curdling murders I think we do things better in this country than in the best of other nationalities. We have among us diligent women intent upon getting their rights even though they commit wrong to do it, but America has so far produced nothing to equal the London suffragettes.

We have trouble with our labor organizations and strikes which often go to extremes, but even here we are not so badly off as England has been proved to be by the dockers' strikes of last summer and the coal miners' strikes of the other day. Yet here we are dealing directly and almost exclusively not with Americans but with foreign immigrants. Yet even these in the atmosphere of America become more amenable to reason and less prone to break out into violence than in their native land.

Why? The strength of American public opinion.

Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG could not secure his cherished name for the State he founded, but it was not permitted to perish and is embalmed here and there in the living annals of the State of Utah, and nowhere better than in the title of the Deseret News, established in the early fifties, and therefore nearly as old as the Territory and much older than the State. It is a good newspaper, alert and enterprising, well edited, and while I am told it is "the organ of the church," it is conducted first of all as a newspaper. On the city staff you will find newspaper men representing about as many shades of religious affiliation as you will meet in the reportorial room of any daily paper in Los Angeles. Mr. Sjadohl, a journalist of rare attainments, has been on the editorial staff of the News for twenty-five years. In his youth in Sweden, he was a member of the Baptist church, and the Swedish Baptists have long been numbered in the annals of the denomination among the most faithful of the faithful. He came under the influence of a Mormon missionary and was soon afterward received into the fellowship of that church. One of the men I met on the reportorial staff interested me greatly because he was baptized nearly fifty years ago by that famous old Baptist evangelist, Elder Knapp, who used to boast that he could organize a Baptist church wherever he could find "water and sinners." Robert J. Jessup in later years came under the influence of a Presbyterian wife and is now a member of that communion. I wouldn't have Mrs. Jessup hear of it for the world, but her husband, who is a most exemplary Presbyterian, God bless him, is just as good a Baptist as ever he was. His nephew, mostly highly esteemed in the denomination, was for years a pastor in Troy, N. Y. And there is one other Baptist on the News for whom I can vouch, knowing so well "the unfeigned faith that is in him, and which dwelt first in his grandmother and his mother, and I am persuaded, in him also." So you see, this gives you perhaps a new idea of the working staff of a "Mormon" newspaper, possibly quite different from your preconceived notion.

Salt Lake City is as well papered as a grand opera on "first night." The Herald-Republican, a morning journal, displays its greatest strength on its editorial page, where ideas are dressed in clear English. The Tribune, also morning, was born in troublous times and early the important lesson that the best way to take care of itself is to keep the other fellow busy taking care of himself. On one point all the journals are in harmonious accord. They are all Salt Lake City papers, with a kindly annexation feeling toward the rest of the globe.

One of our little journeys in the State was across the sea of salt. Not the Great Salt Lake. That isn't so much. That's only a salt sea. This other is a desert of salt, out at Saldura, many miles in area, solid as a Canadian lake in January. It glistens in the sunshine like a snowdrift overlying the State of Connecticut. It tastes like the last mackerel in the kit, after all the brine has evaporated. It makes one thirsty just to look at it through the car window. A thirsty parlor on the shore of the desert would pay better than a copper mine, but for the fact that the desert is not populous. Just to look at it made me think of a man who used to eat for his breakfast every morning a rasher of bacon, a red herring and a salt mackerel. He said he hated the things, and they nearly killed him, but along about 10 o'clock they brought on a thirst he wouldn't take \$50 for. If ever the Pacific Ocean fades and turns fresh, they can bring it up from this saline desert and not affect the deposit one-tenth of one per cent. I don't suppose, however, that will ever happen.

And only an hour away, farms and gardens, fruits and milk and honey, eggs from the hen and hens from the egg, with the ever-recurring wonder as to which comes first, a problem from the discussion of which the rooster is barred. He has only one guess coming and that is discounted.

Good Bye to "Deseret."

So, with a company of many pleasant impressions and happy memories we pass on out of the land of Utah with its eventful and thrilling history of less

than three-quarters of a century, its scenic wonder of a hundred thousand years, and its future greatness let us hope, of as many million, forgetting the bad things in the old days that were sometimes bitter and fierce, as there are many pages in all human history it is better for us to forget, and with prayers for greater leading in our writing new history on the white pages yet unturned. Away from its picturesque "natural bridges"—it has three to Virginia's one—the "Old Pots" and its great inland sea; away from its farms and orchards; past the "Great Organ" rock and the curious "half tunnel" through "Castile Gate," and into new wonders—the torrent streams amid the mountains of Colorado. Everywhere the grass is green and the skies are blue; the trees grow with their roots in the ground and their tops in the air. The rocks are red and the mud is muddy. I gather from the description eloquence of my fellow-passengers as they return from the diner that the coffee is "awful," the bacon is "grand" the pie "splendid" and the Royal Gorge "grand." So no more of scenery.

Sowing and Winter.

It is springtime in the cañons and all along the green bordered banks of the Grade River, yellow and tumultuous, but it is splendid winter on all the mountain tops.

What a beautiful thought of the Creator to make snow white. Nothing else so perfectly crowns a mountain. The waving trees with their emerald plumes set gaily in the helmets of the hills. But the whiteness of the snow makes regal the diadem of the mountain. It is tender in the starlight, beautiful in the moonlight and glorious in the splendor of the sun. It gleams even in the black shadows of midnight. How grateful we ought to be that God isn't an "impostorist." Otherwise, he would have made the snow some mountains greener than grass; on others bright like the sides of a bulldog, and on still others, mountain blue, like a pair of faded overalls, but never, under any circumstances, white.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Who's Who--And Why.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

PERSONS WITH ANCESTORS.

There is no royalty, no titled nobility nor are there legally privileged persons in the United States. This does not mean that there are no men with ancestry. In monarchical countries there are many families that outclass the reigning one in royal blood. Don't ever let it escape your mind that there is as good blood in America as in any part of the world.

In the older countries there are many titled nobles engaged in commercial, financial and manufacturing enterprises. In America there has never been a true gentleman and loafer were synonymous.

West Adams street crosses Long Beach avenue in Los Angeles there is a big plot of ground of three acres owned by a great manufacturing plant, known as McCan Mechanical Works. It is called after its head and controller, David Chanden McCan, who has made of American nobility of the most valuable kind. The purpose of the plant is the designing and building of machinery, new in the sense of invention rather than manufacture. Much of the machinery turned out is designed by the proprietor, and a good deal of it is his own invention. Here is where the patent of nobility comes in, for not only is David C. McCan an engineer but so also was his father, eke his grandfather. David C. McCan comes of an old southern family and was born in New Orleans in 1884. While a mere babe he was taken to Europe, where he remained ten years, studying in France, England and Germany. He was brought back to the United States for a while and thereupon started out for a tour of the world. He traversed the Orient, went down to the East Indies, up to Calcutta, quite across India, to Ceylon by the Suez Canal through Egypt and again to Europe, finally landing in his native country for permanent settlement.

From the year 1904 Mr. McCan came to Los Angeles and immediately set up his plant, the McCan Mechanical Works as outlined above. It is first of all a machine shop. There is a great demand here all the time for new machinery because the territory back of Los Angeles has a great mining industry, a great oil field, and the distribution of water for irrigation. The plant is an iron foundry, and it caps the climax of a machine shop where new machinery is built for all kinds of purposes.

The plant of Mr. McCan's most recent and valuable invention is that by which shavings and sawdust are manufactured into fuel briquets made without any binder whatever. The idea was in the nature of an inspiration, and the practical results are very encouraging. The plant is now full the plant calls for the services of 200 men. Every one of these is a highly skilled mechanic and wage are the highest going in America. It is based on the open-shop principle by which a man is employed on his merits on terms mutually agreeable to himself and his employer and works whenever and as long as the conditions continue agreeable. As long as a man of ability and skill he is not dragged down to the level of performance and thereby necessary to the level of pay of the little skilled man or the man of little natural ability. He is a free man and obeys only his own master. In addition to his manufacturing plant Mr. McCan has built a very handsome home for himself on West Adams street in the city of Los Angeles--the building of a home which he has built for his wife, Mrs. McCan, and for his son, W. A. Clark, Jr., that he tempted to part with it.

Mr. McCan is one of the foremost among the citizens of Los Angeles. She is president of the Morning Club and takes an intimate interest in everything connected with public affairs as well as in society circles. She inherits her right of election as her husband does, for she is a daughter of Mrs. Laura Chase Smith, one of the most beloved very elderly ladies in the city of Los Angeles, and she too has had grandfathers. Mrs. Laura Chase Smith is a granddaughter of Rt. Rev. Dr. Chase, bishop of the Episcopal church in the city of Los Angeles, and cousin of Salmon P. Chase, the great statesman of the time of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet and did so much to carry the country financially through the Civil War. She was a cousin too of the Washington beauty, Secretary Chase's daughter, and married Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, and known in the country at least as Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. Mrs. McCan is a member of the California Club.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Engstrum are the great firms engaged for years back and still in work of building up the wonderfully developing city of Los Angeles high up in the ranks stands F. O. Engstrum and Company, the name being that of the father and president of the corporation, and he has remained in his son, F. E. Engstrum, vice-president of the company.

F. O. Engstrum was born at Stockholm, Sweden, sixty years ago. Sweden sends America a great many men who make good in every way. There is no man living in the little kingdom as illiteracy, and this

has a good deal to do with the law-abiding character, energy and success of the Swedes who come into America. It is quite as true of their neighbors the Norwegians, a natural thing, as until the other day Norway and Sweden were united under the same system of government. F. O. Engstrum received the usual thorough education in his native country and then entered the stone cutting business, an important one in that mountainous country. When just old enough to be made a citizen, namely at twenty-one, F. O. Engstrum emigrated to America, staying a short time in New York, then removing to Texas, where he remained for some little time. There he married, and there F. E. Engstrum was born in 1874.

In 1888 the family came to California, spending some years at San Diego and Escondido and in 1892 anchored in Los Angeles, where they have been ever since. Here the younger Engstrum went to the Polytechnic High School and then to the State University, graduating in 1899. Since that time he has been closely connected with the business of his father.

The business is that of contracting builders. The company has erected a good many very fine buildings in this city and elsewhere in Southern California, among them the Riverside Courthouse and the International Savings Bank of Los Angeles, corner of Temple and Spring streets; also the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School, on Washington street. The Engstrums are always engaged in the building of fine edifices. They are now constructing an apartment house on the north side of Orange street, just west of Figueroa that in magnificence and finish of style is thoroughly metropolitan and would be regarded as an ornament to any city in America, including great Chicago and Greater New York.

In the Engstrum industry as in nearly every other noted one in the city of Los Angeles the open-shop principle prevails. The employees must be men of high technical skill in their various trades. They are treated with consideration and kindness and paid the highest going wages. No questions are asked them touching extraneous matters, as to the affiliation with orders, churches, clubs or any other organization of any kind. Between the employer and the employee it is simply a question of a fair day's service for a fair day's pay. This is not merely the only just, fair and proper basis for amicable relationship between the two hands of industry, labor and capital, but the only possible one.

Work Well Done, More Coming.

In the preceding paragraphs have been presented interesting stories of great industries engaged in the upbuilding of the city and country all around. They are both great, although both "of the earth earthy."

There is a story now to tell of an altogether different kind. It will be left to the judgment of each reader which story is really the most important for the general good of the whole community. Certainly the one to follow would not be regarded as of less importance than the others.

The plant I am about to speak of and the directing head thereof are engaged in the building up of human character. This is not done with brick and mortar, nor with timber beams from the woods of Oregon nor of steel stringers from the foundry. This kind of building is done as the world was made, by the word of God. It is a question of "precept upon precept, line upon line." It is built like Solomon's temple. There is heard no sound of axe or hammer.

The plant to be spoken of is on Olive street, and fronts directly on Central Park, and is known as St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. The directing head thereof is Rev. William MacCormack, D.D., rector of the parish and dean of the cathedral chapter. The page before the reader of the Illustrated Weekly is speaking of American citizens, some of them native born and of pre-revolutionary stock, some of directly foreign birth, and some of the first generation born of immigrants on American soil. Dr. MacCormack is an exceedingly good American citizen, albeit not of American birth.

He was born in Ireland December 31, 1866, and just missed by a few hours being a New Year's gift to his parents, who were no doubt delighted at his arrival. Dr. MacCormack is a "Far Down" being a native of County Monaghan. When beginning to toddle around at the age of 18 months his parents removed to the Dominion of Canada, and without being consulted the little baby came along too. There he was educated, and attaining his majority was ordained deacon in the branch of the Church of England operating in Canada. But almost immediately the young cleric received an invitation from St. Anne's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., to be assistant to the rector of that parish. Dr. MacCormack is a stayer wherever he goes. He remained in this first position for all of six years, and then received an invitation to take charge of All Saints Church, Pasadena, where he took up his work in 1898 and stuck to it with quiet persistency for a full decade and six months longer. His work in Pasadena was very successful, the congregation growing steadily and at a satisfactory pace under his quiet and persistent administration.

In 1908, when Dr. Wilkins, the rector-dean of St. Paul's in Los Angeles, was offered important work at the East, with headquarters at St. Louis, Dr. MacCormack was invited to come in from Pasadena and assume charge of the metropolitan church of the diocese of

Southern California. That was four years ago, and at that time his success has been marked indeed. Dr. MacCormack is a quiet man of great amiability and dignity without a particle of stiffness or reserve. Congregations for Sunday services have grown very steadily, and by no means slowly, until at present the church is filled nearly always to its full capacity, often to overflowing. The finances of the institution have steadily become more ample and stable until at the present time it is as comfortably supported as perhaps any religious organization in the city.

Dr. MacCormack is a good orchardist and sees that there is no dead wood in his spiritual garden. On the list of the parish are 751 actual, active communicants, and the Sunday-school numbers a little over 300 of regular attendants. The school is taken care of by an excellent corps of more than twenty teachers. There pass through the hands of the treasurer of the parish an aggregate sum annually of about \$15,000.

As means to his high work in building up character, the congregation under Dr. MacCormack's lead during the last year installed a new organ at a cost of \$16,000, which leads in the services of the church a most admirably organized and drilled choir of men and boys. A little earlier than that the vestry purchased for their minister a new rectory on Burlington avenue near Eighth, at a cost of something like \$10,000. Quite recently the old rectory on Seventh street near Bixel was disposed of, putting into the treasury a sum of about \$20,000 as a nucleus for the building of a new church some day where the old one now stands.

The corporation is financially in an excellent condition for a great forward movement. It is practically out of debt with the handsome sum named above as a nest egg, and with the large congregation and long list of active members seems quite ready to undertake the work of the new church edifice. It is, indeed, a pressing necessity, for the old house of worship is crowded many Sundays when there is nothing particular to draw churchgoers and on special occasions scores are turned away.

The question that is disturbing the minds of those who look after the temporalities of the church is how much the new church building ought to cost. It seems to be quite agreed that to meet the needs of the future (not distant) an edifice to cost \$250,000 would be about the right thing. The lot is ample, the location central, and from a business point of view the value of the lot would quite justify putting a structure on it to cost \$250,000. If the organization were a temporal one that lot would bear an investment of \$1,000,000.

Perhaps some readers of this story may not fully understand what is meant by a pro-cathedral. It is this: In the Episcopal church it is considered the proper thing for every bishop to have his own house of worship directly under his personal supervision. This is known as the cathedral church. When Bishop Johnson came to Southern California his church was weak in every sense, and therefore a cathedral was impossible. The vestry of St. Paul's church offered him the use of their edifice for episcopal functions and it is therefore known as the pro-cathedral. It is manifestly a hybrid organization, being first and essentially a regular parish in the denomination, and then a kind of substitute for a cathedral.

The writer of this is not informed as to the sentiment either of Bishop Johnson or of the corporation of St. Paul's parish as to making St. Paul's in every sense of the word a cathedral. But it looks to the uneducated eye of an outsider as if that might be the solution of any difficulty that may lie around the building of the new church. To make it a cathedral would draw liberal contributions from the diocese and from wealthy members of the denomination in the East. To the unenlightened eye of the outsider, too, it looks as if St. Paul's was in an ideal position for a bishop's church, central as it is and overlooking as it does the beauty spot and breathing space known as Central Square.

Brittany Superstition.

[Westminster Gazette] Every few years some incident occurs to remind a civilized nation of the survival of the grossest superstitions in its midst. French opinion is at present shocked by a recent revelation at St. Malo which has resulted in the arrest of a dormouse. The dormouse is peculiar to Brittany. She is a woman who claims a mysterious power to heal disease by certain charms and treatments, pre-eminently by inducing artificial sleep.

A St. Malo workman was suffering from meningitis, and under ordinary medical treatment, when a woman Delance, a renowned dormouse, was called in. She arrived with her husband, and sent for a milk white pigeon. While the man put the patient into a trance the woman cut the live pigeon in half and placed the warm flesh on his forehead. This was followed by bathing the sick man's feet in some secret liquid and covering his head with a cloth that had been soaked in it. As a result of the treatment the workman died in a day.

The dormouse has been arrested, a comprehensive inquiry is to be made into the superstitious practices of Brittany. It will, however, need more than an inquiry to shake the beliefs of the most superstitious and conservative corner of France.

American Woman at Panama. By F. G. Carpenter.

All About Housekeeping. HOME MATTERS, ON THE CANAL ZONE, AT THE Isthmus.

QUEER FAMILY AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS WHERE UNCLE SAM PAYS THE RENT—A TYPICAL HOME AND HOW IT IS FURNISHED—MARKETING AND COST OF LIVING—FIGHTING THE ANTS—THE SERVANT QUESTION. WHERE THE GIRLS GET THEIR CLOTHES—DANCES AND MASQUERADE BALLS—THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ANCON (Canal Zone, Panama)—I have received many letters from the United States asking me to write of the American women at Panama. There are several thousand of them, and they come from every part of the Union. They are of all classes and con-

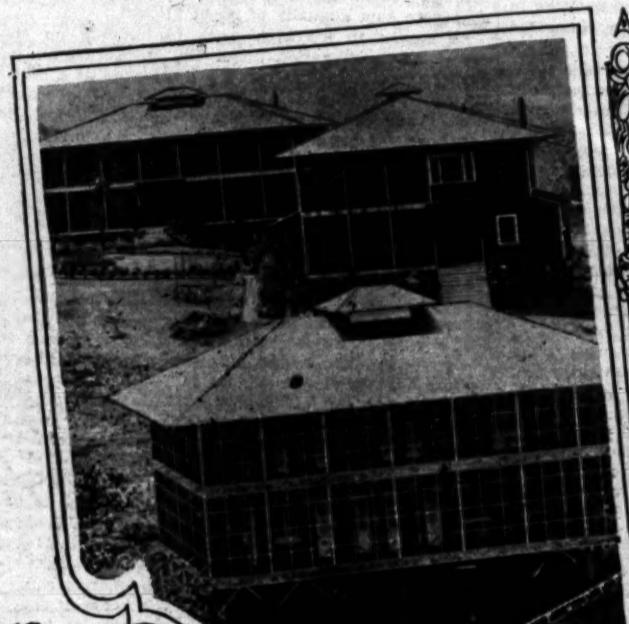
These houses are equipped with bathrooms of tile. They have furniture to correspond, and are as delightful homes for entertaining as a man of that class could wish.

Further down on the salary list are homes less pretentious, the quarters declining in character until we reach the two and four-family houses of the more modest clerks. All of the homes are exceedingly comfortable, and all have wide verandas running about them which are so covered with woven-wire netting that the mosquitoes and gnats and the tiniest insects cannot get in. Every house has its light on all sides, and all are surrounded by hedges of brilliant leaves of many colors, or by strange vines and tropical flowers. Uncle Sam is the gardener, and the lawns are watered and kept trimmed by West Indian negroes. The plants are to a certain extent the choice of the resident. Nearly every woman here is a flower lover, and there are

about the size of an ordinary hall bedroom, which has an electric stove to keep the clothes from molding during the wet season, and on the opposite side of the kitchen. The house has also a shower bath and other modern conveniences.

The Furniture.

The furniture of the house is all supplied by Uncle Sam. It is simple, as it should be in the tropics. There are wicker chairs, including rockers, lounge tables and stools, and the beds are as good as in any first-class hotel. The kitchen has a refrigerator and an iron cook stove. It has a porcelain sink, with plenty of fresh water from the Panama water works, and a garbage can, which is emptied daily by Uncle Sam's men. The light is electric, and costs the household nothing. The only heat in the house is that of the cook stove, and this comes from the soft oil he



Married
quarters
at Callebra.



A Masquerade ball



Home of a high official



At a picnic

ditions, from the wives of the high officials, such as the commissioners, who draw their \$14,000 and upward a year, down to those of the lowest-salaried clerks, who get \$100 or \$150 a month. Many of them are the wives of mechanics, of railroad engineers, of electricians and steam-shovel men, and not a few are nurses, school teachers and the daughters of employees of all classes. In general, I may say that the woman here is above the average of her sex in any American city.

She has been benefited by mixing with others of her sex from all parts of the country, by her travels down to the Isthmus, and by a life here under conditions different from those which prevail anywhere else. She is often good-looking. She is almost universally healthy, and she lacks the lines and wrinkles of worry which seem the faces of her sisters up north.

Housekeeping on the Isthmus.

In the first place she has an easier life than at home. Her housekeeping worries are less, and she has Uncle Sam for her landlord and he charges no rent. According to the contract with the men the government furnishes the quarters, and it gives each family a home according to the salary and rank its head holds in the work. The highest officials have magnificent residences, great two-story structures, many of the rooms of which are twenty feet square and so arranged that they open one into another like a high-class Japanese residence, letting the wind blow through from all sides.

wives of machinists who have collections of orchids which would cost a small fortune in dear old New York.

A Typical Home.

But let me give you some pictures of one of the well-to-do homes on the isthmus. The man who lives in it is a railroad official, not the highest nor even next to the highest. He is fairly well down in the ranks, and his salary is a little above \$200 per month. His home is the ordinary house which Uncle Sam furnishes to a man of that class.

How shall I describe it? It is situated on the side of a hill here at Ancon in plain view of the rolling Pacific. Back of it there is a row of royal palms, and about it a hedge of gorgeous red and green leaves. It has altogether a half-dozen rooms and is surrounded by a wide porch screened in with wire and covered with vines. Inside the wire, at the front, orchids and other air plants hang from the roof, and also ferns in pots with leaves which extend from the ceiling quite down to the floor. Some of these ferns have fronds as those of the maidenhair fern, and others have leaves which look like the horns of a deer. There are chairs on the veranda, and this forms the out-of-doors sitting-room.

Entering the house you come into a living-room, which is, I judge, eighteen feet square. At the left is a bedroom quite as large, and on the other side of the living-room is a big dining-room with a china closet built into the wall. There is also a drying-room of

nished free by the government, and put in when charge. One feature of the kitchen is the little pot of coal oil in which the legs of the refrigerator and the kitchen table stand. These are to prevent the kinds of ants crawling up and getting at the food.

Ants are the chief pest of the isthmus. They are all sizes and of every variety. Some will eat wood, others go for vegetables and everything sweet. If a woman has plants she must keep the pots in the house of water or the ants will eat them, and if she leaves a piece of sugar out anywhere it will be eaten red with these little insects.

Some Marketing Arrangements.

I wish you could have as good a dinner today as I had in this house I am describing. It was a family dinner, and perhaps a little better than the ordinary meals, but it was quite as good as any you could serve in your home. We had a soup, a fish and a roast, with an entree or so, ending with coffee, Swiss cheese, cream and cake for dessert.

The most of the food came from the government department, which is practically the only source of supply. Uncle Sam runs a big grocery store here, and it furnishes about all the food that his 25,000 employees have to eat. He has a catalogue and price list of everything, and the prices are usually far below those of the States. For instance, the roast beef we had on the table came from Chicago. It was brought

you frozen stiff in cold storage, and the price delivered at the house was 20 cents a pound. You would be well to get such beef in your home market, and you would have to pay 30 cents at the least. The butter is excellent. It was not nearly so high-priced as at home, and my hostess told me that the prices of all vegetables are cut almost in half. This is especially so with articles imported from Europe. We had some German asparagus of the kind which costs 20 cents a can in the States. It is sold here by the government for 20 cents a can. We had also some French peas, which cost one-third what they do at home. All things that are brought here from abroad come in free of duty, and as they are furnished only a little more than cost, they are cheaper.

Letter Hand to Mouth.

"We ate, I asked the lady of the house to tell me what she supplied. She said:

"We live from hand to mouth, but in some respects are very much better off than at home, and in some I like our home ways the better. We are, in fact, socialists, with Uncle Sam as the governor. All the food comes from the government stores, and it is true that our bread, our ice, our meat and even our clothes are obtained. The ice is delivered every morning and put into the icebox. The coal is brought to the house, the bread is left at the door, and it is the same with our clothes or anything that we order.

"Orders are made by means of commissary books, and we have the right to buy up to 60 per cent. of our rations. We cannot get a book, however, until the day is earned, and if we should run out of a book at the latter part of the month we have rather close fortunes as we cannot buy anything from Uncle Sam except these books. This is the only place I know of where you cannot pay money to get things. The only spender is one of the books."

"Well," continued the lady, "all our orders have to be made the day before they are filled. The government has its regular order man, who comes around every morning and takes note of the supplies that we want. We have to pay the order man in advance for his order, and he leaves a copy of the order with us and takes two copies with him. One of these copies goes to the commissary store, and the other is used in settling the accounts."

"Do you always get what you order?"

"It is a general thing, yes, but the trouble is we cannot pick out as you could at a market, and we have to take what is sent. I may order porterhouse steak and the man sends me a cut from the round I have no objection. If the steak should be bad I could take it to the health officer and thus get back my money, but it is more of a different quality I could do nothing. I know of certain housekeepers who when they have a tough steak beat Uncle Sam by setting it in salt water. They can then take it to the health officer and recover what they have paid. As a result, however, the supplies are excellent. The bread is fresh and good, our ice comes from distilled water, and it is delivered at 40 cents per hundred. The government even cuts our kindling wood, and it keeps our fires clean. Indeed, our living is much cheaper and better than we had it at home."

Letter Hand to Mouth.

I asked as to servants, and the lady replied:

"The servants here are mostly Jamaican negroes. I pay for one girl and pay her \$15 gold a month. She works all day, and she must come back in the afternoon off, but she must come back to eat dinner, and she must also stay at home on Sunday. My girl is an excellent cook, and is cheaper than ordinary. The highest officials have servants, and the engineer commissioners have the same kind of an establishment that such would have in the States. They have their cooks, waiters and chambermaids. A good cook gets about \$15 and a chambermaid \$15. As to the washing and ironing, that is often done in the house by the cook when one has but two girls, and sometimes by Jamaican negroes who come in and wash for a dollar a day. We can also send our laundry to the government laundry, but that costs \$10 a month, though the work is well done. Another trouble is that buttons are cut off the buttons."

"How many hours for meals?"

"They vary in different houses. The ordinary meals are the first breakfast is coffee and rolls. This covers all the way from 5 until 9, according to the hours of the man. The next meal is a substantial breakfast served about 11 or 12, and then there is tea at 3 or 4 o'clock. The usual calling time is from 4 until 7, and nearly every one is in

"of the troubles of the woman of the isthmus is that there is no clothing. There are practically no dress stores among the Panamanians, and nearly everything has to be made at home and sent down. The dress stores have some ready-made things, but these are mostly for men, and the women must either make their own clothes or order them from the States. The ladies who do this through the professional dressers. They send in their measurements and other things are supplied on approval. The woman who does the shopping in the United States comes out of the merchant. Some of the canal zone women do

sewing, and there are a few Jamaica sewing girls and one or two native dressmakers in Panama and Colon. Linens are especially cheap, as Panama charges practically no duty upon them, and the same is true of the beautiful grass cloths known as Canton linens, which are shipped here from China and sold by the Chinese. Silks of all kinds are cheap, and especially silk stockings, shirt waists and skirts.

I am told that the cost of a woman's clothing is much cheaper at Panama than at home, and this for the reason that she has to provide for only one season. The people wear summer clothes the year round, and they have no use for tailor-made suits, furs nor costly garments of wool.

As to hats, there is, I believe, one French milliner, but most of the fancy hats come in from the States. The most popular everyday hat is the Panama or jipijapa, pronounced hipi-happa. The jipijapa sold here is coarse. It is made of straw and shipped in from Ecuador. One can get a very fair one for \$3 or \$4, whereas a broad-brimmed Panama, beautifully woven, will cost \$8, \$10 or \$15 and more. All of these hats are trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer, and often by the wearers themselves.

As a rule, the women of the isthmus dress well. The most of them have clothes which fit, and they know how to wear them. They have good wardrobes, and at a ball at the Tivoli Hotel you will see as many fine dresses and it seems to me more fine-looking women than at a White House reception. We have here the wives and daughters of many army officers, and the employees of the government here are the best paid of their kind in the world, and they all dress in good taste.

Amusements, Dances and Masquerades.

And this brings me to the subject of the amusements of the isthmus. The women here are socially inclined, and there are a number of society sets, just as at home. There is the army set, consisting of the wives of the high officials and of the army and navy, for you know we have a regiment here and some of Uncle Sam's marines. Then there is a clerical set with divisions ranging somewhat according to salaries, and there is a society made up of the wives of the mechanics and others. All of these intermix more or less with one another, although there are certain well-established distinctions and grades.

There is considerable dinner giving and tea giving and there are masquerade balls and many dances of one kind or another. There are dances every two weeks at the Tivoli Hotel, paid for by the Tivoli Club, which has 700 members. These dances are the events of the month and are attended by the women from all parts of the zone.

Among the other amusements are picnics to old Panama, Ft. Lorenzo, the Island of Taboga, and day excursions out into the jungle. There are tennis games at every station, and among certain classes bridge is quite as common as it is at home.

The Woman's Club Movement.

And then the women's clubs. You will find one or more of them at every station upon the Canal Zone, and their different activities cover every form of club work. Some of them are devoted to religious movements of one kind or other. Others are for social enjoyment, and others for intellectual culture. I know one club which is taking up Panama history this week.

And then there is a branch of the International Sunshine Society, whose interests center around the work for blind babies in New York, and there are missionary societies of the various isthmian churches. Cristobal has a current events club, Culebra a Union Christian League Club, and there are private card clubs and bridge clubs galore.

We have also a number of women's guilds and altar societies, whose members are teachers in the Sunday schools of the Episcopal Church, a branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at the Methodist Church, which maintains two scholarships in the Methodist College in Panama, and a Gatun society, which has furnished the Gatun dormitory in the Arthur home at Summit, N.J. And then there are the women's auxiliaries of some of the secret order societies. We have the Daughters of Rebekah at Gorgona, the Pythian Sisters, allied to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Las Cascadas, and the Alfaretta Council of the Degree of Pocahontas at Culebra.

All of the various clubs have their representatives in the Canal Zone Federation of Women's Clubs, and most of them are working together for the bettering of the moral conditions on the isthmus. They keep their eyes on the schools, upon certain features of sanitation and upon the moral tone of the zone. Fully half of the women of the isthmus now belong to them, and altogether they have done a great deal of good.

[Copyright, 1912, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

A Sun-Dial.
Each morning sees my task begun,
Each evening finds my duty done:
The shadows on my dial show
Only the joyous hours that go
Along the pathway of the sun.

Only the happy hours I write,
Between the daybreak and the night:
My records all are golden rhyme;
I am the troubadour of Time,
And all my songs are of delight.

—[Frank Dempster Sherman, in Scribner's.]

Alien Insane Sent Home.

NEW YORK WILL SAVE \$7,000,000 BY
GETTING RID OF LUNATICS.

[New York Sun, May 26:] A conference held Friday by the representatives of the New York steamship lines and the State insane hospitals will result in the sending to Europe in the coming year of about 2000 insane aliens who would otherwise remain a burden on the State. These aliens if they remained in New York would cost the State \$2500 apiece, or \$7,000,000, it has been estimated.

Their deportation could not be legally demanded because they have been in the United States over the prescribed time limit when they became public charges. It is estimated that the action of the steamship lines will save the State hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, and will render the erection of expensive buildings for the care of these aliens unnecessary.

At the conference were Edward B. Sandford, attorney for the steamship companies; Goodwin Brown and Dr. George S. Campbell, attorney and representative for the State Hospital Commission, and former Congressman William S. Bennet. An agreement was quickly reached. About two weeks ago, according to Mr. Bennet, a steamship line consulted him about the attempt to place on one of their vessels an insane alien who tried to commit suicide on the dock when the vessel was about to sail. This alien, said Dr. Campbell of the New York State Hospital Commission, had been brought from New Canaan, Conn., because on the statement of the selectman of the town it would be cheaper to buy him a ticket to Italy than to care for him in the New Canaan almshouse.

Dr. Campbell said the Connecticut idea of getting rid of such aliens was to foist them off on somebody else and that some Connecticut officials would lead an alien to the gates of Bellevue, tell him to enter and run before the Bellevue officials could see who had brought him there. He said that our neighbor State is about fifty years behind the age in its insane laws.

The attempt to place the man on board the outgoing steamer without notifying the ship's doctor of his condition resulted in an appeal to Mr. Bennet on the part of the steamship company to see what could be done about the evil of which this was an example.

Goodwin Brown, the lawyer who represented the Hospital Commission, said the steamship lines said only a misunderstanding had kept them from making this concession sooner. They said that the matter had never been put up to the proper officials. They have now agreed to take the aliens at their ordinary steerage rates so long as they are notified of the insane person's condition beforehand and are assured that the alien has no dangerous mania. The State Hospital Commission, on the other hand, will give each line a list of the aliens in their hospitals who came over on that particular line and will furnish complete information as to the province, city and identity of the alien to be sent to his home. The lines will notify the Hospital Commission as to the distribution of aliens on the different vessels so that there will be no unnecessary burden on one ship.

Mr. Bennet gave an outline of the scheme at his office yesterday afternoon. He said it ought to begin working in two weeks. The passage money in each case is to be paid by the State, he said, and the State will be only too glad to do it. A beginning will be made with such aliens as can travel without an attendant and who are perfectly able to take care of themselves without discomfort to any one else. Unless they go voluntarily the law prevents their being sent.

Some of the advocates of the new plan think that 2000 insane aliens can be disposed of in six months. Others believe they can be shipped at a rate of thirty or forty a week, and all are agreed that 2000 is a fair estimate of the number that will be got rid of in the coming year.

From the Roofs.

In serried ranks the black roofs loom
Against the lurid sky.
Below, the blaze of garish lights
Grim hosts of night defy,
Whence endless, through the measured hours,
A human swarm drifts by.

A human swarm shifts endlessly
Through thoroughfares of fire,
As each one to his goal impelled
Pursues the fool's desire;
While desolate, a House of God
Uplifts a lonely spire.

On far lit avenues they seem,
To one upon the height,
Like clouds of crazed, bewildered things,
Lured by a dazzling light,
That beat scorched wings a moment's space
Then fall into the night.

Some speed them out on eager feet
With pleasure for their quest,
And some flee bitter Memory
Where Grief and Torture rest;
But at the board where each drinks deep
Death sits a silent guest.

In serried ranks the black roofs frown
On thoroughfares of fire
Where through the night a human swarm
Pursues the fool's desire;
While like swift ghosts the gray bats wheel
Around a lonely spire.

—[George T. Marsh, in Scribner's.]

The Struggle for a Clean Flag.

By John Elfreth Watkins.

A Modern Betsy Ross.

HER WORK TO SAVE NATIONAL EMBLEM FROM DESECRATION.

TOILS FOR LAWS FORBIDDING USE OF FLAG FOR TRADE PURPOSES—HER LIFE AS COWGIRL IN ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO—FIFTEEN STATES STILL WITHOUT FLAG LAWS.

ARE you for a clean flag? Friday next, its 135th birthday, will you join the crusade for Old Glory's deliverance from commercial prostitution?

The members of fifty-six patriotic societies—upward of a million men, women and children—are already in line. This Flag Day will find their struggle gaining, but as yet unwon.

All of the great powers of Europe and four of our Latin-American neighbors have laws prohibiting the desecration of their national emblems. We have no Federal statute to that effect. Only a partial list of our commonwealths have State laws on the subject. Uncle Sam shuts the gates of interstate commerce to articles having labels that offend honesty, but not to those having labels that offend patriotism—not, for example, to whisky bottles and beer bottles whose labels are American flags superimposed with the names of distillers and brewers.

It was a woman who mothered the Star Spangled Banner, and it was a woman who started, among patriotic societies, this crusade for that emblem's rescue from degradation. The latter, Mrs. Isabel Worrell Ball of Washington, recently talked to me at length about her long fight for a clean flag.

A Modern Betsy Ross.

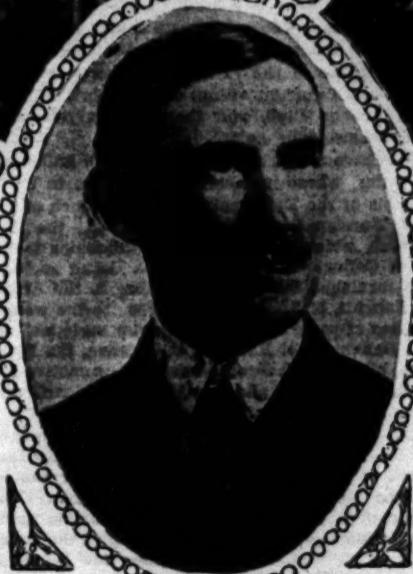
This modern Betsy Ross—as indefatigable a flag-maker as she is a flag defender—was born in an Illinois



Mrs. Isabel Worrell Ball



Flag day exercises at Key Mansion.



Representative L. B. Munro

have been current since the Stars and Stripes were adopted, June 14, 1777.

Appointed "Patriotic Instructor."

More than a quarter century ago the Woman's Relief Corps—today 165,000 strong—made the first organized effort to teach greater respect for the flag. Mrs. Ball was then a member and has since served as department president. She entered at once into this work with zeal. In many States the society obtained permission to enter the public schools and teach children the history of and respect for the flag. In a few years each department of the corps appointed a committee

on "patriotic teaching" to systematize this work. In 1905, on Mrs. Ball's motion, each department ordered to appoint a "patriotic instructor" for the first designated in the society.

Setting out upon her work in the national cause, she found to her surprise that only three public schools in the entire city—one of them for colored children—displayed the national banner. The flag upon all these buildings had been supplied by penny donations of the pupils. So she went before the school board and obtained an appropriation of \$1,000, whereupon flags were placed on all of the schools of the District of Columbia. And until this day the Federal legislature makes an annual appropriation for the renewal of these banners. Mrs. Ball at the same time canvassed the merchants of the city and persuaded them to display flags on patriotic days. She also organized the first Flag-Day ceremony held at the White House, and the inspector general of the army presided. These various efforts were practically the incipit of the flag crusade in the United States.

No State then had a law protecting the National Emblem from desecration. In the early sixties President Lincoln and Secretary Seward had proposed a bill in Congress against improper uses of the flag, but they were unheeded. In 1878 "Sunset" Cox of Ohio introduced the first Congressional bill forbidding desecration, and two years later Hiram Barbour of the same State introduced another such bill, but both of them failed to pass.

Line Up the States.

The Woman's Relief Corps representatives were the first to respond to the call for work in the lobbies of the State Legislatures. The first to respond was that of the new State of South Dakota.



Flag day exercises at Key Mansion.

log cabin. She saw her father march off to the war of 1812 and she wore the flesh from her youthful fingers helping her mother reduce all of the home-made linen to lint for soldiers' wounds. Later, as a cow-girl on her father's ranch in Kansas, she deftly threw the lasso while galloping over the prairies to help round up the herd. Having taught the first school in her county, and served as clerk to the Legislature, she went to Arizona and New Mexico, to suffer many hairbreadth escapes while traveling among wild Indians as special correspondent of the Albuquerque Journal and pioneer woman journalist of the Southwest. While living in a box car on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, while that line was building, her improvised dwelling was riddled with bullets from hostile redskins, and although two others inside were killed, she escaped unharmed. Thirty years ago she returned from the wilds and has been a working journalist ever since. For twenty-one years she has wielded her pen in the national capital, where now she is one of the editors of the National Tribune.

During her stirring career in the Southwest, Mrs. Ball made her first flag. It was one of the old "pine tree" designs and was a curiosity to the children of her desert neighborhood, principally because none of them had ever seen a tree or even a picture of one. Since then she has made a collection of seventy-two flags, no two alike, which shows the pedigree of our national emblem, beginning with the banner of Ferdinand and Isabella and that of Cabot. Of these fifty-four are the various precolonial and colonial flags planted upon our soil, and eighteen are special federal flags that

in 1897. In the same year Minnesota and Pennsylvania fell into line and the Sons of the American Revolution joined in the crusade. Then came Vermont, in 1898, which year was marked also by the organization of the American Flag Association, which has since worked zealously to further the crusade. Laws were passed the next year, 1899, by New York, California, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Arizona, and directly following Iowa, Oregon, Indiana, Washington, Colorado, Wisconsin, Michigan, Rhode Island, Maryland, Ohio, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Delaware, Nebraska and New Jersey.

The Porto Ricans eight years ago did for the flag of their adoption what the people of fifteen states have yet failed to do for the flag of their birth. They passed one of these laws forbidding the desecration of the Stars and Stripes or its use for advertising purposes. Idaho, Wyoming, Oklahoma and Kansas have also profited by this example of our adopted brother.

States Without Flag Laws.

But the following states have as yet nothing to do with the flag: Virginia, West Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. And, as said, Uncle Sam himself is not on this backward list.

Five years ago Mrs. Ball was placed at the head of her organization's part in this crusade for a clean national emblem. She was made chairman of the national committee on desecration of the flag, and in this capacity, backed by an American army of 165,000

has lobbied before Congress for the desired legislation. Another zealous worker for the same legislation is William Van Zandt Cox, one of Washington's leading lawyers, the nephew of "Sunset" Cox—he who introduced the first flag bill in Congress. Mr. Cox is chairman of the flag committee of the Sons of the American Revolution. For years he has collected in albums hundreds of flagrant examples of flag desecration, hardly any of which is fit for reproduction in an article on the subject. And the Daughters of the Revolution have also a flag committee. As said, a total of fifty-six patriotic organizations are now at work hammering and working for State and Federal laws.

In the past year Mrs. Ball has delivered thirty-two lectures on the subject, each illustrated with the six flag designs. In some of such work she has traveled hundreds of miles, paying her own expenses in each instance, and personally presented many flags to schools where she has talked.

Some time ago she delivered one of these lectures in Washington's historic Key mansion, the old house, on the north bank of the Potomac, wherein dwelt Francis Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner." In the "T. W. B. Flag Association," named in her honor, she for years held exercises on Flag Day, until the building passed recently into new hands.

Her crusade for a clean flag commenced the time she has passed a bill in two Congresses, wherein the House has refused to approve, and the House in Congress has passed a bill not approved by the Senate. These bills have forbidden the placing upon any flag exposed for sale or display any word, figure or design suggesting any flag or any coat of arms of the United States. Punishment is provided also for defacement or insult to these emblems. Two such bills are now before the House, one having been introduced by Representative L. B. Hanna, Republican, of North Dakota, and the other by Representative J. W. Byrnes, Democrat, of Tennessee, whose bill has failed to pass such legislation.

Now working for Congressional protection of the flag, inasmuch as the national emblem is in violation of Federal law, it should be protected from commercial degradation by Federal law—Congress has the constitutional right necessary to both the adoption and regulation of the flag's use, in other words, if Congress has the power to create, it must have the power to protect its creation.

Forward have been made in this battle by federal authority. Ten years ago the Commissioner of Patents ruled that neither the national flag nor the name or name of the President or of any member of his family could be registered as a trade mark, and in 1906 he extended this protection to the shield of the United States. He held "that the introduction of the national colors in trade-mark form is against the public policy, cheapening the emblem in the eyes of the people, and taking from its traditional significance and sanctity." Three years ago he backed up these rulings with a specific act, and recently the register of copyrights has refused official protection to illustrations tending to cheapen the national emblem.

"No man was ever great enough to have his name on the flag," said President Grant. But this did not coincide in by a number of commercial concerns, notably several brewers who arrogate to themselves this distinction denied to earthly mortals. One firm which thus desecrated the flag was represented by the Nebraska authorities for violation of the State law and appealed to the Federal Supreme Court which held the law unconstitutional.

Recently in Detroit a liquor store displayed the national flag as an awning, and when the local society of the American Revolution threatened prosecution it was legally that of the nation, since it displayed the flag less than authorized since the admission of the State. But it happened that the wise framers of Michigan law forbade such use of any device as apparent to an observer, was the national flag, in violation of its detail. And the awning was removed.

In New York recently an ammonia concern using the flag for an advertisement was successfully prosecuted against by the District Attorney, and a manufacturer of beds has similarly felt the hand of the law.

Gen. Ruggles on becoming governor of the National Soldiers' Home in Washington found all of the fixtures porcelain decorated with the American flag. More recently Gen. John M. Wilson has complained to Congress of similar degradations of the flag in connection with articles sold for unmentionable purposes. Mrs. Ball recently laid before Congress a list of hundreds of examples of indefensible uses to which the flag is put, and among these are:

Printed on the backs of trolley transfers and on their white stripes the words: "Stands for beer"; flag labels on beer and ale casks and beer bottles; flag advertisements on thin paper for fruit, cheeses, hams, soaps, chewing gum, and cigars; printed letters on the flag to advertise all manner of goods, wet

and dry, from sour mash to awnings; doormats decorated with the flag, so as to invite all comers to trample it and defile it with mud; political tickets using the Stars and Stripes as an emblem; prize fighters' breech clouts made of Old Glory, and its use to adorn representations of and impersonators of Uncle Sam, or the Goddess of Liberty, at shows or for advertising purposes.

Impressions of Youth.

"I was in a moving-picture show one night last week when a war-time scene was being enacted," said Mrs. Ball. "In a mad charge the color bearer was shot and fell with his colors. Just behind me was a small boy, accompanied by his father. As the color sergeant went down the boy cried out, excitedly:

"Oh, catch it! You all oughtn't to let the flag touch the ground!"

"The boy's father pulled him back into his seat, and with a soft southern drawl said: 'It's only play, son.'

"But, papa, they shouldn't let the flag touch the ground even in play," the youngster replied, earnestly. Just then the troop charged again and picked up the flag, and the little lad frantically clapped his hands, as did a lot of others.

"A member of Congress has a little grandson about three years of age. The other night after having been put to bed he called out: 'Mamma, if you will just let me have grandfather's flag to lay my head on I won't be afraid of the dark.'

"His mother put his head on the flag, and when she went in a little later she found him sound asleep with its folds caught under his rosy little chin.

"Now, when these children become old enough to pass along the streets and read advertisements of beer and whisky will they show such reverence for the national emblem?

"How such desecrations act upon the youthful mind was impressed upon me some time ago in a free kindergarten in New York. 'Children, what is this?' I asked, holding up the national flag. None of them replied. 'Certainly you know what this is,' I insisted, and up went a little hand.

"That's on Pat Shaughnessy's saloon," answered the wail. "It's painted on the window."

"Well, what is it?" I repeated.

"Oh, I don't know," the lad replied again. "It belongs to Pat Shaughnessy."

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The Father.

ADAM GOSHART, COBBLER, STRIKES A BARGAIN WITH SONNY.

By Madge E. Anderson.

ADAM GOSHART, Cobbler," was printed in large, uneven letters on a signboard across the front of a rough board house in a new western town.

Adam was justly proud of his sign, for his capacity had been severely tried in forming those rude letters. A small room at the back of his shop was the shoemaker's home. A dog was his companion.

With this companion close up at his side, Adam was huddled over his stove (for a norther was blowing,) finishing a pair of cowboy boots, when his ear caught a sound at his shop door.

Deafly uncertain, he rose; the dog barked: "Yes!" The fierce wind took his breath, but he wheezed out a cheerful: "Oh, come in, right in, sonny." Inside, he took the worn little shoe from the child, saying: "Jack Frost is a-bitten your toes; it was his bitten mine as frost made me think of my trade. Yes, sure I'll mend your shoe for you, fast thing; them boots kin-wait."

Contented with the situation, the child climbed upon one end of Adam's bench; soon he had the various lasts formed into a bunch of ponies and was driving them with a broken quirt he had in his hand.

Adam loved children, and this child's fancies kept his deaf ear alert, and when the boy had wearied of his ponies and began to ask questions about all he saw in the shop, the man's thin face broadened with smiles and his watery eyes shed tears from laughter, sincere if silent.

Slow in his answers to the quick-witted boy, he was kicked on his shins, but his delight in his new friend only grew, and he would mutter in charmed surprise: "Now, ain't he a smart one!" Then again: "Keep it up, sonny, I'll git you answered bime-by."

When the shoe was finished, Adam ceased to smile, for now the boy would leave him. He leaned over, caught the dangling bare foot, meaning to fasten the shoe for the child, but he, ever too quick for slow Adam, sprang upon his back, laughingly calling to Adam to "Gee up! gee up! You's my donkey."

Taken by surprise, Adam did play donkey in refusing to move; but the spirit of fun overcame him, and he trotted obediently round and round the shop. His cowboy customer, coming in during this unusual performance, said: "Hello Adam! Are you married? That's a fine, bright-eyed boy you have." Seeing the cobbler's confusion, he continued: "That's all right, every man should have a child to please. Are my boots ready?"

His fun over, the child slipped on his shoe and ran out of the shop.

This interruption came at a bad time for slow-minded Adam! He had meant to ask many questions of his little customer, to whom he had returned his proffered dime before beginning his work. All day to the click of his hammer these words repeated themselves in his ears: "Adam, are you married?"

"No, I ain't—but I wish that young 'un was mine."

Gosh, but ain't he a smart one! Lord, I wish he was mine."

One morning an unusual noise awakened Adam. Looking out of his window, he saw his little friend taking backsprings and striking his door with both feet. Adam's face beamed, as he called out: "What you up to now, young 'un?"

"Hello, Donkey! Hold down and I'll climb up by your mane."

The man chuckled at this saucy allusion to his long, thin hair.

"I's run away to see you 'fore my ma waked up."

"His ma! An idea leaped to life in Adam's brain.

"Sonny, has you a pa?" he asked, as he lifted the child into his window.

"No, he's dead. Jake Higgins's got a good pa, what gives him things."

"If I'd give you things, would you have me fur your pa, 'sposen' your ma was willing?" Breathlessly he wheezed out his idea.

The child seemed long in answering, repeating: "Sposen?" "Sposen?" I don't know what 'sposen is."

Adam tried again. "Say, sonny, say I give you things, would you be my little son, with your ma throwed into the bargain? Of course she'd have to be," regretfully he said this last.

"Would you give me a real live donkey?"

"I would."

"Then I'd have you for my pa."

"Pa, pa, pa," the child reiterated as he ran around the room.

"Oh, say it likes as if you loved me, little son." said the lonely man.

The child stopped his play, and seeing the man's earnest face, he threw both little arms around Adam's knees, saying:

"Yes, I loves you, my pa, 'cause you will give me my donkey. My ma says yo uis a good man, 'cause you give me back my dime. You won't hit me wid the strap?"

"Who did hit you, little son?"

"Oh, strap hit me," answered the astute child, remembering his ma was thrown into this bargain.

When principals agree, a bargain is soon consummated. So it was with this one.

Adam's wife proved to have an ugly temper, from which man, boy and dog often suffered, but this was spasmodic; and at such times Adam would do all in his tender way to comfort both "Sonny," and dog. Nobody comforted the man, but his day was to dawn.

Early, when it was yet dark, on a certain momentous date, the man stood over "Sonny's" bed, calling him to wake up, calling softly, "Sh! sh! She's sleepen." I can't wait no longer to show you what I's got."

He seemed a transfigured man. The boy's eyes grew, dark with wonder, as Adam gathered him in his arms and passed into the other room.

Silently he uncovered a little bundle in a rude cradle. The boy's eyes widened. He held Adam tightly around the neck, as he listened.

"I am a real PA! This un's mine, all mine, he's a real born sonny, the finest boy as ever was born, and all mine!"

"Ain't he none ma's? None mine? Ain't I your son no more?"

The pitiful tone went to Adam's good heart. "Lord forgive me, I clean forgot the world, 'cep' jest him and me. In course you are my sonny; in course he 'blongs' some to ma, but he's mine, my fast born. In course, too, he is your little brother. Next to a son, a brother is the best thing born. I had one once. This 'un is yours, born yours, that's the p'int."

The child was all eagerness now, he was leaning close over the little new-born face, whispering: "Brother, my brother!"

His mother opened her tired eyes, and seeing the delight of her own, in her baby, said, "He's your little brother. Adam, show him his little hands and his little feet, but don't git 'em col'." Ma's glad you likes him."

Then: "Adam, I am tired now."

"I know you is. Kin Rover jest take one smell at him? He's whinen' to see him. Seems I's so proud, I wants everything to git a look at my son."

"You always was a big fool over my son. Lord knows 'tain't no wonder you is over this one, fur he is a fine child, ain't he, poppy? Let Rover in."

"Thank's, ma. I's proud, proud, so is sonny, of our barg'in. Proud ain't no word to express these feelin's!"

Sonny Inquires,

"Mother, what is a boom fly—

The one that's in the song?

What kind o' caps do captives wear?

What makes your hair so long?

Mother, what sorter egg's a corpse?

I wish I could lay one.

I know three very naughty words—

Want to hear me say one?

Mother, how old a man is God?

Who's in the telephone?

Will drinking coffee make me cough?

Where is my funny bone?

Do little stars hang in the sky?

And fall when they are ripe?

Do reindeers stay out in the rain?

Can I smoke my windpipe?

Mother, do boarders sit on boards?

What makes you say you're tired?

Can't landlords ever go to sea?

But Mother had expired!

BERTHA LOWRY GWINNE.

Experiments by Nutrition Experts.

By William L. Altdorfer.

Fruits Said to Breathe.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE BY
UNCLE SAM'S EXPERTS.

DISCOVERY WILL BE OF GREAT COMMERCIAL VALUE,
AND PROBABLY REDUCE COST OF LIVING—INTERESTING
STORY OF THE EXPERIMENTS—SMALL CALORIMETER,
A NEW AND UNIQUE MACHINE, INVENTED
FOR THE PURPOSE—PROF. H. C. GORE AND DR. C. F.
LANGWORTHY TELL OF THEIR WORK.

BANANAS breathe just as human beings, and so do all other fruits. This is the latest from the realm of science. Uncle Sam's experts vouch for it and have proved it by a series of remarkable experiments

Scope of the New Machine.

The new calorimeter is a reproduction in miniature of a larger machine which has been used by the government for the study of the energy expenditure of man. And it is now the intention of the wizards of science to study all plant life by the same methods which gave such amazing results in the study of the retention and expenditure of energy by the human being. The calorimeter resembles an ordinary wooden box three feet long, eighteen inches high, by eighteen inches wide. But the really interesting part of it is in the recording and controlling device. By means of this device it has been made largely automatic, so that it may be operated at the same time and by the same persons who may

the upper part of the inside chamber, a method the reverse of that followed in heating a room with a hot water radiator. The amount of heat is determined by measuring the temperature of the water as it enters and as it leaves, and by measuring the quantity of water passing through the system in a given time.

Opening of Plucked Fruit.

One is apt to think of fruit and vegetables as picked or gathered as no longer living things. This is far from the truth. The capacity for growth remains in the ripened seed for months or even years. The vital processes, which seem to have ceased, again become active under favorable conditions, as for instance when the seed is planted. This is true also of fruit and vegetables after they are gathered and they continue to live for a long time thereafter.



just completed. To aid them in the work they invented a new machine called a calorimeter, and this machine is a wonder of mathematical accuracy. With it they have shown that many fruits used as foods do actually breathe and give off heat like animals. It was also found that fruit placed in cold storage or other cold places breathed more slowly and in this way was prevented from ripening too quickly. The invention and the results accomplished are unique in the scientific world, and it is claimed will be of great value to the commercial world.

Prof. H. C. Gore of the Bureau of Chemistry and Dr. C. F. Langworthy, Department of Agriculture nutrition experts, have been working on the fruit problem for some time, and in their report giving the results of their many experiments they tell about physiological processes, enzymatic causes, oxidizing enzymes, adiabatic conditions, desiccators, and logarithms, but what they really mean is that fruits breathe. It is an entirely new departure on the part of the government and was undertaken with the primary object of finding another way to reduce the cost of living. It was figured that if the fruit growers of the country could be shown how fruits could be kept longer and in better condition it would have the effect ultimately of reducing the price of all fruits to the consumer.

be experimenting with a man machine. The interior of the box is so arranged that it may also be used for experiments with small animals. As in the case of experiments with men as subjects, provision has been made for the comfort of the animals so that the results may be normal. Another interesting subject the scientists expect to take up is the study of the influence of heat and moisture upon eggs during incubation by a hen as compared with artificial methods in regular incubators.

During an experiment all the openings into the box are sealed. Air is forced through the chamber continuously by an electric blower. As the air leaves the machine in the outgoing pipe, it passes through vessels containing chemical substances which remove the products of respiration, carbon dioxide and water. It then passes through a return air pipe back into the respiration chamber. At the same time oxygen is added to the air in the chamber to make up for that withdrawn and to supply the oxygen needed in the breathing processes of the fruit.

In order that it may be measured, heat generated in the machine is carried out under controlled conditions, such as measuring the heat absorbed by a current of cool water flowing through a metal pipe coiled around

the upper part of the inside chamber, a method the reverse of that followed in heating a room with a hot water radiator. The amount of heat is determined by measuring the temperature of the water as it enters and as it leaves, and by measuring the quantity of water passing through the system in a given time.

The green tomato, which reddens and ripens when placed in a kitchen window where the sun shines upon it, and the apple, which mellows when stored in a cellar, do this, not because they are chemically changed by the warmth or other conditions, but because they are living things, in which processes like those of normal ripening are being brought about by the usual agencies, but under different conditions from those which prevail when the fruit remains on its parent stem. Many of the changes of ripening are due to the action of hormones present in a living plant. These fermentations are the immediate causes of many of the changes known, as the phenomena, and can be followed in their course, so the agencies and the manifestations are known, but how these contribute to the mystery—life—is not understood.

It is generally known that plants take material from the air and give up material to it as a necessary part of their life processes; or, in other words, they "breathe" to use the term broadly. And, further, they "breathe" heat as a result of the work which goes on in their cells. In all this they show a close analogy to the human body, which breathes in oxygen and gives off carbon dioxide and water vapor and liberates heat as a result of the

and involved in respiration and other vital processes as in muscular work in general.

What Matter Proved.

The large calorimeter is used for the study of energy in man, and it shows what fuel the body obtains from what it eats. Among other things it has proved that man is far better for the human animal than meat. This is another innovation of Uncle Sam's nutrition experts as novel as the famous poison squad of Dr. Wiley. There were a number of remarkable food tests carried out by means of this unique invention. It is primarily a test intended for practical tests of different foods as to their value for the body and to decide what foods are better for others. One of the most interesting results of the studies was the test of the foods necessary for a laborer and the various foods best suited for the man who works with his brains.

During this experiment one man was subjected to two different tests. He was as nearly perfect a specimen of manhood as could be found, and after being confined in the machine for several days suffered no ill effects from his participation in the tests. Many others volunteered to undergo the test, more from curiosity than anything else, because they wanted to know just what would be the best foods for their systems and how much labor they could perform. In many other cases it gave valuable information regarding the persons taking part in the ordeal. In this way the investigation was not only of great benefit to science, but also to the man who took part in it.

The calorimeter is a much larger machine than the one used for the experiments with fruit. While an experiment is going the man spends his time in a metal chamber, about six and a half feet high, the same length, and four feet wide. In order that the air inside the chamber may be continually changed, it is taken out through a pipe at one end and returned through another pipe at the other end by means of an electrically-driven blower. After leaving the chamber the air is chemically purified so that the prisoner inside is constantly allowed an ample supply of fresh air. Mr. Langworthy gave the writer an interesting interview about the large respiration calorimeter. He is an authority on nutrition man, and what he doesn't know about the human body is hardly worth knowing.

What Men Ask.

"It is generally known that only a small portion of the food eaten is utilized by the body for the repair of tissues," said the scientist. "By far the larger part of the food is used as a source of energy for the performance of muscular work, both internal and external, and also for maintaining body temperature. I think, however, that within ordinary temperature limits at least, the body maintains this temperature by means of heat resulting as a by-product from the performance of muscular work.

The source of the power obtained from an engine is the fuel burned under its boiler, and in the same way is the source of the energy which the body uses for work.

of all sorts is found in the food consumed. Only a part of the energy of the fuel burned under a boiler is available for mechanical work, the efficiency of an engine being dependent upon the kind of fuel used, the principles of construction followed in building the engine, and other factors. The problem of determining the efficiency of an engine—that is, how much of the theoretical energy of the fuel is available for mechanical work—is a matter of great importance. It is equally interesting to ascertain the efficiency of the living engine—the body—and to ascertain the extent to which it converts the energy of food into effective muscular work. This problem has been studied with the respiration calorimeter and important data secured.

"One piece of apparatus used in experiments with the respiration calorimeter is known as the bicycle ergometer, because it is built somewhat like a bicycle to utilize the powerful leg muscles, and because by its use the activity of the man may be controlled and an accurate measure obtained of the amount of muscular work actually performed. The man works upon this apparatus in the chamber of the calorimeter, and his output of carbon dioxide, water, and heat, and his consumption of oxygen are carefully measured. These same factors are also determined for the same person in other experiments in which no muscular work is done on the ergometer.

Mental and Muscular Activity.

"In three such tests with five different men the efficiency was 18 per cent. in one case, while the general average for all the tests was 20.8 per cent. There were some differences in individuals with respect to this factor, but the agreement in all cases was sufficient to warrant the statement that the efficiency of the average man performing muscular work is at least 20 per cent.

"In this respect man compares favorably with the best steam engines. It is safe to say that the average efficiency of these does not exceed 14 per cent. Some types of internal combustion engines develop an efficiency of more than double that, but they are exceptions. Moreover, in the case of the steam engine there appears to be a certain rate of work at which it will develop its greatest efficiency, but in the case of man it was shown that with one subject at least an increase in the load did not materially affect the efficiency of the body as a machine.

"It is of general as well as of scientific interest to ascertain to what extent mental activity compares with muscular activity with respect to the bodily transformation of matter and energy attendant upon it. Severe and prolonged mental effort commonly results in a feeling of fatigue resembling that produced by muscular effort, and experiments have shown that mental exertion results in both psychic weariness and loss of muscular power. It was quite natural to suppose, therefore, that mental work resembled muscular work in character, and was followed by actual physical exhaustion.

"Strangely enough, however, there is apparently no corresponding transformation of matter and energy by the body in the two cases. During the course of investigation with the respiration calorimeter an interesting study of this question was made. A college student took an examination that required considerable mental effort. The elimination of carbon dioxide, water, and heat, and the consumption of oxygen were measured. Subsequently, the same factors were measured for the same student during the same period in which all the conditions except that of mental work were as nearly as possible identical with those during the examination period. The work was repeated with other students, and altogether twenty-two such experiments were made, and this led to the conclusion that the same waste occurred in the two classes of work."

Proving Value of Cheese.

In addition to this experiment, the department recently caged a number of students and others and fed them on cheese for the purpose of demonstrating the food value of this American product. The preliminary experiment proved the Welsh rabbit a much maligned institution. All kinds of cheese were used, including green and ripe cheese, or cheese as near after it was made as it was possible to get it, and cheese in all stages of ripening up to the point where it was almost unfit for consumption. A total of 184 cheese experiments were made on sixty-five human subjects, most of them college students. Each undergraduate who applied got at least a three-day diet of cheese, but one subject liked it so well that he submitted to fourteen experiments of three days each, a forty-two-day "cheese debauch."

The students were not held down absolutely to cheese. They got as relishes a few slices of bread with the crust removed, some bananas, and now and then, as a special treat, a dose of charcoal. The charcoal was taken in capsule form, and everything possible was done to make the test novel and pleasing. The students were not compelled to bite into a lump of cheese, as it was cut into small pieces and then run through a finely graduated meat chopper before being fed to the subject in the cage. The results showed that there is little or no difference in the comparative digestibility of cheese at different stages of ripening. Perfectly green curd was as digestible, and so far as nutritive value was concerned, as good a food as the cheese at any stage of ripening.

On the whole, the health of the cheese eaters was as good while they were on a cheese-and-banana diet as when they were eating a more varied and attractive fare. The test proved that a pound of cheese has nearly the same food value as two pounds of fresh beef or other fresh meat, and is equal to two pounds of eggs or three pounds of fish. In price, good cheese costs about one-third more than round steak, twice as much as boiling beef, and practically the same per pound as smoked ham or bacon.

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A Soul's Expression.

By Julia B. Foster.

LOVE AND ART.

IT WAS but a short time after Lorimer built his bungalow, until his popularity was established in our neighborhood of orange groves and magnolia trees. It was a place for sight-seers, as well as a resort for friends and neighbors. Tisdale succumbed to Lorimer's influence because he found him responsive and congenial, but I imagined he attracted me because he was my contrast. It was himself, who discovered that our natures, below the surface, were positive and not negative, and that discovery he swept away all imagined barriers in placing me at once in the heart of the mystery that haunted his bungalow.

He told me one day as he looped a Persian drapery about his model's chair: "Tisdale, you have the artist-instinct, but you haven't the gift of

You don't even talk. These others, for waving his hand in the direction of the others just gone,—"these others talk about every-

thing they feel, and, dear boy, they have so little to say to me. His touch was like a velvet touch, and his eyes a steel-blue gleam that made me love to look at him. I knew that he knew my inner self, and that that self might be, it was valued by him. I shall never forget the kindly sympathy that shone in his eyes when he realized one special day that I had come to understand me. I had gone to him, troubled by my mother's orphaned cousin Lucy, who had come to us to live, having no other place to go. I had befriended her, to make her happy, and I could not tell her that she was welcome. My tongue was a little daisy-maid, blossoming into womanhood in a day, under our soft skies and in our California breezes.

As I entered the studio, Lorimer's clean-shaven face, his locks of dark hair thrown off his forehead, his steady eyes under his heavy brows, made a fit right and left, then, believing herself alone, she caught

see the very dab of ochre on his thumb. He was busy at one of his wonderful wood-interiors, touching in the sunlight by hints of yellow on the lichen-covered trunks.

"Yes, Tisdale," Lorimer said, after I had looked for a long time over his shoulder without speaking. "I feel your struggle, and I regret that you can never know the joy of utterance. Why, man, think what a relief to weep in grief! That is what it is to paint, to sing, to be a poet."

"I can do none of these things," I answered slowly.

"No, but after all, perhaps within you may be artist or poet. Life has an intensity, a value, that this hasn't," and Lorimer lightly struck his canvas.

A woman—it is always a woman that intrudes upon men's friendships. She is a sort of earth, trespassing upon a kind of heaven. This time, it was, of course, the daisy-maid, and it is difficult to know whether she made earth heaven, or brought heaven to earth.

Lorimer and I suddenly awoke to the knowledge of a mutual love for my modest little cousin. Why could not he have chosen one of the beautiful women that haunted his studio? From the crowds I met in cars and shops, why could not I have taken another woman and been satisfied?

My very silence was confession after his avowal of love for Lucy, and then he admonished gravely, "Tisdale, remember we are her courtiers, and the courtiers stand aside when the queen passes, choosing whom she will."

Oh! but it was hard to give another man fair play; hard for us both. Lorimer's face grew thin under the strain, and a river of fire seemed to flow in and out of my heart.

At last, Lucy consented to sit for her portrait. One day, hidden in sport behind some studio trumpery, we watched her enter. Lorimer's hand was on my shoulder. As fortune had decreed, my handkerchief lay on the floor. Her own hand had so embroidered the square of linen that it seemed too dainty for the pocket of my shaggy coat; but when I carried the sheer and pretty thing, she seemed close. Now, Lucy looked hastily to right and left, then, believing herself alone, she caught

up the handkerchief and pressed it to her lips; then she thrust it into her gown, and as she went away, she covered the place with her hand, as though a bird had flown into her bosom.

Lorimer gripped my shoulder, but the blood leaped to my face for joy, and then ran back in a tide of shame, because I was so poor a creature. I felt my short and sturdy figure grow more plebeian in contrast to my friend; I saw my unruly shock of sandy hair; my features—my limbs; my hands and feet; all that the world calls man.

We were silent, for I know not how long, listening to the clock that Lorimer timed his hours by. Finally, it was he that spoke:

"Don't fear for me, Tisdale; what you live, I can paint. Mine is a lesser gift than yours, yet still a joy. God be with you! I see before you, wife, home, children; for me, a cold thing—art!"

The world has since made a rapture of Lorimer's genius, but in my still moments I can hear his sigh across the continent. He was right: the devotion of a life is a soul's expression. The life speaks!

Proof Ready.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Affidavits will be forthcoming, if necessary, to substantiate the story of the Missouri sow which has recently adopted a half-starved kitten. The kind animal is the property of O. T. Robinson of Miami, Mo. The kitten was left at Mr. Robinson's barn a year ago, and finding no friends among the cats of the farm, strolled into the hog pen, where the sow was bringing up a half-dozen tiny pigs. The kitten at once became one of the family, and grew up healthy and strong under the care of its foster mother.

In Contempt.

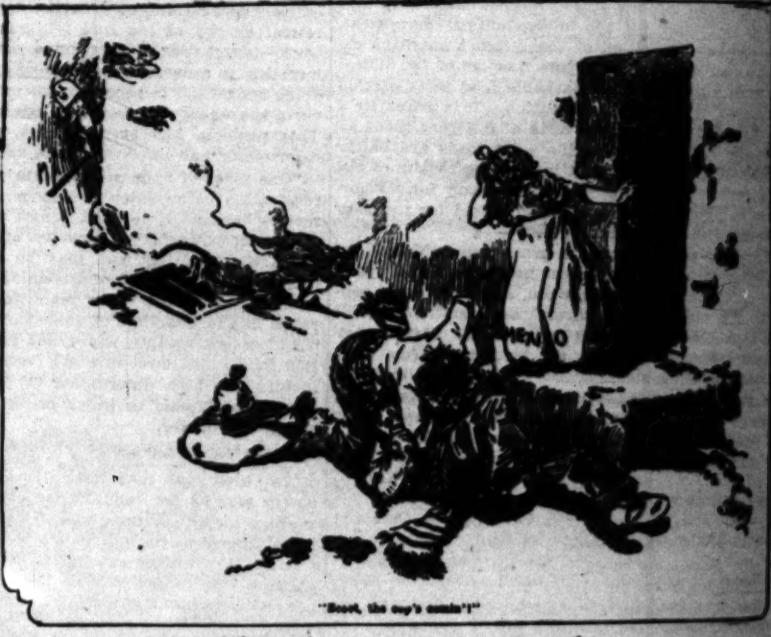
[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] A Pennsylvania judge has decided that under certain circumstances a husband is justified in whipping his wife.

It can be believed that there was a lively display of contempt of court when that Middle Age jurist reached

Recent Cartoons.



Indianapolis News.



Cleveland Plain Dealer.



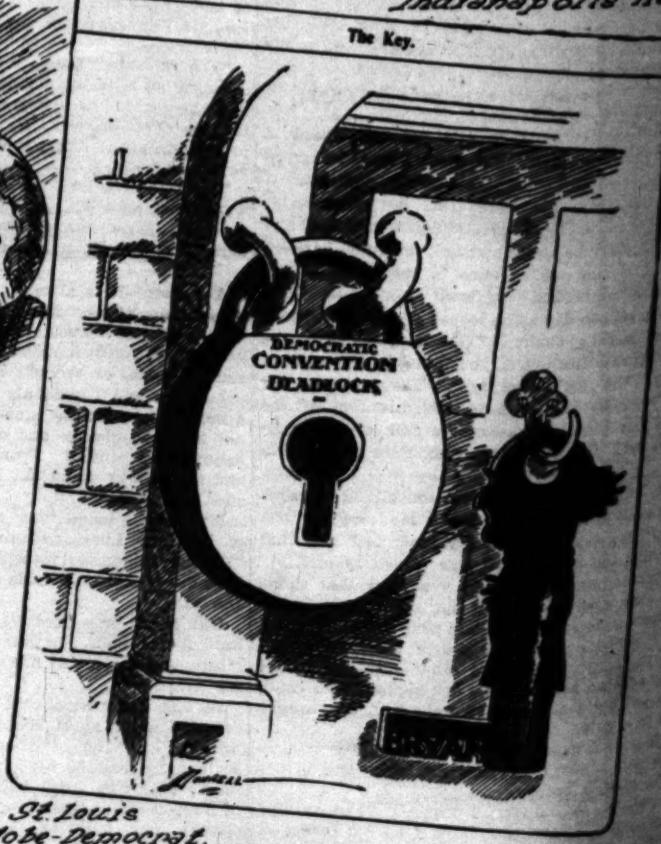
New York Herald.



Indianapolis News.



Chicago Post.

St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

EDWARD PENNYPACKER, discussing the divorce bill in Philadelphia, said with a smile: "In these times one never, as the saying goes, where one is at." An acquaintance of mine extended his hand to me at the Historical Society the day and cried: "Congratulate me. I am the happiest man alive!" I asked him doubtfully. "Engaged, married, or divorced?" I asked.

EDWARD MIZNER, the well-known "viveur," was dining at Delmonico's about the extravagance and肆意 of New York. "How a man," said Mr. Mizner, "who was held up last night." "Had over your money," the footpad growled, leveling a revolver at my friend "or I'll blow your brains out." My friend shook his head sadly. "Get away," he said. "I'd far rather be in New York without brains than without money."

EDWARD MCWADE, the foreign nobleman who marries the American heiress, expecting to live like a pig in clover, freely puts it: "The speaker, Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth millionaire, is lecturing on eugenics. He continued: 'Look at Count Boni de Castellane. Look at the Duke of Edinburgh. Look at Lord Yarmouth. The cases of these men prove that our heiresses insist upon their men.' In fact, I'd say that the average heiress insists on men with her rights. She insists on being a tyrant." With a smile, Mr. McWade added: "I would recommend to every fortune hunter this truth: 'The rich girls make the poorest wives.'"

EDWARD BANKHEAD was discussing a misunderstanding as to Canadian reciprocity. "These men were at sea," he said. "They were as bad as Jaggs." "After an evening at the club, elected to sleep in his front yard. He slept well, and in the morning, when he awoke, he saw his wife running him bitterly from the open casement of her room, confused and chilly in the fresh morning air, and up among the cold tulips and yelled: 'Get that window, woman! Do you want me to kill you?'"

EDWARD BAKER, warden of the Nevada Penitentiary, is breaking, with success, all the brutalizing rules of the old-time prison system. Mr. Baker's prisoners lead healthy, industrious lives. They study and they work. And on leaving prison they engage in honest work. "Our institution," Mr. Baker said to a reporter, "isn't it a reformatory I once visited in my youth. A very strange thing happened in this reformatory 'till I was a warden said to me. 'What was that?' I asked. 'One of our prisoners,' he replied, 'reformed.'"

EDWARD MAETERLINCK, the Belgian poet, playwright and philosopher, is to box for charity's sake. A Chicagoan said of this the other day: "Maeterlinck is robust. He should box well. I have seen him on the Riviera. He has a villa at Grasse, and spends the whole winter exercising out of doors in the Riviera sunshine. He speaks excellent English, and at a luncheon at the Hotel in Grasse I once heard an American ask him: 'Do you know that pugilists fight in a ring. What kind of a man is Mr. Maeterlinck? You are an athlete, and I would like to know.' Maeterlinck, pushing back his thick, pepper-and-salt hair and replied: 'In an ordinary sparring match, limited to seven rounds, an engagement ring is used; but when fight is a finish they always employ a wedding ring.'

EDWARD G. A. LEISHMAN, our Ambassador to Turkey, told a Pittsburgh man, "tells a good story of the late King Edward at Biarritz. The Ambassador always stayed at Biarritz under the King of Chester. Well, he was walking down the promenade, according to his habit, down the Esplanade, where he had been playing golf at the Hotel du Palais, where he resided. The King, in a huge cigar, walked a little in the shade on the wild sea. The King, in a moment, an engagement ring is used; but when fight is a finish they always employ a wedding ring."

the street a small crowd of dowdy English rubbernecks followed, as usual, sheepishly.

"Then, suddenly, as the King was passing the great gray villa of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, a man accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man, in the drawling, nasal accent of the Western prairies "but are you the King of England?"

"My name is Chester," the King answered, with his genial smile.

"Confound it! Then you've lost me a \$10 bill," said the American, and, slapping the King jocosely on the shoulder, he walked away."

The Two Sexes.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL, at a birthday supper in New York, was congratulated on her unfading beauty and on her high spirits.

Miss Russell, laughing gaily, replied:

"A woman is as happy, you know, as she looks pretty."

"And a man?" said her interlocutor.

"Oh, a man," she answered, "is as happy as he feels important."

Not an Auto.

"THE late Henry C. Lea," said a Philadelphia litterateur, "wrote the best history of the Spanish Inquisition that has ever appeared. Mr. Lea was venerated as a historian all over the world, but in his native city few had even so much as heard his name."

"A prophet without honor," you know—and Mr. Lea had to tell an anecdote on this head.

"It seems that he was dining one evening in Rittenhouse Square, and his host's little daughter, who had come in, after the English fashion, with the dessert, said to her father:

"Papa, what is an auto-da-fe?"

"The father, ignoring the world's greatest authority on this subject, made answer:

"You'd better ask your Uncle Harry, dear. He knows more about these French machines than I do."

WR and Humor.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, at a dinner in New York, praised humor, which is compassionate, and derided wit, which is cruel.

"In a word," said Mr. Howells, "the joke where you see the point is always ever so much funnier than the one where you feel it."

It's Overeating.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the health specialist, said the other day in New York:

"We eat too much. A fat millionaire gourmet invited me to luncheon recently. It was a delicious luncheon—hors d'oeuvre, Spanish omelette, a salmi of little birds, then lamb chops with new potatoes and peas, then a peche Melba, then fruit, then filtered coffee."

"The millionaire, at the end, unbuttoned the lowest buttons of his waistcoat, and said with a complacent smile:

"Ah, Muldoon, half the doctors' patients are undoubtedly supplied by bad cooks."

"Yes," I agreed, "and the other half are just as undoubtedly supplied by good ones."

Didn't Know What It Was.

A T A dinner in Jacksonville Senator Duncan U. Fletcher was condemning an orange grower who had failed.

"The man failed," he said, "through ignorance. He lays the blame on other things, but his ignorance alone is at fault. He is as ignorant of orange farming as the tramp was of industry."

"You've heard of that tramp, perhaps? He wore on his face a sneer of derision and scorn."

"Work?" he said. "Work? What is it—a herb?"

Man's Usefulness.

MRS. EDWARD R. HEWITT, president of the Woman's Municipal League, was discussing in New York the movement for cleaner streets.

"Now that woman has gone in for cleaner streets," she said, "we'll probably get them. Don't mistrust woman's influence. It is everywhere at work."

Then, with a smile, Mrs. Hewitt uttered this epigram on her sex's behalf:

"Few are the men who would have reached the top of the ladder if their wives hadn't steadied it for them."

The Scorn of Woman.

MISS LILLIAN HILL, the writer, said in a recent suffrage address in Chicago:

"Man's opinion of woman is changing. He no longer scorns woman as he used to do. Consider the proverbs of the past—they show a scorn that woman no longer suffers under."

"I'll quote you a few of these cynical proverbs of old. They come from all countries."

With a smile Miss Hill then rattled off:

"For whom does the blind man's wife adorn herself?"—Sanskrit.

"If a man loses a woman and a penny, he will miss the penny."—Phoenician.

"There are many good women—in the graveyard."—Chaldean.

"He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word may truly say that he holds nothing."—Assyrian.

"A woman always at the window is like a basket of fruit in the highway."—Egyptian.

"A woman, like a carpet, is the better for an occasional beating."—Greek.

Marriage and Money.

NAT GOODWIN was discussing the happy marriage. "As to the financial aspect of the subject," he ended, "we can dismiss it in a word."

"In marriage money should be no object—also it should be no objection."

Both Professionals.

MISS MILDRED DAVENANT, the settlement worker and essayist, said of the summer girl at a dinner in Chicago:

"The summer girl does no harm. The summer man, you see, understands her."

Miss Davenant, twirling the stem of her champagne glass, then added demurely:

"Flirting, like boxing, is only dangerous when one party to it is unskilled."

The Dowdy View-Point.

ADY DUFF-GORDON, at a tea at Sherry's in New York, defended the dressmakers who charge high prices.

"You'll pay Mr. Sargent \$5000 for your portrait," she said, "whereas you can get as good a likeness from your photographer for 50 cents. Yet you take the Sargent."

"For a portrait should be something more than a mere likeness, and so a gown should be something more than a mere covering."

"I have no sympathy with that dowd who, on being asked the difference between a frock and a creation, answered:

"I can't give you the exact amount, but it's usually a matter of at least three figures."

Poor Father.

EDWARD TURNBULL of Canton was talking about a statement, made all unconsciously by a Titanic officer, that had been a terrible black eye for the Titanic administration.

"This statement," he said, "reminds me of a little Canton boy."

"Tommy, why are you so unkind to your nurse? Why don't you love her?" his mother once asked him.

"Because I don't," the enfant terrible replied. "I just hate her! I could pinch her cheeks like papa does!"

The Harder Task.

EDWARD PARK of Salt Lake City, apropos of the divorce evil, said the other day:

"A young man announced to me last week that he had just got married."

"Yes," he said complacently, "Minnie and I surprised all our friends by slipping off quietly and getting spliced."

"And now," said I, "it's up to the pair of you to give your friends a real surprise by staying spliced."

The Kaiser's Daughter.

[*Le Cri de Paris:*] Before setting out for Vienna and Venice William II, Emperor of Germany, awaited at Berlin his daughter, whom he calls his "best boy." She returned from Switzerland where she made, according to the official version, a sojourn for health. The gossip of the German court says this was really a lark to escape from the presence of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to whom they wish to marry her without her consent. The Emperor and Empress were at the station when she arrived.

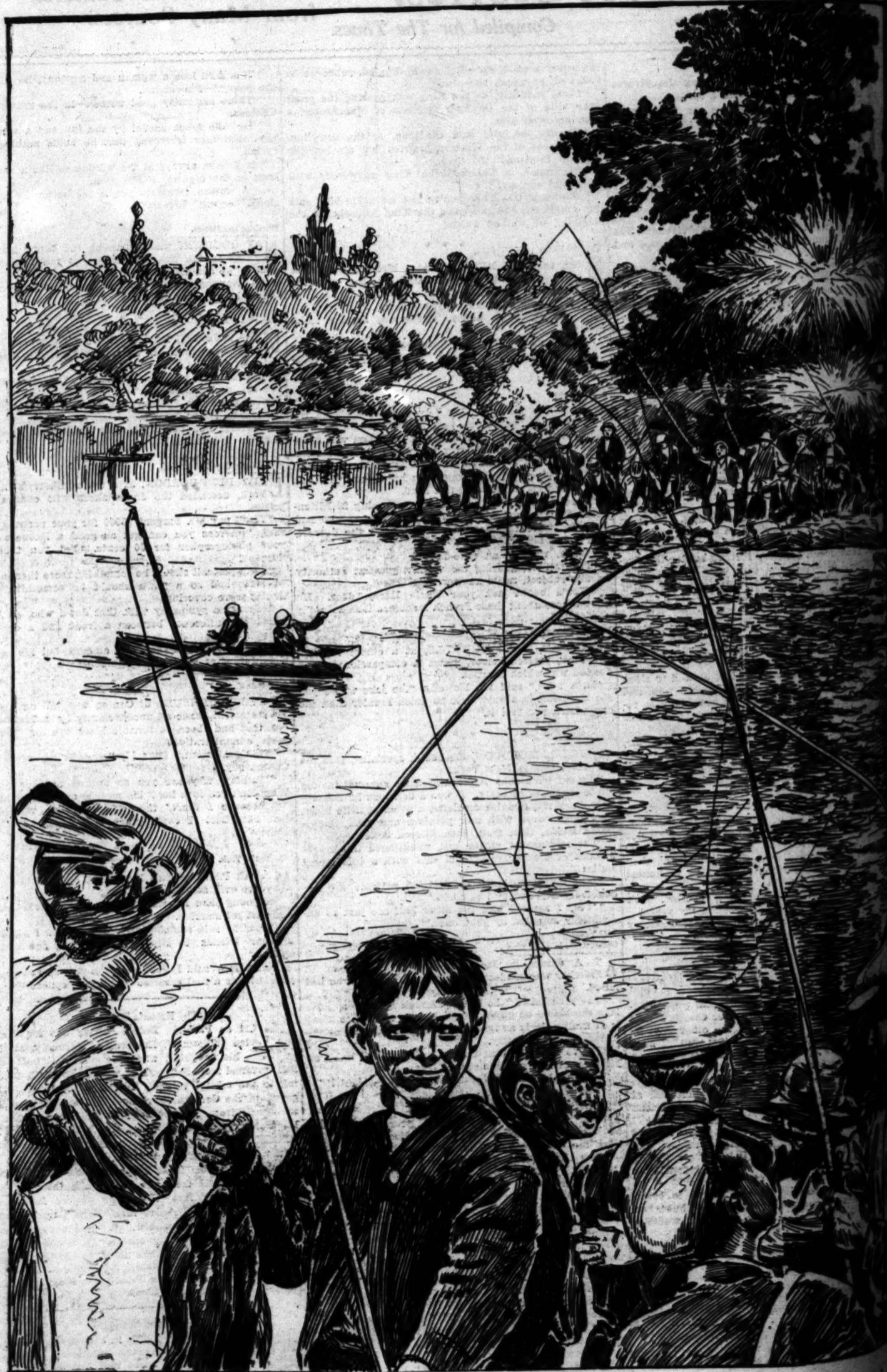
Hardly had the train stopped when the Princess hastily descended from the coach, and throwing herself impetuously into the arms of her father, exclaimed: "I will not marry him." The Emperor, smiling enigmatically, responded: "I shall occupy myself with this alliance after the others." It is now said that this marriage can never take place, as the Grand Duke has withdrawn from the field.

The Kaiser has taken the Princess to Italy, and travel sometimes changes one's ideas.

The Otter a Wanderer.

[*Outing:*] Of all the beasts in the world, the otter, that fierce outlaw, is the greatest wanderer. It is as if he were afflicted with a curse that forbids him to be still, that forces him ever to push on—on—on! Rest, as rest, he knows not. Three days will see the end of his longest inaction, and the amount of miles he covers in a fortnight would amaze some folk.

AN UNUSUAL SIG



Scene in Westlake Park last week, when the superintend

Foods With Which One May Combat Disease.

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Motto:
If you will not hear Reason, she'll surely rap your knuckles.
—BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Medicinal Value of Foods.

TO THE long list given in the previous article I desire to add a number of others of no less importance. The idea has been to condense rather than to elaborate.

Lemons—A doctor once said that if lemons cost a dollar apiece they would be regarded as the greatest remedy in the world for a variety of ills. They have long been appreciated medicinally for rheumatism, liver troubles, fevers, sore throat, colds, obesity, etc. They should always be in the house and partaken of freely, but they should not (when taken as a remedial agent) be used in combination with cane sugar, as the sugar neutralizes the medicinal effect of the lemon.

The London *Lancet* says "most people know the value of lemonade [lemon water is better] before breakfast, but few people know that the benefit is more than doubled by taking another at night, also."

The way to get the better of a bilious system without the taking of blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons (as appetite craves and judgment dictates) in as much water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar. Do this about a half hour before retiring. In the morning on arising the juice of one lemon in a glass of water will suffice. Continue until benefited.

An eminent Japanese bacteriologist has shown that the acids of lemon (citric), apples (malic) and other fruits are capable of destroying all kinds of disease germs. Cholera germs are killed in fifteen minutes by lemon juice or apple juice; and typhoid fever germs are killed in half an hour by these acids, even when considerably diluted. If you squeeze a lemon into a glass of water containing cholera germs and let it stand fifteen or twenty minutes you may drink the water with impunity, as the germs will be dead.

Pineapple—The pineapple can be said to be the only fruit containing any substance which truly aids normal digestion by converting albuminoids into peptones. It has been found that the juice acts upon the casein of milk just as rennet does, and the experiment has been tried of placing a slice of raw beef between two thick slices of fresh ripe pineapple, and the character of the beef has been completely changed within three to four hours. The action of the juice, like pepsin, is digestive.

Pineapple juice is now being made use of by physicians in cases of diphtheritic sore throat and croup, the false membrane being dissolved by the powerful, insidious acid of the tropic fruit. It brings quick relief.

The pineapple is a sort of complete medicine chest in itself for derangements of the stomach. It has been regarded as an indigestible food, but this was because it was not known that "no particle of the pulp should ever be swallowed, for this cellular mass is, in truth, completely indigestible and should not be permitted to pass to the stomach. The juice only should be swallowed, and the cellular pulp removed from the mouth. It should never be eaten with sugar, but always with salt. The sugar with the acid makes a bad combination."

The foregoing quotation is from Dr. Allen. As to salt instead of sugar—that may be regarded as a matter of taste. Of course when sugar is used with any acid it neutralizes to a certain extent the acid effect, as far as its medicinal quality is concerned. But why the salt? As to the pulp being indigestible I most emphatically repeat what has been said previously in this article—because a portion of food is indigestible that is not reason sufficient to reject it—unless the stomach is exceedingly weak. If one expectorates all indigestible food I do not see how he can expect to rate as a person of refinement in any hotel dining room or restaurant. It would be disgusting (even in one's own home at one's own table) as much so as pulling the hair out of the half-masticated hash—the latter being excusable not on account of its indigestibility but because—just because.

Onions—An onion a day keeps the doctor away—and keeps other people away sometimes—but, in reality, it is good for so many things that its judicious use makes one almost immune to disease; in fact, they have been called "The Apples of Health" and they well deserve the name. There are few vegetables which have so beneficial an effect on the body as sound onions. I say "sound," because the onion, more readily than any other vegetable, becomes inoculated with disease when unduly exposed. This fact I have demonstrated by putting a large raw Bermuda onion in the same room with one who is ill. It will turn as black as a piece of coal, especially if exposed where one has a fever. Because it so readily absorbs poisons from the atmosphere is the reason that it should be rejected if tainted ever so little. It is also for this reason (its power of absorption) that it's so efficacious when used internally for absorbing impurities from the system.

The onion may be used raw or cooked. Usually they are preferred cooked as some of their crudity of taste and odor is lost in the process of cooking. The greater medicinal property is best obtained probably by baking.

But one should not overlook the food value of the young "spring onions" which, of course, are eaten uncooked. Cooked onions act as a mild aperient while the juices of the raw onion aid digestion.

Onions are among the best nervines known, a sovereign remedy for coughs and colds, also for eczema and scurvy. Being soporific, they are invaluable for those troubled with insomnia. It is said that a custom prevails among the French peasants of eating an onion sandwich just previous to retiring as a prevention of sleeplessness.

Here is one for the college professor or one who lectures occasionally during the morning hours and wishes to prepare physically for the trying ordeal. A well-known lecturer, of a very nervous and high-strung temperament, always makes a meal of baked onions and bread and butter the night previous to his lecture. He claims he sleeps like a baby and awakens refreshed and his nerves steady after partaking of five to ten large onions—according to his appetite. This, of course, constitutes his evening meal.

Apples—Juicy apples: Many persons fancy that raw apples are indigestible and, therefore, to be eaten in the morning. This mistaken idea is undoubtedly true in consequence of the oft-quoted and familiar saying "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, and leaden at night." Any fresh, ripe fruit is always golden when eaten alone. I do not know of anything better than a nice juicy apple (yes, I do—two nice juicy apples) eaten just before retiring to promote sound sleep, excite the action of the liver, thoroughly disinfect the mouth, help the kidney secretions, prevent calculus, relieve indigestion and, as a brain food, the apple contains more phosphoric acid in an easily digested form than any other fruit. When eating the apple at night the skin of the fruit should be removed as it is indigestible and might, therefore, cause sleeplessness. At other times, I would suggest the thorough mastication and swallowing of the skin. Your stomach will extract from it what your mouth cannot do. The greatest nutrition of any fruit lies close to the skin. This is especially true of apples and grapes. The best authority I can quote on the remedial use of apples is the North American Practitioner. It claims that "the phosphorus of the apple is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter (lecitin) of the brain and spinal cord." It is, perhaps, for the same reason (rudely understood) that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves becoming feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of body and mind.

The acids of the apple are also of special use for men of sedentary habits when the liver becomes sluggish in its action, the acids serving to eliminate noxious matters from the body which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions or other allied troubles. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also a fact that the eating of such ripe fruits as the apple, the pear, the plum (when taken without sugar) will diminish the acidity of the stomach instead of provoking it.

Can you fancy the typical farmer and his family on a winter's evening, retiring without the usual supply of apples? It reminds me of the beautiful word-painting of J. T. Trowbridge—"Evening At The Farm"—in which he says:

"To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed."

Worry.

WORRY kills; so does wrong eating. It has been truly said "to eat the right food and worry about it is no better than to worry about something else and eat the right food." The fact is we should not worry about anything. Easier said than done, I grant you; but it can be done. You should use a little philosophy. Worry never helped any one; worry hinders and is detrimental to everyone. Therefore, you should not worry. There are many persons seeking a blessing of some character, but so worry, fearing they will not get it, that when they do get it they are in no condition to enjoy it.

Last year, in Chicago, there were 12,242 suicides. Among the professional men physicians headed the list and clergymen the next. Think of it! The one best qualified—or should be—to look after the physical well-being; the other best qualified—or should be—to look after the spiritual well-being. Out of this number 6114 of the suicides were caused by despondency—but another name for worry.

I firmly believe that one who worries is not a Christian in the truest sense of the word. He may profess it but he does not possess it in its fulness. He may "belong to the church" but churchianity is not necessarily Christianity. If one worries he has not faith. If he had faith he would not worry. The terms are not compatible.

Science clearly demonstrates that worry injures, beyond repair, certain cells of the brain, and that the impairment of this center weakens other organs which are thus made susceptible to various diseases. What to do to avoid worry? "The most manifest method to sug-

gest," says the *Columbus Journal*, "is to get up and leave it—take a walk, seek the woods, change your thoughts, forgive your enemies, wear a flower, kiss the birds, make love to your wife or your husband. hundred ways there are, all depending upon the notion and the will of the sufferer, and if he hasn't he is a goner. A man who is chained down to a little disappointment and breaks up his brain on account of it has himself to blame. He should do something else."

It was St. Francis de Sales who said: "Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the most lasting Father who cares for you today will think of you tomorrow and every day. Either He will free you from suffering, or He will give you sufficient strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put all anxious thoughts and imaginations."

You must learn to burn the bridges behind you, "once open the door to trouble, and its visits are the fold: first, anticipation; second, in actual pain; third in living it over again."

Remember that "if you never trouble trouble, trouble will never trouble you" and you will never worry about that which is past—it cannot come back to you—the present is yours.

No man need worry who keeps his eyes on His and his feet on the fundamentals. Any one can do along when everything is all right but it takes the cool, deliberate judgment to get along when anything is all wrong. It is then that right living and thinking are able to prove their superiority over carelessness, thoughtless and slip-shod manner so prevalent today. The one possessing health and strength rise above the conditions surrounding him, while poorly nourished brain and body of the dyspeptic be the means of the unfortunate one not being really, and in this physical and mental depression the thoughts of self destruction.

Dyspepsia Chronic Indigestion.

INDIGESTION, in its very first stages, is a method of warning that all is not well with stomach or duodenum, as the case may be. If all cases were promptly cured and the cause removed and thereafter avoided, there would not be—there may not be any chronic cases.

The nerves depend largely on the condition of the stomach, the largest nerve of the body is that of the stomach—the pneumogastric. Therefore the nerves must be made well before the nerves can be made well. Bismarck, the great statesman, realized this fact when he paid a king's ransom to get into proper physical condition through the diet route. It is said that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because of a fit of indigestion. Grant's enormous reserve power, it is said, was due to a well stomach. Abraham Lincoln never knew that I have a stomach." Grover Cleveland would work eighteen hours a day (when he was fishing,) eat a hearty meal at two or three o'clock in the morning, go to bed and sleep soundly until six o'clock and get up refreshed, ready for a new day's work.

Dyspeptic clerks are not pleasant to deal with; dyspeptic lawyers are not the ones to seek when you advise; dyspeptic ministers—"from these good men deliver us." No matter how pious they may be—except—they see through a glass darkly—either to reflect and reflect their bilious and jowled countenances their unfortunate hearers. To all such I would attention to the following prayer—for what it is worth.

A Prayer for Indigestion.

LORD help us to believe all evil is either wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God. "I am sick." Help us stoutly to affirm with our hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee that we have no dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that never was any such thing, and that there never will be any such thing. Amen." Salak.

Vigorously yours,

EDWARD B. WARMAN

Hygiene of Sports.

[*New York Sun*:] A serious attempt to keep what may be called the hygiene of sport is now made in Berlin. To carry out the objects of the sport laboratory is to be established and placed under the charge of the Charlottenburg municipal

The idea has its origin in a department of the exhibition held recently at Dresden in which a thing that could throw light on the influence of sports and gymnastic exercises on the human organism brought together. Special attention was paid to measurements arising under different exercises from different muscular exercises, and particular attention was directed to the good and harmful effects of the several sports and gymnastics on the human body and its members.

One of the chief objects of the new laboratory will be the observation of all that possibly affects children in respect of food and physical exercise. A number of leading citizens are on the committee of the new enterprise.

Colds, Summer and Winter. How They Are Caught and How to Avoid Them.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

THOUGH colds, so called, and the catching of them have been so much discussed and written about, it is still a great deal to be said about them and their treatment. Perhaps our active fear, a rat least species of the cold, which we think we must submit to passively, may have something to do with the way of the way for its frequent coming. And when it does arrive, the assurance of those whom we have in thought as so much wiser than ourselves that must run a course of at least three days, leads us to expose ourselves to it. We will be told to remain indoors, sit draughts, and, perhaps, to go to bed and keep warm. What a beautiful time the bacteria have. The windows are kept closed, and the room where the sick patient sits or lies creates an atmosphere of itself is capable of precipitating an independent illness. The result is that after the patient is sick, breathes foul air, and goes without his necessary baths, even while the cold bacteria may have exhausted, it is two or three weeks before the patient's lungs, blood and digestive system are sufficiently relieved of impurities for him to return to working like a normal condition.

The cold is contracted in the first place by some part or all of the body becoming chilled. It may be from the wetting of the feet, and allowing the damp clothes to remain on them until they become chilled. It may be from damp clothing; it may be from exposure to draughts. It may be a change in the exposure of clothing. It may be caused by exposure after perspiration, or when the pores are otherwise opened. When the temperature of the body becomes lowered without the process being distinctly perceptible to the subject—at least not so as to cause him discomfort. He contracts cold without fully realizing how it happened. It is also possible for a cold to be transmitted from subject to subject. But it is considered by an authority that cold itself is the primary cause of cold-catching. The system, when chilled, is in condition for the bacteria to get hold, and to flourish. During the winter, houses are too often kept constantly closed in order to keep the heat in, and to save fuel. As a consequence the atmosphere within, not being properly ventilated, becomes dead, and laden with impurities. Those who live within it must suffer a diminution of all of the physical forces and become susceptible to cold upon the slightest exposure. Even in summer, some households contract the pernicious habit of keeping the windows closed in order to shut out the bad, insufficient ventilation, overheating and overeating. In all attempts to put the system in a susceptible condition for the communication of the coryza, or cold disease; and it develops itself in a number of different ways, according to the strength or weakness of the system which it attacks, sometimes passing off as merely a harmless cold, and sometimes developing into a dangerous affection. The most vital trouble is that the system is usually not cared for in a way to give it resistance to cold, summer or winter.

Dr. Brady of Elmira, N. Y., says coryza never develops readily in the open air. "Exposure to rain, hail, wind and snow is tonic so long as it is comfortable." This statement should furnish a clew of escape from an enemy which, with the majority of people, consumes a number of valuable hours during the year, temporarily unfitting the subject for either work or enjoyment. This should furnish a warning not to hug the fire or radiator in the winter. The habit is enervating, and destroys the bodily functions. Cold is best counteracted with cold. If, on a cold, inclement day, the subject will plunge into the hot bath, then dress himself quickly, and go for a long walk of at least a mile, no matter whether the snow falls or the snow falls, an returning divest himself of any clothing that may be wet, drinking a cup of very hot water, he will be in a condition of resistance to the entire day. He will not have to huddle over a fire, and he will not catch cold unless he commits some deliberate indiscretion.

The interior of the house must always be thoroughly ventilated, even though it involve the wearing of extra clothing. The subject should always be comfortably dressed and have ample bed coverings at night, according to the conditions in which he may find himself. At all times of the year, and no matter what the weather, a part of the day—and that part as large as possible—should be spent in the open. By experiment it will be found that the vitality and spirits undergo a great and less depression upon a gray oppressive day, if the subject will get out into the gray, or even the rain, and walk through it and breathe it. It will not hurt him to get wet; although reasonable precautions against getting the number of clothing should be taken. The feeling of the feet is of no consequence providing they are allowed to become chilled. And they will not be chilled while the subject is in motion. The subject has walked through violently driving rainstorms, and sat upon a rainy night to get rid of the chill and depression of the household interior; and when returning, and taking a warm sponge, has awakened in the morning refreshed, clear-headed and clear thinking.

Those who are most free from colds are those who are out in all kinds of weather. If they are nature will take care of the rest. A little time has been shut up in a city flat for three months, and occasionally taken to the country. While the subject was carried into the house, he stood

knee-deep in the wet snow, plying a small shovel. Nothing could lure him from the pursuit during the entire afternoon. He developed no cold, although he was wet to his waist, because he had not become chilled. And the oxygen poured into his lungs lent him liberal resistance. "So long as the child is comfortable," says Dr. Brady, "though he stands in a puddle all day, the effect is tonic; so soon as the reaction fails, and the circulation loses its equilibrium, the child becomes too uncomfortable, to enjoy himself, and if he is not an imbecile, he goes in to get warm."

Dr. Brady deprecates the "universal indoor plague"—simple coryza—which, he says, is most commonly observed in individuals least exposed to cold air and rough weather. "No one," he says, "ever caught coryza or pneumonia out in the open."

When a serious cold is contracted, the discharge from nose or throat should be protected from reaching another, and at once disinfected. While the patient should be protected from all draughts—either covered up snugly in bed, or wrapped in blankets in a reclining chair—fresh air must be allowed to circulate freely in the room. If the patient is not prostrated, he should put on warm clothing, and go out, no matter how cold the weather may be. Long walks will force deep breathing. The nose will discharge profusely, and finally clear itself. Cold fresh air is the very best antidote in the world.

The subject who accustoms himself to the cold water bath in the morning, and a cold-air bath immediately afterward—when, if any chill should succeed, the body should be rubbed into a hot glow with a Turkish towel—will most likely escape all symptoms of coryza or catarrh, and make himself immune to draughts. He must at all times be careful to have plenty of ventilation, and to avoid any clogging of the intestinal system through overeating. If he can sleep in the open, so much the better.

A simple remedy at the very beginning of a cold is to drink freely of hot water, with a very little salt. It beats the blood, and has a tendency to throw out the impurities through pores and kidneys. Another antidote suggested by a Dr. Richard Ellis is the following: when the nose first becomes congested, bend the body forward as in picking something from the floor, and strain gently until the face begins to get red. Rising to an erect position, try to breathe through the partially closed nostrils; repeating the process until the ducts are entirely opened. This exercise produces an abnormal accumulation of blood in the nasal passages, which, followed by several minutes of patient effort to breathe through the nose, will usually drive away the cold that is not too deep-seated.

Pellagra.

Pellagra, a disease which has been a national menace in Italy for a long time, is now increasing so rapidly in the United States that it is already a national problem and should receive serious consideration as such, declares Dr. M. M. Smith in an article published in the current number of the *Medical Record*.

"I am inclined to believe that at present there exist from 10,000 to 15,000 cases of pellagra in the United States, these principally in the Southeastern States," Dr. Smith says. The article continues:

"The experience with the disease in America shows that the mortality rate is very much higher in the United States than in Europe. In fact, the type of the disease seems to be much more severe here than in the Italian pellagra of today. The death rate of pellagra at the present time in the United States is probably from 25 to 33 1/2 per cent; this includes the asylum cases. I should say with an early recognition and the most appropriate treatment of cases extending over a long period of time there is a very small mortality, but with the far advanced cases, particularly those found in the insane asylums and in the typhoid type of the disease, the mortality is exceedingly high."

There is at present no definite treatment of pellagra, though something has been done in the way of regulation of the diet and climatic surroundings of the victims, Dr. Smith points out. But since the spread of the disease is a national problem, he says, it should receive the serious consideration of the national health department, including the boards of health of the respective States where it exists. * * * should be made a reportable disease, with a statute requiring all cases to be reported to the proper health officers and an educational campaign should be waged by the national government and the respective State health departments where the disease exists."

Medical Value of Spices.

[*The Lancet*:] The spices are a very interesting group of substances; they are the foundation of a considerable industry, they have their medical uses and finally are of special importance in dietetics.

Their value resides in their richness in aromatic substances and essential oils; strictly speaking, they are not foods, but often enough they are essential elements in the diet. Spices have been the subject of classic research, as, for example, in the clever and important investigation which Pawlow undertook as to the psychic influences of food and as to the value of rest in nutrition.

Spices were shown to arouse appetite and to promote the secretion of the gastric juice, and the role they play therefore in dietetics is a very important one. The medicinal action of some of them is further of value. Allspice, for example, is used as an aromatic and has been successfully administered for flatulency or for overcoming griping due to purgatives, and occasionally it is reported that the oil gives relief in rheumatism and neuralgia.

The medical uses of cinnamon are well known. Cinnamon is used in the form of a tincture as aromatic and stomachic and they are also employed as a flavoring agent in curry powder, cakes and liquors. The applications of capsicum and the peppers generally are well known. Cloves are aromatic, carminative and stimulant and have been used in dyspepsia, gastric irritation and in cases of vomiting in pregnancy.

Oil of cloves is also a popular remedy for toothache. It has also its uses in microscopy as a preservative and for clearing sections. The uses of nutmeg are wide, vanilla has an enormous application as a flavoring agent, while turmeric enjoys a similar patronage on account of its bright yellow color and pleasant musky flavor.

To Become a Neuroasthenic.

Here are a few cheerful words from the facetious Critic and Guide as to how to become a neuroasthenic—cheerful if not instructive. And no doubt the peaceful browser upon gastronomic abnormalities will return to his mutton comforted that, thank goodness, some one besides himself in the world has a little horse sense, if rather a propped-up sense of humor. So, to it:

"Eat no breakfast. Indulge in but one meal daily; at any rate not more than two. Eat no meat. Eat fresh cereals, vegetables, nuts and fruit. Masticate every morsel 268 times—267 times won't do. Take a cold bath every morning.

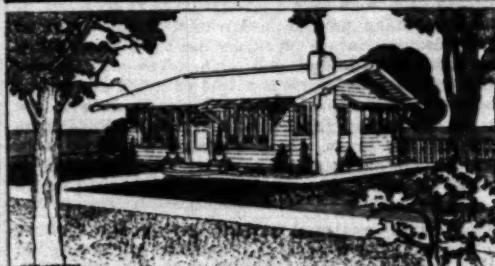
"Be massaged daily. Read the health magazines daily. Read all the books on how to gain self-control and on psychotherapy. Concentrate the mind upon the digestion and upon all articles of diet. Upon every possible occasion discuss your imaginary troubles with your friends and coerce your wife into catering to every dietetic whim that you can formulate. Buy a lot of apparatus for indoor exercise and roll a cannon ball around over selected portions of one's anatomy."

At the Last Green.

A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day.
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

—[Medical Journal.]

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Prevention of Old Age.

The old age should come so early upon men and women that its warnings are felt in the very fullness of life—a catastrophe which we think we would prevent if we could; and one which we fully believe we are destined to combat. We are, in this, more or less the slaves of tradition, habit and convention, and a lack of knowledge of the hygiene of the body. As a matter of fact, old age is a guest whom we are too ready to admit upon our invitation list, although we dread his coming. We issue this invitation, unconsciously to ourselves. Without knowing it, we are making preparations in the chambers of the physical being for the coming of the unwelcome guest, at a very early age. Before we take in hand these preparations for ourselves, their foundation is laid by our parents for us. The idea of responsibility has suggested itself, and the effervescence and spontaneousness are lost; and there are many utterly harmless things which, as children, would naturally love to do that are allowed to continue because, we are assured, we are "getting too old." And so the idea of aging is imposed before the infant mind is able to form a conception of its significance. From this time on, indications of deportment, exercise, and occupation increase, due to the propensities of advancing years; and a young person gradually grows accustomed to the thought that old age is incipient within him, and that he must prepare for it in every repellent accessory. He begins to feel that his physical and mental faculties and powers must wane; that all of those things which have given him delight in the expression of being must leave him; that he must become decrepit, and finally helpless; that his skin must shrivel, his hair turn gray, his hair become sparse and gray. Frightening thoughts these to be forced upon the young imagination. The youthful mind rebels, and flouts the unkind image as regards himself. But it will return to his mind with more and more frequency; and if he fails to forget it himself, his elders will not allow him to do so. It is thrust upon him so repeatedly that he resigns himself to it.

A very beautiful widow, who defied the ravages of time, whenever she reappeared among her relatives from time to time started them on a still hunt through her family records to find out how old she really was, and the relatives often called her aside to have a private talk with her concerning her future, recommending her to get married again before it was too late, in order to have somebody to "take care of her in her day"—the traces of which they seemed to be looking for in the youthful, charming face. This widow does not entertain the thought of age. Having a position, she is constantly busy, and during her leisure hours she mingles in society of all ages—old and young, and learned for intellectual stimulus, the experience in life leads her sometimes to crave, among the very young, among whom she is always well-liked as a comrade, for the pure joy of life. This widow, while gaining all of the advantages that years may bring, still retains all of the advantages with which she youth some time ago endowed her.

There is a physiological as well as a psychological reason for this woman's retention of all of the mental and bodily attributes of youth. The first element of prevention of old age is her uniform cheerfulness, and refusal to worry. And yet she has as many practical reasons to bear and as much unhappiness to contend against as the average woman of her years. And, best of all, she still trusts life and men and women; she believes in them, and finds charm in them. Last, but not least, she takes care of her body. She takes early evening beauty sleep, her daily baths, rejects dinner disagree with her in her dietary, refrains from the indulgence of all kinds. And with all of this she has her part in the world's work, and in domestic wear.

The first step then toward the successful combating of old age is to rid the mind of its traditions—to rid it of all of the repulsive images and phenomena which we have been in the habit of entertaining in connection with old age. The second is to clear out of all of the abominable refuse that accumulates in it as by-products of selfishness, deceit, hate, indifference, destructiveness and prurience. The nervous and fluid condition of the cells of the brain are influenced more or less by vibration; and the natural vibration of these cells is determined by the mysterious functioning known as thinking. The nerve and blood corpuscles constantly passing through the body carry the impressions received there into the body, often producing physiological sensations, the cause of which is little understood. These sensations, or thoughts, make their record most clearly and perceptibly in the features of the face, the countenance affords the most susceptible organ for expression. In youth, when the nervous and muscular fibers are strong, and easily controlled, the power generated by the secret vicious thought is manifested, being antidoted to a degree by the habit of brood, and the desire to be pleasing. The habit of thought has been encouraged throughout life, when, with the years, for various reasons, the muscular and impulsive control has relaxed, the face and actions betray the motives of the person in it, thereby creating a more or less poison-

ous condition in the gastric fluids, and interfering with proper digestion.

The formation of character on fine broad lines, then, is one of the first weapons with which to combat the ravages of old age. When old age does come, and it is a case of "masks off," if the thoughts have been noble, the countenance will be strong and noble. There will be fewer lines in the face, and the features will not be drawn together toward the center. The evil, ungenerous thought is contracting; the kindly thought expands the lines of the face, and softens the features.

Turning to the more directly physiological phases of the subject, we find in the earliest years of life that all of the substances of the body are soft and formative, even to that which constitutes the bones. The lime and phosphorous, which contribute to the hardening and strengthening of the bone structure, absent in infancy, are accumulated gradually year by year through the food and the natural chemical action of the blood. Although at the age of 10 or 12 years the bones are pretty well toughened, the hardening process continues gradually throughout the remainder of life, until, as old age approaches, the bones become very brittle. In breakage there is less fluidic substance to make a knitting possible, and when it does take place, the process is very slow.

Another effect commonly experienced in old age is the thinning and impoverishing of the blood. This may be indirectly due to change that has taken place in the condition of the spine, which, when it gives way, crowds the lungs, and does not permit of the proper oxygenation of the blood corpuscles as they pass through the lungs. The cartilage between the joints of the spine becomes worn and compressed, allowing the bones of the spine to sink closer into each other, shortening the stature. Furthermore, nerve and muscular exhaustion, removing much of the support of the spine, allow it to curve forward with the weight of the shoulders. As before stated, the lungs become crowded, as well as the heart, and the action of the heart becomes impeded. From these various interferences with the normal functioning of the organs, a degree of toxic poisoning sets in. It manifests itself in the hardening of the linings of the arteries. Circulation and respiration both being interfered with, the skin is not properly renovated, and it becomes tough and leathery. The tone of the entire system becomes lowered, the muscles become stiffened, and the movement of the limbs is impeded. When there is not intense activity throughout the body the cells begin to die, and cannot renew themselves. Hence a greater amount of poisons is thrown off, and the system, in trying to rid itself of its extra burden of impurities, gives forth putrid odors.

How shall these conditions be combated? It is simple. Prepare in youth for the years that are to come. Cleanliness of thought will avoid the putrid psychic odors. Keep the impulses fresh and spontaneous, and take an interest in everything that transpires about you as long as you live. This will stimulate the circulation, send the blood to the surface, and keep the eyes bright. Study something every day of your life. This will keep the brain active and flexible and store the charm of intellectuality which will be a great asset when physical charms have become less vivid. Practice physical culture exercises every day of your life, morning and evening, to keep the body flexible. This pumps the blood through the exercised parts, and compels the renewing of cells and tissues. Persist in your daily breathing exercises, your daily cold bath. Cold water keeps the flesh firm and fresh; and if the habit is formed in youth, it can safely be continued through life. As soon as you notice any deterioration of the flesh, call in the services of a masseuse. Care for the hair, the teeth, the eyes, the interior ducts of the nose, throat and ears religiously. Keep the bowels properly regulated. Be a Spartan, but not a crank, in dieting. Cut out any and every food or beverage that does not agree with you, and forget it. Get your full quota of sleep in every twenty-four hours. Carry yourself always erect. If the back becomes tired, lie down. Measure your own capacity for work, and play, and never overdo it. Do not dissipate, do not gourmandise. Drink fresh milk in quantities if you are inclined to be thin, and buttermilk if you are inclined to be stout. The less alcoholic drink, tea or coffee, the smoother your skin will remain with the advance of years, and the softer the linings of your arteries. Love much, hate not at all, make a fair, square fight; and you will never arrive at old age, but will reach simply a fullness of years.

Nerves and the Voice.

[Youth's Companion:] An excellent sedative for nervous excitement is found in using the voice at its lowest comfortable key. Immediate relief from stuttering is often secured by dropping the voice from a high pitch to a lower tone. Teachers whose pupils become restless and unruly as they themselves grow tired and nervous will find that a low-pitched, quiet tone will relieve their own nervous tension and prove wonderfully quieting to their pupils.

This simple expedient is also useful when you are trying to control or prevent weeping. There are times when a person fears to talk lest he break down and cry, yet must answer a question or carry on a conversation. Again, the deep lower tones of the voice, joined to slow, deep breathing, come to the rescue, and self-control is gained.

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Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff

The Beautiful Slave.

KONSTANTIN, THIS YEARS IDOL OF THE AMERICAN THEATER GOERS.

AS THE ancient man-made deity had to have his regular sacrifice, as woman has to change the fashion, however serviceable it may be, so the American theater-going public must each year worship at the shrine of some new idol.

It is perhaps not a question of one idol, but of many; yet in the multitude of votary altars which have been raised this year the incense of adoration rises densest and most fragrant from one bearing a foreign name:

Leopoldine Konstantin.

Mention the name to a New Yorker, or to thousands not of New York but frequently there, and instantly there will rise a dark vision of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment, the distracting center-piece of Max Reinhardt's Oriental pantomime, "Sumurun."

This has been the year of craze for the Oriental in the metropolis. And there have ministered to this mania, in its various forms, the Knoblauch spectacle-drama, "Kismet;" the gorgeous optical play "Sumurun," and that terrific Japanese melodrama, "The Typhoon," played by Walker Whiteside and the Florence Reed Los Angeles known so well.

In all this whirl of Arabian Nights pageantry there has been no more wonderful and commanding figure than this same Leopoldine Konstantin.

Fraulein Konstantin illustrates, much better than most of our American actresses, the difference between the street-and-home reality and the footlight creature. Our actresses are learning, as rapidly as possible, the "type" thing; managers select a girl to play Rhoda because she resembles Rhoda when walking down Broadway. Which might be called convenience, but never art.

Off-stage Fraulein Konstantin is a pretty blonde Austrian girl, decidedly Teutonic, as gentle—albeit full of life and laughter—as German women are wont to be, and as devoid of fierce passions and elemental explosiveness. Within the brown pigment of the Beautiful Slave she is a lithe, barbaric panther, shuddering from her own savage emotions and transporting, by a kind of magnetism, those emotions to all others around her.

As the Beautiful Slave, Konstantin becomes the Apotheosis of the Body.

At her entrance an adorer imprints a burning kiss upon her bared thigh, as she sinuously weaves past him. This action is not an indication that the play will become bestial; there is nothing bestial about it; it is merely the hall-mark of the Beautiful Slave's physical power, which weaves the warp and woof of glowing woe to follow.

The Beautiful Slave is a human rainbow owing her remarkable construction not only to the energetic ambition of Konstantin, but equally to the genius of Max Reinhardt, the most profound force in the German theater at the present hour, and without doubt one of the greatest geniuses of the stage who has ever appeared in the world.

Reinhardt is a prophet generally honored save upon his own heath. Berlin has refused his miracle-play, "The Miracle," originated in London, on the ground that it is sacrilegious. Absurd, say those who have seen "The Miracle." London, somewhat snug and sanctimonious at best, saw nothing wrong in bringing the Blessed Virgin to life to save the name of a sister who had erred.

Konstantin has been upon the stage since her eighteenth year. All of that time she has spent under the direction of Reinhardt, at either one or the other of his two theaters, the Deutsches and the Kammerspiele, in Berlin.

And she has worked, work such as even the American stock actress in small and drudging companies never knows—let alone such runs as the production companies here in Los Angeles give. A repertoire playhouse in the Fatherland generally changes its bills every night, and while not every actor and actress is expected to do the impossible and appear in a different play six days a week many weeks in succession, nevertheless nightly change for certain periods is a matter of necessity, and the members of any company attain a mental flexibility, a resource and a command of situation, to say nothing of versatility, such as is hardly ever known—because scarcely ever needed—on this side of the Atlantic. Nor does this mean a change of comedy to comedy, or serious drama to another serious drama. Your member of the German rank and file may enact a current farce tonight, a serious problem of the Sudermann order tomorrow evening, and a poetic tragedy by Schiller at the ensuing matinee.

It was this sort of training which insured Leopoldine Konstantin to the rigors of hard roles, and gave her facility to create when the great moment for creation came.

New York, however, was not the first urban center to acclaim her the delightful enchantress of Fatal Enchantment. She originated the role in Berlin, carried it in a white flame of triumph to London, and reissued it as a flamboyant startle to jaded Broadway.

Her creation of the Slave has the dazzling light of

a Parrish painting, and the fantastic boldness and astounding depth of a cartoon by Kley, the demoniacally Gargantuan caricaturist of Berlin.

Remember, too, that the part is wordless!

Eloquence of eyes, expressiveness of body, screaming of hands and whispering of feet are the visual voices of which she makes use.

Miss Von Bulow is Fraulein Konstantine's companion and helpmate in New York. She is an Americanized German girl, and the blonde and merry Teuton who has recently "come over" almost smothers her with question and inquiry.

Fraulein Konstantin declares that while she likes pantomime she is still at a loss without words, and always will prefer dialogue to emotion expressed only by gesture.

Further, she likes comedy better than anything else in theaterdom, and hopes to play comedy before American audiences in the good old English language some day.

She is eminently domestic, and, at heart, quite unlike the sunset-tinted panther she has conjured so magnificently from Herr Reinhardt's typed script of directions.

She has played parts differing as widely as Virgin Mary, in Stucken's "Gawain," in which she first rose to the attention of the critics, and Puck in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

The girl is the daughter of an actress and an Austrian government official. Her mother bitterly opposed her stage career. Was there ever a stage mother who did not paint her own life in somber tints before her daughter? And was there ever a daughter of ambition who paid any attention to such untoward hinting?

She is returning to Europe, to play in "The Blue Bird." But she will come back—of that New York is assured.

J. J.

Hard Work for the Actress.

Many different actresses have found the road to fame in many different ways. And each one seems to have a different opinion as to the nature of the qualifications necessary to start her safely on the path. But all seem to agree in one thing—namely, that it is a way of painstaking labor, and infinite patience; that only in the rarest of rare cases does an actress leap to fame in a night. "No such thing ever happened to a German artist," avers Leopoldine Konstantin, who has captured the three great metropolises of Berlin, London and New York, in the role of the beautiful slave, Sumurun, in Max Reinhardt's great production of oriental pantomime. "We do not leap to fame. We crawl up in the hardest kind of struggle, in the most severe of training schools."

Miss Konstantin felt her way slowly forward, under the guidance of the master, Reinhardt; and in the five years of her stage career she has known no other teacher. These five years of training and acting in the Deutsches Theater and the Kammerspiele in Berlin have been replete with more hard work and experience than the average American player crowds into three times that number of years. Her repertoire has included tragedy, comedy, farce, and poetic drama, among classic and standard plays, as well as modern plays of all varieties. From the exceedingly spiritual role of the Virgin Mary in Gluck's "Gawain," she leaped into the part of "Sumurun," the pantomimic role which has made her world-famous. By bodily expression alone she invests the part with fiery, elemental emotions, in lurid flashes, with wild eloquence, and a blinding shower of color. And yet while through this wonderful gift of pantomimic expression she has won her greatest fame, she does not consider it the highest art of expression. She longs to use her voice.

"It is the voice," she says, "wherein most of the power lies to stir the public." And in this Helen Ware seems to agree with her, in the following words: "The greatest asset of the actress is not beauty, nor magnetism, nor temperament, nor personality, but a flexible, low, modulated voice. Like beauty, which as you know, Goethe says 'is greater than the good because it must contain the good,' modulation of the voice will show the temperament, the personality, the magnetism of its possessor."

From Miss Ware's thoughtful expression to Gertrude Bryan's charmingly irresponsible assertions concerning her own work, that she does not know what brought her success—that she does not act, but just "does stunts," is a long leap. And yet this very young girl, romping through her parts, has in two years spelled the word success not alone by voice intonation, not alone by her acting, personal charm and magnetism, but by an amalgamation of all of them. And, after all, can we imagine an actress having one of these qualifications without the others, and making an absolutely pleasing presentation of any character which she might impersonate?

There must be personal magnetism, force, and passion as a basis to build on. The most exquisite shades of expression, the finest and most intelligent interpretation of character would be lost on the stage if they were not thrown out in clear relief by that intensity of

temperament which enables an actress to carry mood straight home to those who witness her performance. Subtlety, grace, poise, a body that will respond emotionally to the situation, all of these she must have; but all of these will avail her nothing if she has not the voice to sustain it. A very fine bit of work was done by Marjorie Rambeau in the first act of "The Woman He Married," when facing her young husband's father. Her tones, while quiet, have in the very quintessence of outraged dignity, and are a way in key with the character interpreted, now aparting from the natural and probable.

"I have trained myself," said Miss Rambeau, "not to lose control of my voice—never in an excited scene to let it get away from me. At the end of the third act, where Jeanne says to her husband: 'I'm you!' I deepen the tones of my voice, throwing in them the rasp of the angry animal. Many actors by not keeping a hold on these tones in an excited stress, allow them to fly up into a falsetto, which will go for nothing were it not for the magic ringing of the voice, whose tone, more than its word, carries the ultimate sense of the thought or emotion."

Vocal Training for American Girls.

Whether it is better for the American woman to obtain her musical education at home or abroad is a question of rather recent origin. Not so many years ago it was considered impossible to properly cultivate the voice in our own country. But it seems of late to have become a belief among singers of American extraction that American girls should not be sent abroad for their vocal education. The first reason given is that American colleges of music and voice culturists have raised so high a standard in their method of instruction that the foreign education could in no wise better it. Then they speak of dangers to the young women as far away from home—possible sufferings, privations, unscrupulous teachers and managers, the great expense, and other menaces to the young student's safety and progress. So that an all-American musical education is come to be looked upon with great favor in many influential quarters.

There is no doubt that, technically, the very best kind of musical education may be obtained here at home. But there is much more than the purely musical to be considered in the building of a voice. This depends upon the young singer's individuality and temperament. This must be taken into consideration in determining whether the domestic or the foreign training were best. For some young women it would be impossible to get along in a foreign country. They could never accomplish abroad that which they could be able to compass at home. The very opposite would be true of some others, who could not find stimulants either for ambition or imagination in home surroundings. It is not possible as yet to find quite the musical atmosphere here as one may live in abroad. Over there music becomes an instinct. It permeates everything. And one may live with it, and become saturated with it at very small expense.

Fay Cord, the wife of Manager Marc Hayes, had initial three years of training in her home town, Moline, Iowa, at the end of which period she went to Paris, and was placed under the instruction of Madame Colonne. This instructor told the young lady that she had nothing to unlearn technically. Studying later under Heinemann in Berlin, Jean de Reszka in Paris, and Tosti in London, all of these teachers agreed to the same opinion. "They added, of course," she wrote, "what I already knew; but they did not teach me to make any changes in what I had already learned. So much for American training."

But it was Madame Colonne who first brought young singer not "merely to sing tones, without considering the deeper significance of the art of singing. One day when the pupil believed she had done something exceptionally brilliant, Madame Colonne said: "You have sung coldly as a stone."

And this is what the young soprano learned—not merely to sing tones, but to form an impression of that which she was singing; to draw out the life, color, romance; to make her tones more expressive, and sweep them into a vortex of feeling and expression. It is a tincture—a flavor of the old world which can not be found and absorbed elsewhere.

Whom to Envy.

[Kansas City Star:] "Don't envy people who go off to Europe seeking pleasure," says George Palmer. "Envy the ones who can be happy at home."

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La Esposa y Madre Chiquita
*and Her Wise and Timely Observations
 About Familiar Things.*

BY GENEVIEVE FARNOLL-BOND.

I. DO'S AND DON'TS IN FRIENDSHIP.

IT believe that this exquisite bond of association must exist between man and man, woman and woman, and man and woman in its best form. It can and sometimes through years; so that two in meeting intervals, through lapses of time, may take up a thread of thought exchange where it had been dropped some years since. It has been known to be caused consistently to the taking up of a phrase when it had been broken.

Don't be impatient with the friend whom you love. I can extract from him the full essence of all my desire of him, simply because you sense the soul that lies in him beyond that which you have the right to draw to yourself.

Be patient, and try to be worthy of the best within your friend. When you shall have grown to an adequate condition of correspondence that best will depend upon you from your friend's heart as naturally as morning dew upon the petals of a flower. Do not be jealous of the fine qualities of your friend. It never enters your mind whether you or he is the better. Your association pre-argues a common plane on which your mental and moral faculties meet. Enjoy the fruits which may be gathered upon that common ground, not worrying about the respective heights of the trees that bear the fruit. This is a way of small minds.

One of the finest things in a friendship is that each party to it unconsciously looks for the highest and best in the other. But if your friend does something that does not seem just right to you, neither pro-nounce judgment nor ask an explanation. Remember he loves him for some quality and essence of being that has made its appeal to you. If the tie between you is real, he will realize the unspoken question in your heart and in time all will be made plain.

Do not expect that your friend will live in his friend's life for you to the exclusion of other friendships. The which he gives to others increases his capacity to give to you; that which he receives from others increases the wealth of his stores to which you have access.

Don't grow to look upon your friend as a convenience financially, to provide you a meal, clothe you, or lend you a dollar. The formation of this habit is likely to cloud the vision of his higher gifts to you. If he does you need, and answers it, be more strict in the payment of the obligation than if he were a stranger. It is only when friendship has entered its real sanctuary that all which is his is thine, and all that is thine is his. Be careful in your traffic with your friend. Should he work for you, merely because he is your friend, do not take advantage of some helplessness of his position, and pay him less than you would another, and then do not forgive him forevermore because he has disappointed you, and felt the pain and disappointment of your consciousness of spirit. Be just; and if you must be on the side of generosity. Then you need have no reluctance to look into the mirror.

It is not cynical concerning that kiss of friendship that may be exchanged between the man and the woman. It has a magic of its own, as far removed from the magic of the stars are removed from the earth. It is a sacrament.

II. THE CHILD AND THE GARDEN.

There are a number of reasons why your little child should have a garden of his own. You have no right to drag him up in the heart of a big city, where such a thing is impossible; where the only thing the child may press from week's end to week's end is his daily rambles must be either wooden floors, or stone pavements. You are depriving him of something that you never may give back to him when, in his growing years you deprive him of the touch of the earth, and the comradeship of trees, and the innumerable fellowship of plant life. He needs these things, and his heart instinctively longs for them, even though he may never have been familiarized with them. Take him to the country for a day, and notice what happens. He will break away from you and fly into the arms of nature, with new, resplendent wings. The eyes and imagination that may have been dull and listless will have a glow that makes it seem as if a light were shining through them. You will not know your own child. He will romp about, intoxicated and exuberant with his new-found elixir. If you attempt to get him back to his house he will scream and fight you as he never did before. He has been starving, and now he is in his element.

Give him a garden spot, and watch him after he is fed of chasing about in the sunlight. He will sit on the ground, and accumulate a pile of dirt in front of him. He will hunt around for pebbles, bits of shell or glass. He will arrange his heap of earth so that it is smooth on top, and he will decorate it with his pictures and his bits of shell and glass. Sometimes he will be disinterested with what he has accomplished, and rearrange everything. But you will see that it is according to some plan or pattern. Is he simple playing? No—the little primitive man is at work in his, and he is expressing the constructive elements in his nature.

Give him a garden spot. Help him to lay it out conveniently; furnish him with seeds of both flowers and vegetables. Teach him how to plant them and care for them. There is scarcely one child in a

thousand who will not take an unbounded interest and delight in the occupation. The strangest sensation flashes through the soul of the child when he first realizes that it is within the power of his little hands to create and bring forth.

You are accomplishing more than one thing in your child when you give him a garden. First, you are placing him in direct contact with mother earth, whose magnetism he needs and greedily absorbs. You are keeping him in the open where his blood corpuscles may be freely supplied with oxygen, and his skin with the needed atmospheric moisture. You are placing him where he may run and jump, and toil and play, building up the fiber and muscles of his body. You are teaching him something of the meaning of life. You are training his energies to express themselves in constructive purposes; when, if left to themselves, they too often become destructive by a process of inertia, as manifested in the tendency to break or tear to pieces the toys, or to wantonly abuse the pet animal. When he plants his seed, and is taught that he must not tread upon the delicate little shoot, and that he must water it and keep the weeds away from it in order that its growth be encouraged, he will begin to understand the value of life, and its cherishing. He will grow to understand the effect of physical cruelty upon an animal or his playmate, and will refrain from it.

And when the little plants bear flowers or vegetables, what joy in the heart! The child will be as excited over his newly acquired wealth as the older head would be upon acquiring a kingdom.

Oh, you nervous parents of children, who are finding them always in the way, get your child a garden, and train him in the care of it. It may require a little time and patience, but you will be rewarded. Your child nags and gets on your nerves only because you are depriving him of something which he ought to have.

III. FEMININE ODDS, ENDS AND ODDITIES.

So many little odd articles are wanted in the wardrobe, and one does not always feel like going a shopping for them. We love to be dainty and to wear pretty things about the house, but we do not always feel just like spending money for them. Let us get into the scrap trunk, then, and see what we can find. Here is a heap of odds and ends of lace. Did you ever realize that unless they are torn violently by accident even the very cheapest of them usually lasts much longer than the garment which it decorates? Get them out, wash them, give them a thin film of starch, and iron them before dry with perfectly clean irons. Here is a square of guipure. Surround it by a band of insertion, and finish with Valenciennes edging. This may be drawn into a dainty shape with ribbon bows for a night cap.

Or perhaps you will find some odds and ends of perfectly fresh trimmings. A dainty corset waist was made of barred mainsail. Some short bits of medium broad insertion were found, cut in ovals, and edged with Valenciennes lace. These medallions were set in along the upper edge of the corset cover, small ones forming the strap over the shoulder. The effect was exceedingly rich and pretty.

Two Valenciennes flounces, about nine inches in width that had been used on petticoats, were found in good condition. These were laundered soft, laid on a combination pattern, drawers and waist, cut out, cleverly put together, with white satin facings, narrow Valenciennes edging, and beading about the bust and arms, finished with white ribbon bows. The result was a combination suit fit for a princess.

Here is an old silk petticoat of an exquisite rose shade. It is not at all soiled, but as a petticoat it has gone to pieces. Selecting the good parts, a little under-waist was made, slightly fulled, and edged with Valenciennes lace. This is worn underneath net and lace waists. Another old silk skirt is cut into even strips, and stitched together with alternating narrow Valenciennes insertions. This makes an exquisitely pretty negligee.

IV. SUMMER HANDBAGS.

Suede handbags in dull blue, violet or taupe, mounted with silver, and bordered with fringe are among the latest novelties. They hang from long chains of silver, or heavy silk cords. Many of them are oriental in design, embroidered richly, or crusted with colored brilliants.

One smaller oblong purse was of dark blue mottled leather, the chain and large monogram clasp being of dull gold. A clasp in the form of a four-leaf clover decorated another.

A cardcase of taupe leather, edged with a band of dull silver with monogram on the corner was also attractive.

A new handbag shown for summer use is of white cloth, with a plain gold top. Others for summer dress use are of white leather, with gold clasps, and one of gray has two enamel corners of blue, in the tint and effect of the Brazilian butterfly.

[Judge:] "And where, my fellow citizens," appealed the political speaker, "can we find an instrument so fit, so delicate, so adjustable, and at the same time so unassuming and popular that it will unlock every department of state for the benefit of the people?"

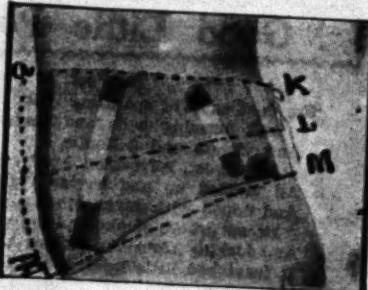
"The hairpin!" shrieked an enthusiastic suffragist in the audience.

TO INQUIRERS.

The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. Those desiring personal advice should write to the editor of the department for particulars. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

[919]

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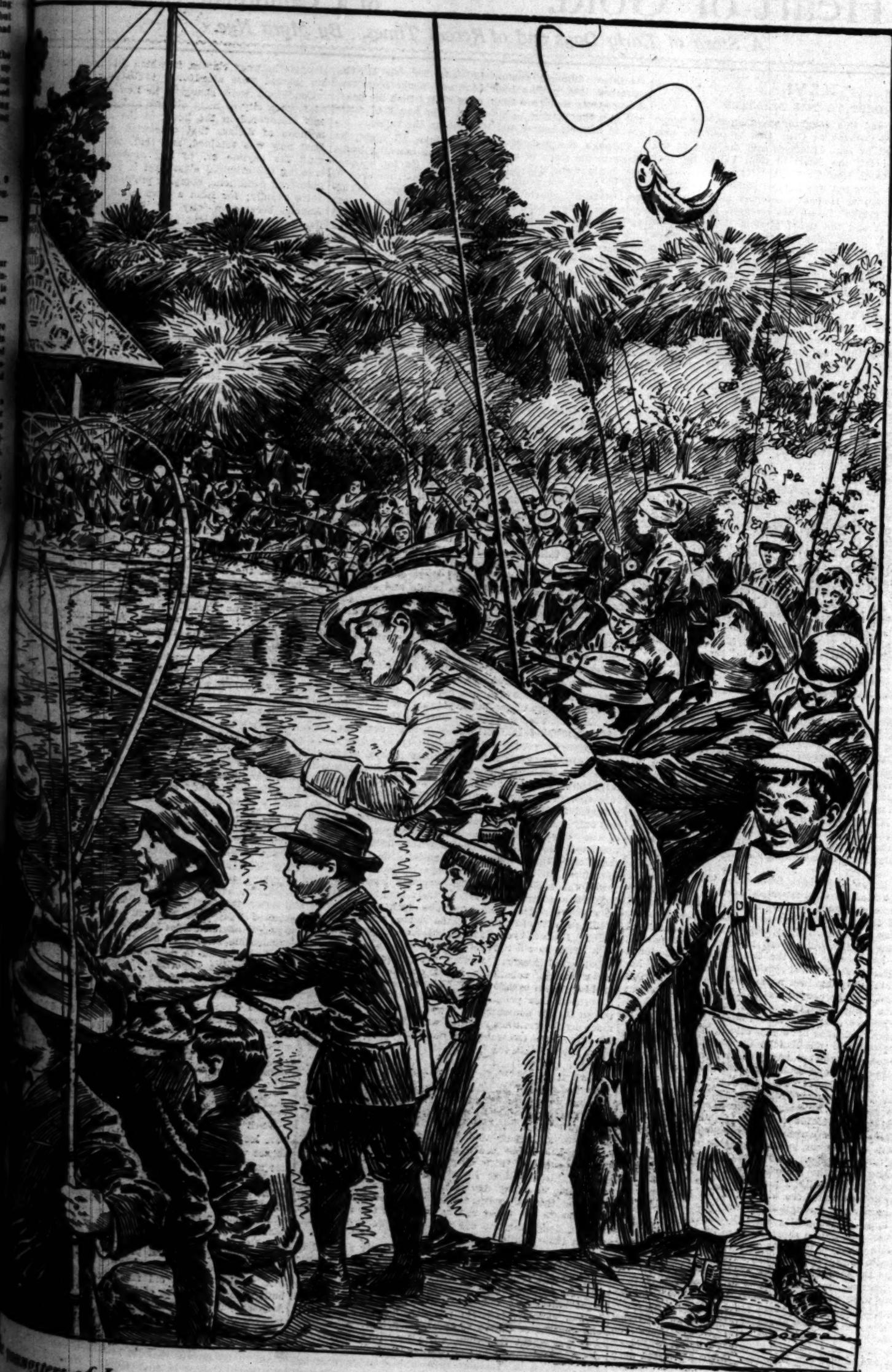
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XXVI.

A DEBT TO THE SPANIARD.

These sons and this daughter grew up in the adobe on the Rancho Corazon de Oro. One by one the sons left; one lured by San Francisco and the gold of the north, another left the Heart of Gold Valley for that distant maelstrom, New York City. Thus in the amalgam of the melting pot was infused some of the gentle, courteous, romantic, Hispano-California blood.

When the "gringo" in all his strength finally came to Los Angeles and the Heart of Gold Valley, he was at first feared, hated, then reluctantly admired when he was at his best; but he was ever regarded as an alien by those Spanish who kept their racial blood free from the Anglo-Saxon. The Carew family, while preserving family traditions, nevertheless looked without prejudice into the face of the newcomer; and when at last California shone as a star of the greatest magnitude on the Union flag's blue field, Joseph Carew was glad. He remembered the words of his mother: "I cannot help thinking that this land, this lovely paradise, will some day be born as another State of our Union."

Laura Carew was glad with her husband; and with him trained her sons in loyalty and patriotism till it came about that her two younger boys were of those who joined the army in 1861, having no hatred for either section, yet in their hearts the one strong cry was ringing: "Save the Union!"

Ever so far back as the days of the Bear Flag republic, before California was in actuality a State, a memorable and unique convention was held, with such delegates as John Fremont and William Gwin. Then the vote was unanimous that a clause should be inserted in the Constitution prohibiting slavery forever in the State.

Now in the crisis of the country California was loyal. Too far away to send as many troops as nearer States sent, nevertheless, there were 15,000 Californians who volunteered and were sent to the front. California also sent what was greatly needed, \$2,000,000 from the riches of her gold yield. Nor were the Carew boys the only native sons with Spanish strain; many of the troops from California were as they, Spanish as well as American in their origin.

In the rapid transitions of today our nation is inclined to forget its indebtedness to this Latin race. "There were Spaniards who first saw and explored the greatest gulf in the world; Spaniards who discovered the two greatest rivers; Spaniards who first knew that there were two continents of America; Spaniards who first went around the world." Least of all should California forget; for "all that California is now or all that it can ever be owes its foundation to the Spanish era." So like a long hyphen between the old and the new appears the musical names, not all Spaniards, but all under the Spanish flag or patronage: Columbus, Balboa, Majella, Cortez, Mendoza, Grijalva, Cabrillo, Ferrelo, Portola, Vizcaino, Galvez—so the list might continue with names that have become immortal by becoming historical and geographical.

Philip Carew came back from the war, but he left behind, buried in that far-away Acre of God, Arlington Cemetery, Manuel his brother. The sad void in the heart of the mother never was filled, yet a loving place was made for Philip's bride. This eastern girl who came so far from home in the early seventies, leaving her people and the State she loved, found in the Heart of Gold Valley the homing place for her true heart's abiding. As a magnet she drew to this Southland all her people from out the ice fastnesses of Maine. She lived to bear her soldier husband another Philip, a Manuel named for the lost brother of her husband, and one little girl, Olive.

Before the war the Rancho Corazon de Oro was all cattle land. So great indeed was the number of cattle in the lands that one could not walk in safety through any part of the Heart of Gold Valley. A son of Gaspar and Ruth, enamored of the wonderful locomotive that on gleaming rails had pierced from the East through the formidable desert into the valley to the very gates of Los Angeles, ventured one day to ride to Spadra in a box car, substituting this means of travel for his faithful horse. This young Pablo de Lara had a sweetheart on the Rancho Azusa and he wished to surprise her by coming a new way. The car took him only to Spadra and there was left of his journey seven miles northward through El Monte, then east to the ranch home of the pretty Spanish querida.

He had gone only a short distance from Spadra when the cattle began to bear down upon him. Had he been horseback, they would no more have regarded him than they did the buzzards circling above a dead steer. But Pablo learned the foothardiness of his adventure.

There were no trees for more than a mile. He ran in desperation, seeking some place of safety he knew not what. All at once ahead of him he saw a depression in the ground. It was one of the numerous places, some of which are seen even today, where an Indian had staked his wigwam. Pablo had often seen them before when on horseback; but he had not dreamed of the relief that one of them might afford.

He threw himself down. In fear for his life, he crouched low, pulling over him and about him sunflower stalks that grew high, even higher than his head, and now they helped to hide him. The bunch of cattle veered in their course and went on up the valley.

Through the rest of the day, then all night, he clung to his place of refuge, and when morning broke the cattle were still all around him. So for another day he dared not venture forth, till at last, tortured in his cramped quarters, thirsty and hungry, he decided to make a dash into the open and mount a steer if necessary—any way to leave the baking sand and the heat of the washland. Just then he heard in the distance the shouting of a vaquero. With only one chance in a hundred to make himself heard, in his weakened condition, above the trampling hoofs, he lowered his hands at his lips and sent through the valley an insistent cry for help.

The vaquero heard him, and in a few moments had the half-sick boy on the saddle behind him. So Pablo, dejected, ravenous, thirsty beyond telling, gay garments tarnished with dust, and with the fog's dampness, made a sorry entrance into the adobe dwelling of his senorita.

XXVII.

LOS ANGELES AND ZONDORA.

Soon the Rancho Corazon de Oro ceased to be all cattle and sheep land. True, sheep with their Mexican sheep herders still followed the trails and small canyons of the hills; but grain began to yellow the lowlands, and here and there encroaching upon the wheat fields and alfalfa were low-growing vineyards; then orchards of prune, of apricot, of almond.

When snow in Mrs. Philip Carew's home State was binding the landscape in its swathes of bandages, here, too, was whiteness. But the pink glow of it, the scent of it, the warmth of it! This shower of petals before St. Valentine's month had fairly well started! The tender maroon branches of these deciduous trees seemed to reach to the sky to tangle and ensnare in its meshes a soft, fleecy cloud which was caught at last only to drift downward, and when March was over maroon had become shell-pink, then shaded to the green of the sea in the light of early morning. The south wind shepherded true clouds in the sky till the full serenity of May presented its fleckless blue.

There were olive orchards, too, with their silver in a lace tracery; and sometimes the olive trees served to broder the edge of the newly-planted groves of orange and lemon. The orchards were like well-ordered troops marching in uniforms of green upon Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, though American, had not yet emerged from her Spanish chrysalis; a curious, inexplicable, intangible aroma clung to it then as though the romance of bygone centuries was sweet lavender wrapped in its atmosphere. This picturequeness was not only in its remote corners, but in the very heart of the city itself. The Plaza compressed all the municipal history of the pueblo within its boundaries; the Plaza Church breathed the ecclesiastical life in its corridors; for here the choir boys in their scarlet followed the acolytes, here the sacristan hurried busily into the sacristy and priests in their long robes passed to and fro. Here, too, might be seen an old senor reading his Spanish paper in the shade. "In May came files of Spanish-eyed little girls addressing the Virgin in a hymn so old it rests and reconciles the listener."

Dark-eyed Mexican women peered out from their black shawls, caballeros might occasionally be seen dashing down rough-paved Main street and the soft speech of this people was heard everywhere, a language that is sometimes a drawl, but there is variety made by intermittent rapidity when the speaker seems to skip from consonant to consonant until a broad open vowel holds the tongue to restore the balance of sound.

Back from the Plaza and its radiating streets were tiers and tiers of tiny houses, the porch of one row beginning where the chimney of the one below left off and intervening handkerchief patches of steep-sloping lawn were intermittent with solid magenta of mesembryanthemum and geranium, often in clashing colors; heliotrope growing marvelously, and Lippia repens with its thick carpet of blossoms luring the bees. These modest Lilliputian homes did more at that time to make distinctive the city's aspect to a stranger than the more handsome homes out Figueroa way, where the water ran in zanjas on the top of the ground delighting the eye in hot weather and reflecting in their depths violets and lilies.

Those were the days when it was clearly realized in all this Heart of Gold country that the monarch was autocratic and often cruel in his withholdings. Then as now it was water who was king. Many a fierce legal battle was fought for water rights. Neighbors in the country, hitherto friendly, looked askance at one another or ceased to speak altogether.

It was about this time, when less than a score of years would complete the century, that there came to Los Angeles a fearless man whose paper recorded these controversies; but even then there appeared on the horizon a distant shadow of another struggle, a

struggle between classes, in which this brave man in his journal were steadfastly to battle.

Conditions were changing in Los Angeles. It was no more a city of mere climate and consumption, it was discovered in the heart of the city, almost, of millions of dollars that otherwise would have gone East now was retained, and that, too, without helping the skyline or, to any appreciable extent, attracting the criminal class; yet it meant a change in industrial conditions, complex problems to meet and solve rapidly; for from a town of 12,000 in 1860, Los Angeles became a city by leaps and bounds. The decade had passed and she numbered 85,000. One it is true, cities of natural advantages like Los Angeles have been outstripped by those with no great caliber. Los Angeles had both. Her days were wonderful.

The collapse of the boom of the late eighties was a pause but a moment. In the country this collapse caused neglect of vineyard and orchards, caused one in search for water-supply, and the next found difficulty in resuming the normal. Yet the planting of citrus fruits grew apace until there came the lean years when the king had left his throne, slaking his subjects, leaving them helpless.

O pitiful, rainless years! The trees drooped in sorrow, the ground cracked, the fruit shriveled, buds blighted before they blossomed. Thus arid also were the slopes of the mountains. Without leaves they stretched their gaunt ribs down to the town of the valley, their bones showing through the dry clover garments; and no remnant of vineyard could conceal the poverty of water famine.

Those were the days when the acres of the Rancho Corazon de Oro lessened and lessened still more. Here were the mesas chopped off and sold for a song—sites that afterward became famous. To the south the hill land sold even for less; then the vine yards went and much of the orchard land; but in the midst of the rancho somehow there grew a community. Houses of old New England type were hidden among the trees till one must hunt to find the tree. Its center was marked by a few buildings huddled together as if for protection. A postoffice appeared which served also as grocery, whose presiding power in alternate four years was a Republican. Then there up the gullied road in a box-like building which bore on its face boldly "Cash Grocery" the post holes appeared and it was a Democrat who knew whether your relatives "back East" wrote you from Vermont or from Ohio.

At length the name of the ranch was contracted and people forgot the old musical name in Spanish, Corazon de Oro; their letters bore simply the address, Zondora. Thus the unorganized village with its streets outlined by stubs of peppers planted by old Philip Carew, roads glaring and broken in the sunlight, seemed but a mockery of the old splendor of the Carews and De Laras.

The last of that family, Philip, Jr., Manuel and Olive, knew well the meaning of poverty, that bluest and bleakest sort of the genteel species known as land poverty. Philip, with his invalid father, and by the remaining acres; Manuel, his namesake, namesake, had blond hair and, knowing his name to be but a travesty for such a big freckle-faced fellow, changed a letter or two and became Samuel. A boy of paper inherited from his uncle entitled him to a considerable stretch of desert, and early in the winter he went off to see what could be made of his heritage in the Imperial.

Though their mother was dead and the other brothers were permanently disabled, surely these two sisters were capable of caring for the small ones. She was Philip's delight. Samuel, too, loved his little sister, and sent her as often as possible presents and clothing—all that he could spare from the income of alfalfa down in the Imperial Valley. But the time when reclamation was only begun.

XXVIII.

OLIVE CAREW.

When Olive Carew had her first love after she were looking up in Zondora. Many of the old, simple houses were being replaced by architecture more artistic; and an occasional bungalow presaged the more orderly ranks of them which should later prevail.

The Carew mansion, though weather-beaten and sadly in need of a coat of paint, nevertheless showed beauty of character as old homes of delightful people sometimes will. It was then, as always, the pride of Zondora, with lines and proportions not unlike the colonial of New England.

A portion of the old adobe remained—that adobe built after the fashion of the Casa de Oro in old Los Angeles. This portion served now, behind its new modern structure, as the kitchen, draped in vines. A resplendent gold-of-ore, vine so old and so rampant in its growth that its fame extended throughout Southern California and tourists traveled miles to see it in full bloom. There was a purple vine which

*Quoted from "California," by John S. McGroarty.

long ago by Jim Harris and the Little Laura. The love affair of Olive's was a tragic and bitter one. She had been so eager, so full of the zest of life! She possessed that rare characteristic, the ability to live intensely, to live deeply, which was noticeable in her childhood. A picnic to her before it happened was something to dream of, to plan, to live in anticipation. The very sandwiches she made for it partook of her vivid personality and the hat she wore was made by herself with an old Spanish sash might as well to pause, if he should meet Olive on Spring street, with this bewitching headgear above the coils of her hair.

There is no use mincing matters concerning Olive's love affair with her brother with brutal frankness never minced. Nor did Olive herself in her thoughts concerning personal appearance. There was one other, whom she was accustomed with a fair degree of tact to accept teasing. This was Robert Gregory, whose father's ranch adjoined the Carews'.

She acknowledged from the start that she was unattractive. Red hair and freckles! Yet when Robert and Olive a year or two younger, he realized that such as Olive's might be the most beautiful girl in the world. He ventured to tell her so when he brought a pail of milk and she lingered with him at the kitchen door to talk school gossip.

It was the shining braid in his hand and did not as it had been his wont to do through their affect; but Olive with a proud gesture jerked it out and said:

"Oh, you spoony! don't get silly."

"No, I'm not silly, Ollie. It's just lovely—pretty in the gold."

Then the new moon over my right shoulder. I had and a trade-last from old Rob. Whoever will have thought it? Go long before you get mooning, Adios!" And she pushed him till the milk-jug jolted against his bare legs. Olive watched him from beneath the festooning wistaria over the kitchen door as he circled the loquat bushes and noted that her whistle did not sound till he had passed the wistaria grove. It was the last time she ever saw him jolted.

At the public school, whither Olive raced with Bob, he turned back, over the vineyard's path, past the Chinese laundry out in the wash, through the avenue of new grown lovely; there she ruled on the playground, but in the schoolroom she yielded honors to the boy Robert, whose report card shone with an equal to hers, and with no apparent effort on his part.

She knew that her ruling at school was not because of good looks, but in spite of the lack. Her skin of Spanish blood had given her great dark eyes and here glints of gold in their depths. Moreover she was all a down-easter. From her mother she had learned the soft intonations of the type of the New Englander. Her r's were never clear, therefore they were quite unlikely to sound like a's were broad and musical; but Olive had been born out of Los Angeles county in her life.

Nevertheless, in spite of her lack of cosmopolitanism she was very proud of her descent. She considered it her birthmark, or she would have told you how her mother had entertained nearly all of the Spanish Governors of Alta California; how her great-grandmother on her father's side had been the maid of King Charles III of Spain. She was also proud of her colonial ancestors and her own father's war record and his title of captain.

"Then all this there is evolved nothing but a little-mentioned patriot," she once said to Philip, in whom others often confided.

"You are an olive with pimentos," said Phil, being the first of her remark. "But Sis, that is the reason my olives are any good. They are flat without a snap."

"Phil, how in the world did father and mother have the nerve to call me Olive with hair like this?"

"They were very well. I can remember as plain as day when old Margarita brought you downstairs. You were a little bit of red thing; Olive, you should just have been as you looked then. I'd no idea a human being could be so honest. But your hair! Gee whiz! The spades in the pack. My, but you were a red sight! But now tell me, didn't they have a right to think you would grow up olive with black hair?"

The conversation took place not long before Robert made known to Olive his admiration for this olive hair. Olive's knowledge of its beauty was not yet lost. It was about this time, too, when Robert became the strenuous use of lemon juice on her person to make advertisements. Then she forgot it in her effort to evolve a fiesta costume out of a \$5 gold

These were the days when Los Angeles fiestas occupied the dreams of boys and girls from one year to the next. It was about this time, too, when Robert became the strenuous use of lemon juice on her person to make advertisements. Then she forgot it in her effort to evolve a fiesta costume out of a \$5 gold

that way, but he will have to be fair with her." So he reiterated, not knowing exactly what he feared in the way of unfairness for Olive.

XXIX.

BEFORE THE PLAY.

The love affair had begun in this way. There was to be a play at the hotel in Zondora given by the younger crowd for the benefit of the library. The name Carnegie was not yet carved on all library cornerstones in Southern California. Olive was to take part, and the rehearsals showed her possessed of some histrionic ability; for she was having an attack that is as sure in the teens as measles in childhood. She was stage-struck.

But the play was too short; something must be done to lengthen the entertainment and give the people their money's worth.

"Father," Olive began tentatively a few days before the event. They were at the breakfast table. Lee Chang had brought in the coffee and shuffled again into the kitchen. "Father, you won't object if I dance some of those Spanish dances. They want me too; they say that—well, they think it will be a drawing card and—"

"Who with?" Thus abruptly and ungrammatically, her father knocked down any pile of arguments she may have had ready.

"Why, Phil, of course. He'll do it, he has half promised. I don't know any one else around here who could do it, father."

"Very well, go ahead; but mind you don't boast of the fact that you have a few drops of Spanish blood, or Phillip either."

"Oh, father," Olive remonstrated, "I never do."

"It's a good thing, for they'd probably call you a 'greaser' or 'cholo'. That is all these tourists, and the natives, too, for that matter, know about it."

Olive got up from the table and came round to her father's chair.

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, but I know just how you feel, daddy dear. I do, too, only a hundred times more. And you an old soldier with a bullet as a souvenir from Gettysburg. I'll bet there isn't another like you in all the United States. You won't apply for a pension and you shut up like a clam when any one says anything about it and you are touchy. You just need me to look after you."

"I don't need a pension, Olive—not with you to take care of me," he added fondly.

"Don't need a pension! When that old skinflint, Josh Mason, tunneled up to your canyon till there isn't half enough water left for the ranch! And Phillip says the boom just killed us financially; yet you won't have a pension. Talk about pride! Don't ever scold me for being proud." She punctuated all her emphatic words, and there were many, with tight hugs and rather noisy kisses which Capt. Carew seemed, nevertheless, to enjoy to the exclusion of his coffee, eggs and bacon. That is saying a great deal for an old soldier; but their affection was a revelation in the paternal relationship.

Olive's point was gained. The next few days she almost forgot to rehearse her lines of the play in her eagerness to delve into old chests and bring forth Spanish costumes. She finally decided upon one she had never on any occasion worn before. She had regarded it as too frayed, but now it appealed to her strongly; it seemed to hold in its folds some personality of a bygone señorita. There was a full skirt of yellow satin, with Spanish flounce of lace; the bodice in white was heavy with embroidery.

"But there isn't any green rebozo," she sighed. "It must be green." She laid it on her bed and viewed it across the room to get the effect. Just then Phillip's step was heard in the hall. Olive's head glowed through the door as she called to him.

"Oh, Phil, can't you—won't you lend me a dollar?"

"Can't you, won't you join the dance?" Phillip mimicked. "What for?"

"I've just got to have some green silk all shimmery for a rebozo."

"Why, I thought there were rebos and mantillas galore in those old chests."

"There are, Phil, there's a beautiful red one, and there is a vivid green one and white ones and black ones; but they won't do. I want a green one like—well like that shade," and she drew him to her window and pointed down to a new growth of a eucalyptus which was garlanding the lower part of the trunk in its lovely blue-gray. "Bright green is too great a contrast for my hair and that green is becoming."

"All right, Olive, here's all I've got, a dollar, six bits, make yourself your prettiest."

"Thank you, dear old Phil. I'll be careful how I spend it. I'll have to go to Los Angeles. I can't get what I want here, and it will cost six bits round trip on the Santa Fe. I wish you weren't so busy with the horses; and I wish I had black hair." The last irrelevantly as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, which reflected not only herself; but all her personality in the belongings of her room. It was perhaps the thousandth time in her life that her reflection had impelled the same wish from her lips.

"You can take Dolly, but it will take you forever and a day just to get there," said Phillip.

"Let it be Dick; then I'll go horseback and I'll be home before supper."

"Go along then and don't ask any more or you'll be getting a tallyho and four next."

So a costume was evolved that was identical with the one Laura de Lara had worn the day she gave Joseph Carew her love.

XXX.

AT HOTEL ZONDORA.

The amateur play went without a hitch. It was that old favorite of amateurs, "A Box of Monkeys," and Olive took the part of the stiff English girl, imitating to perfection the drawl and English accent. The contrast therefore was all the greater when afterward she appeared as a Spanish dancer.

The great dining-room had been cleared, and the stage at one end for the orchestra had been enlarged for the players. Throughout the room the white pillars were a background for the delicate tracery of asparagus plumes and sprengeri baskets showered the spaces with their long, graceful fronds. Poinsettias grouped about the platform added the one needed note of high color.

There were all the guests from the hotel; some, too, from the Raymond and a smaller group from the Van Nuyes. They had motored out in the first automobile that ever climbed the hill to the Zondora Hotel. At first it was feared by the cast of the play that such a rival would win all the audience away, for a crowd had gathered round the car and it seemed that such a magnet for Zondorites was irresistible. But presently the New Yorkers and Chicagoans, who no doubt were "ennuied" by a mere automobile, gathered in the dining-room; and the more rural Zondora perfume must follow.

Arnold Lathrop had arrived from Los Angeles at the Zondora Hotel without any mishap, which was phenomenal; for it was in those early auto days when a chauffeur felt inclined to file his last will and testament before venturing from pavements onto the rain-gulled roads of the foothills. Whatever prudence Lathrop possessed induced him to refrain from climbing the winding drive to the porte-cochere. He left his beloved machine under a magnolia tree down by the entrance. It was there that Zondora loafers first spied it.

When the play was over, the well-dressed women settled themselves with light rustlings of taffeta petticoats while the men recrossed their knees for further enjoyment. The trio of young men from Zondora came with guitar, with tambourine and castanets, to the platform. They were not Spanish, but they knew the music well, and at first the tambourine alone invited Phillip and Olive to view. It was the invitation of "Jota de Aragon." Phillip lost himself. Instead of a California rancher, the onlookers beheld a typical Spanish caballero who spread his velvet cape upon the floor for the dainty footsteps of his querida. The dance was stately and beautiful.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Hardy Clergyman.

[Fayette correspondence Kansas City Star:] The Rev. G. M. Walker, who has been preaching at several country churches in Howard county since 1905, doubtless holds the walking record among Missouri's rural clergy. Mr. Walker estimates that he has traveled more than 18,000 miles, principally on foot, in the six and a half years he has been preaching in this country.

A few weeks ago in one of the most severe blizzards Mr. Walker walked fourteen miles from a distant point in Howard county to Fayette in order to lead a prayer meeting service.

Mr. Walker is a hardy Englishman of the type which takes snow baths in the dead of winter. In truth, his strenuous ideas of living are a marvel to the rugged farmers of Howard county. One of these farmers was surprised recently when he saw the preacher take off his shoes and socks, roll his trousers above his knees and wade the Moniteau creek, which was full of floating ice and melting snow. Mr. Walker was on a twenty-five mile hike to an appointment at Perche church in Boone county. He said afterward that his offering at the two services amounted to \$8.66.

Mr. Walker was recently called to a pastorate of a church in Sedalia, but he was loath to give up his arduous labors among the rural churches of Howard county.

While in Dayton Mr. Walker met a minister of the Christian church, who converted him to that faith and who was influential in sending him to Hiram College. He spent two years in college, where he made a living for himself and wife by running an engine at the electric light plant. He left school and started out West to preach.

Mr. Walker was sent to Howard county by a St. Louis minister. His Christianity is muscular as well as spiritual. In fact, he says he has made at least one conversion by giving a bully good trouncing.

Paper Made From Bear Grass.

[New York Sun:] Experiments in the use of bear grass for making paper which have been conducted by a paper manufacturing concern in St. Louis for the last two years have proved so successful that steps have been taken by Dr. F. C. Pearson and his associates for the erection of a large paper mill at El Paso.

The territory around Van Horn and other parts of western Texas will be drawn upon to supply the bear grass for the proposed mill and this raw material will be used exclusively by the plant. It is claimed that it makes a very high grade paper.

Bear grass grows profusely over a wide territory in western Texas and the Southwest. In some localities a yield of several tons to the acre may be obtained. It has been considered heretofore as having no value. It grows in large tufts, the blades of grass being long and coarse.

It is claimed that there is ample available supply of the bear grass to keep several paper mills of large capacity constantly running.

A Successful Woman Civil Engineer.

By Robert H. Moulton.

MRS. MARY B. EWING.

HERE is a woman in Chicago who is making good in a profession which, before her entrance into it, probably had never been followed or even seriously considered as a means of livelihood by any other woman. She is Mrs. Mary B. Ewing, and her work is the designing and building of sewerage-disposal stations, water-works systems, deep-well pumps, and various other things that fall within the sphere of the civil and consulting engineer. Mrs. Ewing has thus added one more to the long list of vocations which within recent years have been seized by women from the clutches of tradition.

Not so long ago it was very unusual for a woman to be engaged in any profession or business outside of the

all her friends are applauding enthusiastically, while the masculine members of the profession are doffing their hats, not merely through natural courtesy, but out of sheer admiration for the plucky little woman who has assumed responsibilities that would daunt many a man under similar circumstances.

Mrs. Ewing is the widow of the late William Bion Ewing, one of Chicago's most successful and prominent engineers, who died suddenly while on board a train bound for his country home last spring. During his life Mr. Ewing had done much important work, having been one of the builders of the \$50,000,000 Illinois Drainage Canal, besides laying out a large number of the most thriving and populous towns near Chicago and providing them with complete water and sewerage systems. At the time of his death he had under way or in

It was necessary, of course, that Mrs. Ewing first secure the consent of the companies and boards with whom Mr. Ewing had contracts before he could proceed with the work. She therefore went before each of them in turn, explaining her husband with the work and her qualifications to carry it on. It is a remarkable tribute to her technical knowledge that each company and town unhesitatingly told her to go ahead and finish the jobs. Her thorough understanding of the subject convinced even the most conservative official that she was the proper person to carry the work to completion.

Of all the people interested, Mrs. Ewing herself appears the least excited by reason of her unique position. She says she hadn't thought it unusual that she should attempt to carry on Mr. Ewing's work



Mrs. Ewing drawing plans for waterworks.

Mrs. Ewing and field assistant going over the blue prints of work at La Grange Ill.



Discussing with her field assistant the construction of a manhole.

Pointing out changes to be made in a large storm sewer.

few which, according to the generally-prevailing notion, seemed peculiarly adapted to the feminine make-up. If she attempted to compete with the masculine element in other lines of endeavor than these, she was usually laughed at by the men and frowned upon by the women.

Once she was allowed only to run a millinery or dress-making establishment, to be a trained nurse, or to teach school; today science, history, art—all departments of knowledge—are experiencing a new renaissance; we see them from new angles of vision and by new rays of light. The modern woman of intellect now meets with few obstacles to becoming a lawyer, doctor, bacteriologist, editor, librarian—whatever career, in fact, her nature craves. She has reached her goal; she does the work that she loves and is well paid for it. And in attempting to climb the heights that lead to commercial success she has ceased to occupy the position of the modern aviatrix whom, even while watching with interest and curiosity, we nevertheless confidently expect to see take a tumble in the end.

From the position of stately hostess, club member and society leader to the active head of a large civil and consulting engineering company is a long jump for any woman to make, and probably the most of us would view with considerable doubt her ability to successfully negotiate such a distance. Yet that is exactly what has been accomplished by Mrs. Ewing, and now

course of planning work on many sewerage systems and contingent work in nearly a dozen Illinois towns, the total cost of which aggregated more than a half-million dollars.

His sudden and rather tragic death left Mrs. Ewing facing a problem of unfinished contracts and a loss of family income with responsibilities to be met. Ordinary persons expected that Mrs. Ewing would be prostrated by this terrible blow. But instead of allowing her grief to overwhelm her and to blot out all thought of future provision, she began immediately to consider by what means her husband's work might be carried on to the best advantage. She had, moreover, a certain natural pride in wanting to see the work he had planned carried to successful completion.

Unfortunately there was no son in the family upon whom the mantle of the father's professional duties might fall, so after a little deliberation Mrs. Ewing herself decided to assume the duties her husband had dropped. She accordingly formed a company, associating with her two young engineers who had been in the employ of Mr. Ewing for a number of years. A little later she took her place at her husband's desk and every day since then she has sat there conducting the business, looking after every detail of the office work and personally overseeing and directing many of the field operations.

seemed to her the most natural thing in the world because, ever since her marriage, she had been interested in his work and had followed it with the quiet of their home.

"I don't know whether I could say that I was a consulting engineer or not," explains Mrs. Ewing. "I certainly did serve as general office boy. In the care of all the maps, tracings, blue prints, and other such matters. Then when some question or reference arose, I would look them up in the technical books for Mr. Ewing, and we would work together. He would then outline his main problems to me, and in this way I was enabled to understand the work as it proceeded. It was interesting to me that after awhile I had begun actually making suggestions to Mr. Ewing, and he was good enough to think that they possessed merit."

Mrs. Ewing also went on many trips of investigation with her husband and thus was afforded opportunity to become familiar with the practical side of his work. It is absorbing, she says, to watch him when one sees the fruits of his labor rise in solid substance before his eyes, it gives a feeling of great satisfaction in the material results attained.

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and worth all the hours spent in study and planning. It is much like sowing a garden with seed and waiting up some fine morning to discover that one flower and the creator, so to speak, of all sorts of good and useful things.

In Ewing thinks that every woman would act to interest herself in her husband's profession and associate herself with him in his business. "It only draws them closer together," she says, "but the practical value of making a woman independent of her husband against emergency. It is a tragic thing for a woman to be thrown on her own resources when she has none."

According to Mrs. Ewing there are many women who find the various engineering professions congenitally well suited to their talents. She declares that the kind of work she is doing is not as difficult or interesting as it might appear on the surface, and she has yet to discover any part of it that is out of a woman's element. "It is really fascinating," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "At least I know that it is, and I imagine I am not different from other women in a love for those things which appeal particularly to the feminine heart."

At La Grange, Ill., Mrs. Ewing is now pushing to completion an elaborate system of storm sewer and filter beds. A trip in her company over the several miles of piping, tunnelling and concrete structures illustrates very forcibly her understanding of the work and her complete grasp of all the intricacies. Although more than a hundred men are engaged on this piece of work Mrs. Ewing seems to be as well acquainted as her field assistants, who are mostly on the ground, as to just what each of them is doing.

All the men, from the highest in authority to the lowest laborer, seem to recognize intuitively in this dexterous, immaculately-dressed woman the moving power and the guiding hand behind all this scene of activity. Nothing, apparently, escapes her attention. Quickly and unerringly her eyes single out the slight departure in detail of the actual construction from the original plans. Then in a low-pitched, husky voice, which nevertheless has in it a ring of command, she asks for the blue prints and points to point out the discrepancy. The foreman, looking deferentially, is made to see wherein the construction is at fault, then bowing with the air of a man who knows superior knowledge of the subject, proceeds to give orders for the correction of the work.

The filter beds in which this sewerage system terminates seem to be a source of special pride to Mrs. Ewing. As she explained it, they represent the latest and most efficient development in work of this nature, and in methods employed in their construction call for the most up-to-date mechanical contrivances. She called particular attention to a huge movable hoisting tower and the concrete filling as being one of the first ever employed for this purpose. As she watched the operation of the machine, however, she expressed the opinion that it was too large for the piece of work in hand, and that a small track with cars would have been better. In this she was borne out by the foreman in

that Mrs. Ewing will be satisfied not merely to complete the work left unfinished by her husband, but in order to break out on her own responsibility, is demonstrating the fact that she is now negotiating for municipal work in a dozen Illinois towns. And it seems likely that in view of the success she has already attained she will have little difficulty in securing the

balance for her marriage. Mrs. Ewing invented the first device for the odor of rubber in dress shields. On this she secured a patent, making several thousand dollars during the sale of the device the first year, and has since turned her interest in it to a large New York manufacturer of dress shields for a substantial cash consideration. She has several other inventions under way, and hopes to perfect them in the near future. But her present work comes first, she says, and that in itself requires quite enough to occupy very fully the time of an average business man or woman.

A Fastidious Cat.

In the June issue of Suburban Life Magazine, Agnes Weston Miller tells of the "frivolous 'Bartidear,'" a Parisian cat. "In her previous incarnation, she must have been a pretty woman—a Parisienne—white; and with eyes the unfathomable blue of the Queen of Sheba—hats, especially. A new one fascinates her, at it critically with half-closed lids, as I have seen her do. And if she approves, she politely observes the name in the tone she uses to a favored kitten. She loves the shining folds of satin, and pink is of course her most preferred. She dislikes books and papers, and loves to sit between you and the printed page, looking gently at your fingers until the book is laid

Early Rising.

[Washington Herald:] The new cook came out and met her first afternoon at Lonleyville. After she approached the head of the house. "How shall I get up in the morning?" she inquired. "You'll have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."

REAL AMBITION KNOWS NO AGE. By Herbert Kaufman.

(Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.)

The last chance is as good as the first. Every time the cards are reshuffled there's another winning hand in the deck.

Don't give up hope—try a new deal. The when and where of success don't matter.

Your time limit is your life limit. You've already made and paid for your mistakes. They're settled in full, but you are not.

So pitch in and do something. You're competent enough. What you've lost in youth you've gained in wisdom.

Real ambition knows no age. There never was a century that offered more advantages to a grayhead.

This is the epoch of wheels and wires. Hands are no longer important tools. A brain is a far better asset than a bicep.

What if your arm is shriveled—what if your shoulders do stoop—what if your legs are a-wabble—what we most want is an efficient mind.

Give us an idea, teach us a big lesson, preach us an economy, point us a road, warn us from an error, stand on the side lines and coach—we are all searching for you and just as anxious to locate you as you are to prove yourself.

You're a bad salesman, your face is a poor showcase. You display doubt and consequently inspire it. You discount your powers and we follow your example.

We're not skeptical of ripened maturity, but we don't trust mature cowards. We

fear those who fear themselves and not less at 25 than at 52.

Opportunity judges men's hearts, not their wrinkles.

There's work for you the land over, but you can't have it until you pass muster and qualify.

Remember this is the year 1912. Have you kept up-to-date? Are you abreast with progress?

Surely you can't ask us to adopt obsolete viewpoints because you lack the enterprise to accept new ones.

Oh no, you can't plead your years in extenuation of surrender—that's unreasonable and unfair.

History denies you such excuse. She turns to Von Moltke, to Bismarck, to Haenckel, to Gladstone—she points to a glorious roll of honor on which are inscribed the names of soldier and statesman—merchant and engineer—chemist and physician—inventor and builder—who found fame in the glow of the sunset.

It's never too late to serve—it's always too early to quit.

If things have not gone right, you have probably gone wrong.

If, despite the inspiration offered by a thousand immortals, who accomplished most and achieved farthest after their prime, you still insist that you're too old to win, be resigned to the truth—you were never young enough.

Some Historic Incidents. MOMENTOUS EVENTS IN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

By P. E. Ellis.

History has been made in a moment at Democratic national conventions. National characters have been made and unmade by a single flight of oratory. Scarcely has a convention passed without the occurrence of an incident which had part in the campaign which followed the gathering.

It was during the Democratic convention of 1860 that a most tragic incident occurred. The convention met in Front Street Theater, Baltimore. There was intense excitement and interest, and the theater was besieged by a vast throng pressing for admission. Many of the spectators were ladies.

On the fourth day of the convention, in the midst of the proceedings, the New York and Pennsylvania delegations began gradually to sink out of sight, the floor giving way under them. The noise was such as to lead some to think that pistols had been fired, and the wildest panic began. Disaster was averted largely through the coolness of the chairman, Caleb Cushing, who stood at his post, pounded with his gavel and cried for order. A temporary floor had been laid above the "pit" of the theater to make the whole floor level, and it was a portion of this that had given away.

During the convention of 1848, which met at the Universalist Church, Baltimore, a great calamity was narrowly escaped. The large auditorium was crowded to suffocation. A pew broke in the crowded gallery, or the gallery settled, producing a crash which started a panic, in which many jumped from the windows.

At the convention of 1832, in Warfield's Church, Baltimore, May 22, an alarm of fire was given and several persons jumped from the windows and were hurt.

In the Democratic convention of 1844 there were scenes of intense excitement. Men spoke and shouted and were unable to make themselves heard. The occasion of the excitement was the two-thirds rule. New York presented Martin Van Buren as her candidate, and he received on the first ballot 146 votes of the 263 present and voting. This would have given him the nomination but for the two-thirds rule, and a determined effort was made by his friends to repeal it. It was first attempted by John K. Miller of Ohio, who offered a resolution that "Martin Van Buren, having received the vote of a majority of the delegates on the first ballot, is the nominee for President." The president of the convention, Judge White of Connecticut, ruled the resolution out of order, and this decision produced such a din that for a time the proceedings could not be heard. The president decided that it required a two-thirds vote to suspend or rescind a rule.

The Baltimore convention of 1832 not only adopted the two-thirds rule, but fixed the plan of representation which prevails at the present time, and was sub-

sequently adopted by the Whig party and later by the Republicans. That rule was that each State should be entitled to a number of votes equal to the number to which they will be entitled in the electoral college, and that two-thirds of the whole number of votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."

The rule requiring the vote of two-thirds of the Democratic conventions for the nomination of candidates was adopted at the very beginning, and has continued to the present time. One great objection which was urged against nomination by a national convention was the danger that those States which could not possibly give any electoral votes to the Democratic candidates might control a majority of delegates and so force the nomination of an unavailable candidate. It was to counteract this danger that the two-thirds rule was adopted. The exact meaning of this rule has never been formally settled. Whether it requires two-thirds of all the delegates admitted or only two-thirds of those present to make the nomination is still an open question. In 1860 both the Democratic conventions adopted the rule for those conventions that the votes of two-thirds of those present should be sufficient to make a nomination.

In the Democratic national convention of 1896 the "Cross of Gold" speech of W. J. Bryan was a most remarkable incident. Mr. Bryan with his delegation had been seated by the Credentials Committee, and the Gold Democrats of the Sterling Morton wing of the party were unseated. After the adoption of the platform the delegates for New York and Wisconsin refused to acquiesce in it and took no further part in the proceedings. Mr. Bryan rose to the occasion and delivered an oration which won for himself the nomination and a place among the great orators of America.

Vesperal.

I, too, behold the day and know it fair;
I have lain silent where the noon tide's spell,
Woven of leaves and waters and soft air,
Gives the hushed solitude a peace to keep;
Where gathered hues and fragrances compel
The willing soul along the ways of sleep.

I, too, exult when through a swirl of cloud
The flaming sun thrusts forward like a shield
Whereunder all the hosts of storm are bowed,
And the last cohorts of the smitten rain
Flee down the wide horizons, till the field
Of hard-won sky be left without a stain.

Yet sweeter than all these the little space
Of slowly mounting twilight, ere the night's
Dominion is accomplished, and her face
Shadows the earth with calm; most dear to me
A dying flush of sunset, and veiled lights
Of musing stars above a soundless sea.

—[Charles E. Whitmore, in Scribner's.

The Mosquito Rules Realty Prices.

The Pesky Insect.

PROF. L. O. HOWARD TALKS ABOUT IT IN ITS ECONOMIC ASPECT.

RECLAIMING VAST TRACTS BY DRAINAGE—FIGHT AGAINST THE SALT MARSH SPECIES, WHICH FLIES FORTY MILES FOR BLOOD—THE RAIN BARREL MOSQUITO AS MUCH MAN'S COMPANION AS THE RAT—IT IS THE CARRIER OF ELEPHANTIASIS—CURIOS ADAPTATION OF MOSQUITOES' HABITS TO HUMAN METHODS OF LIVING.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—"It is beginning to be realized in many parts of this country that the value of real estate is fixed by the mosquito," said Dr. L. O. Howard, the government entomologist-in-chief. "To show how this comes about, I will cite an instance.

"Not far from Bridgeport, on Long Island Sound, was a locality so afflicted by mosquitoes that nobody, save a few hardy fisher folk, so much as thought of venturing to live there. Land was to be had for next to nothing. A clever schoolmaster, however, with a very limited amount of capital to invest, having made a study of the problem, took advantage of the opportunity to buy up considerable areas, which he ditched and drained, thereby putting a stop to the nuisance. Immediately the neighborhood became desirable for residence purposes, the land rose greatly in value, and the speculative pedagogue earned quite a little fortune by his venture.

"Another case I might mention was that of a for-

merly popular summer resort in New Jersey. Mosquitoes drove the people away. Recently, however, the swamps in that neighborhood have been ditched and drained, the pestiferous insects practically have ceased to breed, and the resort has become more prosperous than ever, many new and beautiful dwellings being erected there by summer colonists.

as the Hackensack Meadows. Under the direction of Dr. John B. Smith, the task of draining these marshes was systematically undertaken in 1904, and they have now ceased to produce the insects in any great numbers. Ditches dug for this purpose are thirty inches deep and ten inches in width, and the work, being accomplished with special machinery, is rapid and efficient. Its cost will be paid many times over by the reclamation of the land, which should prove to be of great fertility and specially adapted for the production of truck crops.

"The large cities along the Atlantic Coast are supplied

"Mosquitoes, we know, are very ancient insects. They existed on the earth many millions of years before the first human beings arrived. Some species seem to have altered their habits since coming into contact with man. But this is a point on which it is necessary to speak with caution, because we really know very little about it. We do know, however, that the yellow fever mosquito is never found nowadays more than a mile or two from houses. It seems to be practically dependent upon the conditions of civilization.

"The yellow fever mosquito appears to have been originally to the tree-hole tribe—being, that is to say, one of a number of species which under natural conditions prefer to lay their eggs in holes in trees, where rain water accumulates. Of some of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes it may likewise be said that they are seldom found far from human habitations.

"It is somewhat curious to observe how civilization begins by doing away with malaria, and then, when reintroduced, it. In Illinois, Indiana, and other parts of the Middle West, the early settlers suffered greatly from this malady—distributed, as we now know, by mosquitoes. Many of them died of it. But, instead of reducing the land to cultivation, they drained it, and the mosquitoes disappeared to a great extent in consequence, and there was comparatively little malaria. The subsequent development of civilization made possible living, with street gutters and sewer traps, in stagnant water, railroads which afford similar habitats, and various other conditions, not forgetting the use of the present tin can which holds enough rain water to furnish a small but reliable crop of mosquitoes.



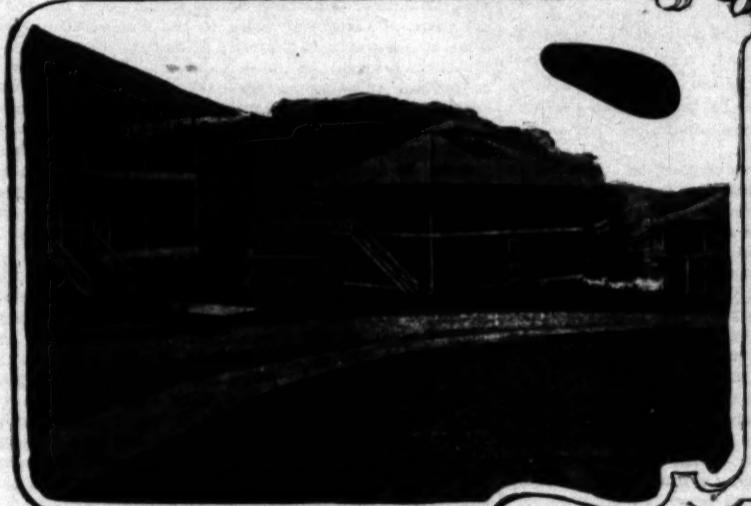
Dr. L. O. Howard



The marsh mosquito



Yellow-fever mosquito



Mosquito-proof houses, Canal Zone



Capturing mosquito for artificial breeding

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"These are interesting object lessons to show what may be accomplished toward getting rid of mosquitoes in any part of the country. But even more striking in its way is the instance of Staten Island, where the extermination of the insects was sought mainly to get rid of malaria. The health authorities of New York undertook the job of cleaning it up, and at an expense of only about \$50,000 drained the swamps along the entire coast. This involved the digging of some hundreds of miles of ditches. But, as a result, the mosquitoes practically disappeared, window screens were discarded, and meals began to be served on the verandas of hotels.

"Up to a few years ago Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, and Paterson suffered very seriously from mosquitoes bred on the vast area of salt marshes known

as the Hackensack Meadows. Under the direction of Dr. John B. Smith, the task of draining these marshes was systematically undertaken in 1904, and they have now ceased to produce the insects in any great numbers. Ditches dug for this purpose are thirty inches deep and ten inches in width, and the work, being accomplished with special machinery, is rapid and efficient. Its cost will be paid many times over by the reclamation of the land, which should prove to be of great fertility and specially adapted for the production of truck crops.

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"Mosquitoes, we know, are very ancient insects. They existed on the earth many millions of years before the first human beings arrived. Some species seem to have altered their habits since coming into contact with man. But this is a point on which it is necessary to speak with caution, because we really know very little about it. We do know, however, that the yellow fever mosquito is never found nowadays more than a mile or two from houses. It seems to be practically dependent upon the conditions of civilization.

"The yellow fever mosquito appears to have been originally to the tree-hole tribe—being, that is to say, one of a number of species which under natural conditions prefer to lay their eggs in holes in trees, where rain water accumulates. Of some of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes it may likewise be said that they are seldom found far from human habitations.

"It is somewhat curious to observe how civilization begins by doing away with malaria, and then, when reintroduced, it. In Illinois, Indiana, and other parts of the Middle West, the early settlers suffered greatly from this malady—distributed, as we now know, by mosquitoes. Many of them died of it. But, instead of reducing the land to cultivation, they drained it, and the mosquitoes disappeared to a great extent in consequence, and there was comparatively little malaria. The subsequent development of civilization made possible living, with street gutters and sewer traps, in stagnant water, railroads which afford similar habitats, and various other conditions, not forgetting the use of the present tin can which holds enough rain water to furnish a small but reliable crop of mosquitoes.

These are all females, and those of them that arrive until the coming of warm weather immediately seek for a place to lay their eggs. If a rain-barrel is not at hand, a pail half full of water or a puddle will serve the purpose, the eggs, about 200 in number, being laid on and glued together in raft shape on the surface of the water, where they float until hatched.

A Boston man once sent to us a batch of mosquitoes which he had collected in his cellar, where they had assembled in such numbers that when a kerosene lamp was held up the inside of the glass chimney was soon covered with them to a thickness of half an inch. The cellar was very cold. In one corner was a small furnace pipe, but its warm neighborhood was avoided, the insects gathering in the coldest places. The lower the temperature, the better it seems to suit them for purposes of hibernation. Apparently no extreme of cold will kill them.

No water is too foul, no receptacle too small to serve as a breeding place for this household species. A street gutter, a clogged roof gutter, a tin can, or an open sewer will suit the purposes of *Culex pipiens*. The only requirement is that there shall be water enough to last at least a week, and that it shall not be pure. This mosquito breeds as readily indoors as out. Dr. R. Smith says: "I have found wrigglers in a jar of water forgotten in a pantry, in the water pan of a letter box, in a clogged sink partly filled with water from a flowing faucet, and in fire buckets hanging along the hill of a hotel."

It might be expected from its domestic habits, the marsh mosquito is not much of a traveler. It rarely goes far from the place where it was hatched—being in the respect of an inclination exactly contrary to the marsh mosquitoes, whose migratory swarms pass inland over such great distances. In the heat of the middle and late summer, when their development is very rapid, there commonly appears a brood or two of undersized, very active, and vicious individuals, which usually force the window and door screens, making their way through the meshes—more easily through wire than through cotton or linen net, because the latter is heavy and on that account affords additional obstruction to their passage.

It is always worth while, by the way, when buying mosquito net, to pick out the smallest mesh obtainable. It makes a good deal, and often it is too large. A European investigator, Dr. Arnold, made a rather interesting experiment in this line by covering a number of lidless boxes with mosquito net of as many different meshes. In each box he imprisoned two or three mos-

quitoes. Then, when he went to bed, he put them on a chair by the side of his couch—the idea being to imitate the conditions under which mosquitoes and a sleeping person are separated by a net. As a result, some of the pill boxes were found empty in the morning, and Dr. Arnold had several bites.

"Since the dangerous character of some mosquitoes has come to be known, manufacturers have put on the market portable 'canopies,' which, being folded up when not in use, occupy hardly more space than a fishing rod. Also, if one wishes, he may purchase a mosquito-proof house—most suitable for a traveler in malarious countries—which, when unfolded, affords room enough for occupancy by two persons.

"We are not accustomed to regard the house mosquito as anything worse than an annoyance; yet in the tropics it is the proven carrier and distributor of that dread disease elephantiasis—this malady being attributable to a minute worm which the insect, infected by biting a sufferer from the complaint, introduces into the blood of a healthy person incidentally to a puncture with its beak.

"In rural and suburban districts one often finds the sources of mosquito supply at the very doors of dwelling houses, and usually unsuspected. An experienced observer, Dr. Lugger, once undertook to count the developing mosquitoes in an ordinary rain barrel. On July 6 the water in the barrel was filtered, and found to contain 17,259 eggs, wrigglers and pupae. Sixteen days later, 19,110 additional ones were present. If it be supposed that half of these developed into female mosquitoes, each of which laid 400 eggs, and that twelve generations bred in the course of the summer, it will easily be seen how a large neighborhood might be well supplied with the pests from a single neglected rain-water barrel.

"There are mosquitoes which breed in pitcher plants. I know of a case where a considerable number of 'pitchers' of such plants, found filled with solid ice in winter, were thawed out and yielded two bottles of very lively wrigglers. The latter were imbedded in the ice, so that they could be seen scattered through it. They survived, and finally assumed the winged form, thus throwing an interesting light upon a mode of spending the cold months, which had never been suspected of mosquitoes.

"If one wishes to study closely the intimate habits of mosquitoes while going through their various transformations, their eggs may be obtained with ease by exposing a bucket of water out of doors in a suitable locality on almost any summer night. The egg masses

should be transferred from the bucket to a breeding jar—for which nothing is better than one of the large cylindrical glass jars known as battery jars. Such a receptacle should be big enough to hold about a gallon of water. A layer of sand an inch or two deep is placed in the bottom, and a quart or more of water poured over it. After the sand has settled and the water has cleared, a bit of any small aquatic plant may be inserted to advantage, and over the top of the jar a piece of cheesecloth should be strapped with a rubber band. Thus provided for, the mosquitoes will soon hatch out, and may be observed at leisure.

"As far back as 1874 the fact was established that the whiskers—or, to speak with more strict accuracy, the antennal hairs—of the male mosquito are organs of hearing. Experiments with a tuning fork showed that some of the hairs are specially tuned to respond to vibrations numbering 512 per second, while other hairs vibrate to other notes. These auditory hairs vibrate when the song of the female comes at right angles to them. If the song affects one antenna more than another, the male turns his head until both antennae are affected, and is thus able to determine the exact direction of the female, to which he then flies. It appears that the male can thus guide himself to within five degrees of the exact direction of the female.

"Not long ago an electrical engineer of Jackson, Miss., wrote me that while engaged in some experiments in harmonic telegraphy, in which a musical note of a certain pitch was produced by electrical means, he was amazed to find that when the note was raised to a certain number of vibrations per second, all mosquitoes, not only in the room but from outside, would fly toward the apparatus, striking it with astonishing force. Having covered part of the apparatus with sticky flypaper, he succeeded, after sounding the note for a few seconds, in capturing all the mosquitoes in the vicinity. Then he devised a machine to electrocute mosquitoes, causing them to precipitate themselves when the note was sounded against a wire window screen, through which an alternating current of high potentiality was passed.

"Male mosquitoes are not blood-drinkers, but they are often seen sucking at drops of water or molasses, or beer, or wine. Wine seems to have a markedly intoxicating effect upon them. A colleague of my own, Mr. Schwarz, has made some interesting observations of their beer-guzzling habit, so that it may be said that any accusation of blood-thirstiness brought against the female sex, as illustrated in mosquitoes, may be offset by the circumstance that even with these creatures the male sex is the one that is prone to alcoholism."

The Boy. By Ella Fairchild Bennett.

HOW HE FOUND A MOTHER.

THE Boy had often wondered how it would seem to have a mother, as other boys had. But they did not think it so wonderful, even when they were small and caressed in that fond foolish way some mothers have.

He remembered one experience, an experience wonderful that he could never forget it. One cold day in January, when on his way to school, he met Jack, his boy friend. Jack's mother, a smiling, rosy-faced woman, had insisted upon her son taking overcoat, much against his will, and had buttoned his coat and tucked around his neck a warm soft muffler.

He had objected, he could not see the need of so "muff" on his mother's part, and he was in a hurry to his new sled on the hill back of the school before the morning session opened.

The boy had watched with serious blue eyes as the snow her son to her and kissed his round rosy face. Perhaps she noticed his wistful gaze, for she put her other arm around him, and kissed him too. Then her face flushed with unexpected pleasure. Jack wore a look of annoyance at what his mother had done, but the boy's face shone with a new happiness, and his heart was warm with a glow that it had never known.

That night he had gone to sleep with his small pillow draped in his arms, his cheek pressed close to it in a most pathetic way. He had whispered to it tender words of love, and had called it "Mother."

She smoothed and put it in its proper place. She turned out the light and quietly left the room.

As the boy became familiar with the use of the pen, he began to compose little letters to an imaginary

me six times when I am six years old which will be next week—dear mother I can throw a ball farther than most any other boy I know. I wish so much I could see you and love you. Goodby from your own—Bobby."

One day the boy's father found one of these pitiful little letters. He read it through with eyes that were wet and an ache in his throat. He went to the boy's room to place it carefully in the drawer of his small desk. Here he found other little notes that plainly showed a painstaking effort in correctness and neatness. There wasn't a blot of any kind to mar the simple whiteness of the page. "Poor little motherless kid!" he said half aloud. "Father didn't know."

He went down to the library and locked himself in. He drew from a drawer in his desk a faded photograph of a woman. Long and earnestly he looked at her face; there were the same serious blue eyes and sensitive mouth which he could see every day in the small face of his son. He wondered if he had loved her enough; if he had always been the thoughtful, considerate and kindly companion. But those were busy years, one continual grind for the ever needed dollar. Yes, it was a patient face, but full of a wistful sadness. Strange he had never noticed it before. He wondered if she had not often been lonely when he was gone all day, or many times too weary at night, or too preoccupied with business worries to give her the many little attentions so dear to every wife. He sat a long time in a reverie, and with a real pain in his heart. He wondered if any possible neglect of the happiness in this little woman's life could account for the boy's serious, pensive expression. He glanced from the photograph in hand to the larger one in its gilt frame that stood on his desk—the photograph of another woman. It was a youthful face, although she was past 30 years of age. There was something in her that would grow old slowly and gracefully; her glance confided; the pose of her brown head leaned. Could he do it? Could he take this young life and keep it unchanged?

A few days later the father called the boy to him as he passed the library door. "Robert," he said, "I want you to tell me what you think of this picture." He took from the top of his desk the framed photograph and placed it in the hands of the boy. The large beautiful eyes were radiant with fun. They seemed to laugh into his own eyes, which were far too sad for so small a boy. After a moment's thoughtful study of her girlish beauty, the boy's face brightened, and he smiled into his father's face as he said, "I like her very much father, cause she's happy."

Impulsively the father hugged the boy to him, laying his cheek against his upturned face. "So do I, my son!" he said. "She is happy and beautiful, and sweet, and she likes me, too."

The boy closed his eyes, almost overcome with this sudden display of affection from his father. It was

a new experience, this unexpected food for his hungry soul. He began to think that a father might be almost as wonderful as a mother.

It was in the month of June. Everywhere new fresh green mingled with the varying shades of color and the faint perfume of flowers. The day had been one of spring's triumphs. The evening was more perfect still; flooded with moonlight, with only the drowsy note of the insects to break the stillness of the quiet night. A carriage came up the gravelled driveway leading to the house. It rolled along slowly under the spreading trees and stopped before the broad, deep veranda. A gentleman and lady alighted. They went quickly into the house where a welcome awaited them from Ellen, the housekeeper and nurse, who had been in the boy's home since the time the father brought there his first bride ten years before.

Upstairs, in his little bed, the boy lay watching the fine tracery of slightly moving leaves in the moonlight on his bedroom floor. Presently he heard footsteps on the stairs, the rustle of a woman's skirts, and the light laughter just outside his door, and then—

The boy raised his head, for there in the doorway stood his father and a beautiful lady, who looked at him with the same laughing eyes he had seen in the picture that memorable afternoon. The new sensation of having two warm arms about him and real kisses on his brow, his cheek and mouth, seemed too wonderful to be true. His little heart was full to overflowing; thin arms were clasped tightly around her neck while he whispered: "I love my new mother." He seemed to divine that she was indeed his new mother, the kind he had asked for in his prayers ever since he had been old enough to say them at the faithful Ellen's knee. The faint odor of jasmine lingered caressingly long after they had left the room. Sleep had been temporarily banished; he lay in a kind of dream, blissfully happy—for didn't he, too, have a mother like the other boys?

The next morning, on his way to school, he called for Jack. He carried himself very straight indeed when he walked proudly into where Jack and his mother were busy with his final preparations for school. His thin little face fairly shone as he announced: "I've got a mother, too!"

Jack's mother laughed. She had kept the secret from the boy, and now affected innocence when she said: "Have you, dear? And how do you like her? Is she pretty?"

In his quaint little way he replied: "I like her very much, and I think she is just lovely."

Jack's mother laughed again. "You dear, foolish little boy!" she said, and then, much to Jack's disapproval, she stooped and gathered the boy into her arms as she impulsively kissed his happy little face, transfigured by the thought that he was no longer motherless.

The Woman of 25,000 Shoes.

By Richard Spillane.

STORY OF A GREAT SUCCESS.

A WOMAN never knows what she can do until she is put to the test. The test came to Susan Daniels comparatively early in her married life. Her husband was in business downtown. He had contracts with most of the big shoe concerns. A fair number of persons who buy shoes wear out the soles before the uppers are impaired, and find it advantageous to have the shoes repaired rather than buy new ones. Sometimes there is an imperfection in the upper, and an artistic bit of mending will make the shoe as good as new, or nearly so.

Mrs. Daniels's husband had his workshop in the heart of the business district, and shoe people sent their repair jobs to him. His workmen half-soled and heeled, or full-soled and heeled, or patched the uppers, or made such alterations as were necessary, and the shoes went back to the dealers. The shoe men got a stiff price and Mr. Daniels got a fair price. He did such a large volume of business than he made a good deal of money. Millions of shoes are sold in New York each year. Tens of thousands are repaired. Mr. Daniels had the work of a majority of the big companies whose stores are scattered about Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. But just when things seemed brightest for him in a business way his health failed. A physician told him he couldn't stand the rigors of the winters in New York. He went to Florida. When he returned in the spring he seemed little better, but that summer he had to go to Saratoga, and the next winter he had to go to Florida again, and the next summer he had to go to the Adirondacks. Then he died.

Illness is an awful drain. Winters in Florida and summers in Saratoga and the Adirondacks are very expensive. A business, no matter how well organized, will go to pieces unless it has a directing head who watches after its affairs with care and intelligence.

The first winter that Mr. Daniels went to Florida Mrs. Daniels went to the shop. She knew nothing about business, and her husband's line had no particular attraction for her. She thought, however, she might be of some use. If the business did not go on and did not make money the physicians' bills could not be met, the nurses could not be paid and her husband could not stop at the hotels where he would receive the best of food and attention.

Mr. Daniels was opposed to her going to the shop, but she was so insistent that he humored her. She might do some good and she couldn't do much harm, he thought. It eased her mind a bit to think she was doing something for the general welfare. She never had kept books and could not tell good leather from bad, but it was better for her to be at the office and nominally, at least, acting as the head of the establishment, she believed, than to remain at home brooding over her husband's illness and wondering how he was getting on among strangers in the South.

After a time she learned how to keep the accounts and gradually she picked up a little knowledge about the other ends of the business. Her husband had an excellent foreman, a conscientious, able, good man, who was devoted to his employer and who sympathized with the efforts of the wife to do what little she could to safeguard the business.

Mr. Daniels resumed charge of affairs after his first winter in the South, but had to give up within a few months and go away. The second winter his condition was so serious that all the details were kept from him, so he would have no business worries to bother about. That second winter Mrs. Daniels learned so much of the office and shop work that she felt competent to assume control in full. She kept the books, looked after the correspondence, directed the work of the employees, made collections and did everything just as her husband had done. She worked many hours a day, saved every penny she could, and practiced the most rigid economy—downtown and uptown.

There was greater and greater need for earnings. Illness is very expensive. It is excessively so when physicians of the highest reputation are called and everything that medical skill and love can suggest is done to save or prolong life. When Mr. Daniels died nearly all the money that had come from the business was gone. She had nothing left except the business, and its value was dependent entirely upon how she managed it. There was nothing that might be termed a plant, and what worth there was to the establishment consisted of that elastic and sometimes intangible thing known as good will.

It is eleven years since Mr. Daniels died. The eleven years have taught much to the widow. It was not long after her husband's death that she had reason for fright. There were some other persons in the repair line who looked with rather jealous eyes upon the trade her husband had built up. They thought it was a good opportunity, now that he was dead, to get hold of it. They did not believe a woman was fitted for such a business. They knew what she got for her work from the big shoe companies, they knew about what it cost her to make repairs, and they could give a shrewd guess as to how much profit she was making. She did all her work by hand. She believes there is no com-

parison between the virtue of hand sewing and machine sewing. Hand work costs more than machine work, and the men who wanted to get the trade away from her knew they could do the repairs cheaper, and that they could afford to underbid her. They went to the big companies and submitted proposals. The figures they presented must have been quite attractive, although the companies had a rake-off under their contracts with Mrs. Daniels that should have been satisfying. There must be a lot of profit in the shoe business if the margin is as large on the sale of a new shoe as it is on the repair of an old one.

The companies charge the customer \$1.25 for half-soiling and heelng. Mrs. Daniels did the work for the companies for 85 cents. The companies charged their patrons \$1.50 for full soiling and heelng. Mrs. Daniels did the work for the company for 90 cents. That was not all. She did all the patching for the companies for nothing. The gentlemen who wanted to take Mrs. Daniels's business away from her cut the price on half-soiling and heelng to 70 cents or lower. Their price for full soiling and heelng was cut proportionately. Mrs. Daniels urged upon the companies the value of hand repairing over machine repairing and explained that the profit to her under the contracts was only reasonable. She was willing to shave her figures a little, but not to the extent necessary to meet her competitors. Some of the companies considered the subject at length and then informed her that if she did not meet the prices of the other bidders they would take their work from her.

In a business way this ultimatum forced upon Mrs. Daniels the most desperate situation she ever had to encounter. By giving up hand work and putting in machines she could cut the price to her competitors' level, but she would lower the grade of her work. If she persisted in sewing by hand she would lose the contracts and the bulk of her business and probably would be forced to the wall. She is mild of voice and not strong physically, but she has a lot of courage. She stuck to her standard. She let the contracts go.

It was mighty hard and uphill work for a long time after that. Possibly there were times when she thought it would have been better if she had submitted. It is bitter to have to discharge men who have worked for you for years. It is difficult sometimes to meet the pay rolls when there is the greatest need of showing a good front. Not all the shoe companies deserted her, however, and some of those that abrogated their contracts went a little work to her. There were a lot of old customers, too. These were men who had given their trade to her husband long before she had ever been in the office. They wanted their shoes repaired in the old-fashioned way which had been the custom of the house from its establishment. Best of all, however, there was a dealer down in the Wall street district who makes shoes for bankers and brokers, millionaires and men of much money. You cannot get a pair of shoes in his place for less than \$5. Usually the price is nearer \$10. You wouldn't suppose so, but those bankers and brokers have their shoes repaired just as regularly as do the men who have to count their nickels and dimes. The shoe man of Wall street gave his repair work to Mr. Daniels, and he has continued since Daniels's death to give the work to Mrs. Daniels. No one ever has been able to win his trade away from the woman who sticks to the old-fashioned way of repairing shoes.

If the men who schemed to get the contracts of the companies away from Mrs. Daniels thought they were getting rid of a competitor when they succeeded in getting the contract trade, they were mistaken—very much so. They were happy for a time, but not for long. They had lots of complaints lodged against them. The shoe companies, too, had a good deal of trouble. Mrs. Daniels didn't know anything about this. She was bending all her energies to building up a private trade that would fill a little of the hole made in the volume of business she had lost. It's a hard and a slow process to develop a private business in her line, but it is ensured once it is obtained.

She met every customer, looked after every piece of work, kept every promise and never allowed a faulty job to leave her shop. She studied shoes and she studied how people walked. She used her brains. She worked early and late, and slowly but surely she made progress. She had to be very economical at this time. Every dollar had to be watched, but when she was on secure ground at last she gave evidence of the fact that her vision was broadening. She saw opportunities for development, and she proceeded to take advantage of them.

There are a lot of athletic clubs in New York and vicinity. There are a great number of gymnasiums. Gentlemen who go in for physical culture and who have ideas on the line of what they call the manly art of self-defense, are fond of swatting a punching bag now and then. A punching bag will stand just about so much of ill treatment, and then it will protest by bursting a seam or ripping itself open. Mrs. Daniels let all the athletic clubs' managers, all the gymnasium instructors and all the other people interested in punching bags, know that she could doctor a sick punch-

ing bag until it was fit for a bout with Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson or any one else. As proof of the correctness of her statement she has stitched thousands of punching bags back to usefulness.

Traveling bags have a habit of getting cut, or burst. She entered the field of repairing traveling bags.

There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of baseballs used in the United States each year. Few of them get ripped or torn before they have been used an hour. She makes a specialty of restoring baseball covers to their original condition.

It was natural, perhaps, that other branches of the sporting business should come to her. She has no department now for the repair of baseball shoes, golf shoes, rowing shoes, bowling shoes, running shoes. She probably does more work of this character than any dozen other persons. Catchers' gloves, fielders' gloves, footballs, and anything or everything in the indoor line in sporting games she repairs. She has taken, too, repair work in rubber footwear, but mostly, so far, in rubber soles and rubber heels.

Mrs. Daniels is as proud of her business as if she were the head of a great and fashionable establishment in Fifth or Madison avenue. She prides herself not only on being the only woman in her line in America, but of doing the biggest business of any one in that field. She has her offices and her shop on the fourth floor of a big skyscraper in Fulton street. Each year she does a larger and larger business done by her. She does a moderate amount of trade from the big shoe companies, but she is so secure in her private trade and in the business of dealers outside of the big companies that now she is serene. She repairs from 25,000 to 30,000 shoes a year. The number of punching bags, traveling bags, baseballs, baseball shoes, baseball gloves, golf shoes, rowing shoes, bowling shoes and the like that she makes over in the course of a year would fill a warehouse. She is at home in the office or in the shop. She knows leather and she knows shoes. She has a lot of workmen and she treats them well. She is prosperous and fairly independent. She is a thoroughly going business woman today, but she has come one from necessity and not from choice.

As she looks back now, Mrs. Daniels realizes that in clinging to the standard that was old-fashioned and honest, she did the wisest thing of her business career. It meant days of struggle, times of doubt, days of wear and almost of despair, but it was the right and the only way. Had she been weak enough to try to meet competition by installing machines and doing machine work, she probably never would have had the measure of success that has come to her in clinging to the better method. She has won respect and confidence, and has made her self secure.

Her business is a queer one for a gentleman, but she has given a humble example of business enterprise, business courage and business honesty that may serve as a guide to many other women who are entering the varied fields of business in these days.

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A Youthful Monopolist.

[Columbus correspondence Indianapolis, Ind.—Ralph James is only 14 years old, but already he has his own ideas regarding finance and how to obtain the greatest amount of money with the least possible exertion.

Rain fell in torrents here Saturday, closing the sewer and making a lake of the public square. The town was crowded with farmers whose horses were hitched at the rack in the square. When the time came to go home the farmers found they would have to walk through water knee deep to reach their horses. It was that young James arrived. He would catch the horses and drive them to dry land at a charge of 25 cents for each horse, a modest request but the farmers balked.

Some suggested a dime, while others thought 15 cents would be about right. "Two bits or nothing," said James. "I have the monopoly on this job. Pay me my price or get your own horses." The farmers paid, and James has sufficient money to buy a new suit of clothes if he happens to want one.

Song to Pittsburgh.
Sing a song of Pittsburgh.
Boat around your eyes.
Aldermen are bargains.
But Senators come high.
Millyuns in the parlor.
Counting out his money.
Or, in his big auto,
Eloping with his honey.
Rags and dirt and squalor,
Gems and gowns by Worth.
Town a very Babel,
All the tongues of earth.
Masters of tomorrow.
Dig the ditch today.
Anyway to get it—
Then the Great White Way.

—[Walter G. Doty, Jr.]

Illustrated

A MEETI
OU dear
boyishly,
the great
not. "I can't t
in my wild-and-w
"To a good de
John, stretching
"A chap acquires
"True your coll
laughed Melvin, p
lined table and
big moon face that
the sky depths of
"I don't remember
"Lew-Griffith, Pra
"A blanket! Pu
"I am in a sling for
"Bye-bye, had
"sister?"

"The one that c
"Top," Norton
"And what do yo
"With Kitty Carson
"That prophecy.
"At the tin, and yo
"A harness with
"Say, Billy, I ne
"yourself?"

"Not yet." Norton
"I am at his cigar.
"Run, Jippy, but a
"Can't find the
"Worse luck—ca
"That is rubbing
through the litter
"Oh, I'll win ou
"You see, up to n
"Very jolly in th
"But the governor
"Left college tied
"In this other litt
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"Advertising a com
"We really apprec
"The goods carefully
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"Little girl on God's
"worth living if I ha
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"Leaving wings of s
"Not having the
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"We only plan our rail
"heart to heart talk,
"at your little statio
"over ticket until
"Lakewood, I've a
"anything."

"We're away, Billy
"It isn't exactly
"Meat," said Norton
"in her heart. She
"Never expects to
"to meet have been
"take a girl's hand
"What's a girl's hand
"He shook a fist a
"Of course the p
"He wouldn't have
"me so to bloom
"had enough to prev
"now he
"in all alone, I
"The clenched fist
"Maybe there's w
"he smiled. "S
"He's that old-fa
"I don't know me l
"that summer
"only didn't you
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"a hardshell c
"of his life does
"A man's life does
"He's been a fool
"He'll it, his back
"the mantel scraf
"I used to have
"Oh, I know I used
"in the world."

"A snapping splitt
"who to give a long
"Song to Pittsburgh.
"Sing a song of Pittsburgh.
"Boat around your eyes.
"Aldermen are bargains.
"But Senators come high.
"Millyuns in the parlor.
"Counting out his money.
"Or, in his big auto,
"Eloping with his honey.
"Rags and dirt and squalor,
"Gems and gowns by Worth.
"Town a very Babel,
"All the tongues of earth.
"Masters of tomorrow.
"Dig the ditch today.
"Anyway to get it—
"Then the Great White Way.

The Other Man. By May C. Ringwalt.

MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

"O dear old Indian, you!" exclaimed Melvin laishly, as he gave a kick at the backlog in the great open fireplace and heaped on more. "I can't take in yet that you are actually here Wild-and-woolly-West shanty!"

"A good deal to take in, my boy," chuckled Billy, stretching his pudgy hands towards the blaze. "I acquired considerable airdupois out in the oil of finance and taxicabs." "Your college days were big with promise, Billy," said Melvin, perching cross-legged on the end of a stool and looking beamingly down into the eyes of the shack's one armchair. "Jove! I remember that freshman night when we fell with Pratt, Hopkins, and I—tried to toss you about! Poor old Griff went about with an aching for the rest of the semester!"

"Well, had you heard that Griff married Pratt's son that came on for the Junior Prom?"

"Norton struck a match and lighted his cigar. "What do you suppose, Jip? Hopkins paired off with Carson—the red-headed girl who gave the prophecy. She's not much on looks, but she's in, and you know Hops is just the chap who'd be in with plenty of jingle."

"Billy, I never thought to ask—are you married now?"

"Norton smiled quizzically between slow puffs of his cigar. "I've been 'getting married' for three years, but so far haven't quite hit it off."

"Well, can't suit the girl I've found."

"I'm rubbing it in!" laughed Melvin, rummaging the litter on the table for his favorite pipe.

"I'll win out in the end!" Billy laughed back. "Up to now I've been handicapped. It was only Billy in the old boy to do it," he explained, "the governor taking me into the firm as soon as he tied me down to shop, and I tried to carry on other little business by correspondence. Of course it didn't work. Love letters are well enough for getting a commodity in advance, but before she appreciates a bargain a woman has to look twice carefully over herself. That's what brought me to San Francisco."

"Well, you didn't close the deal?"

"Norton's eyes twinkled into laughing slits.

"For spot cash. But the situation is hopeful. I'm in for consideration. At the end of a week I'll be back from Los Angeles for my answer."

"Well, in his eyes softened into a tender light. I don't mind admitting to you, Jip, that all joking aside, I'm pretty hard hit. She's the dearest, sweetest girl on God's green earth and life wouldn't seem worth living if I had to give her up."

"A moment's silence drifted between them on soft, wisps of smoke.

"The loving the remotest idea that you were on this road to the Rockies," Norton began again, "I didn't expect our railroad smash-up for the purpose of a heart talk, but since we bumped into each other at our little station in this jolly way and I have a stop-over, until that other engine gets down from the west, I've a notion to make a clean breast of it."

"Well, exactly a case of not measuring up to her expectations," Norton, slowly. "There's somebody else she knew the fellow only a little while.

"She's been that irresistible, magnetic sort that makes a girl's spicy by storm, and women are such

"I struck a fist at the blazing fire.

"The puppy didn't care a hang for her or have dropped from sight. That's what has become mad. He's meddled with her life

"I have to prevent any other man from making her father's dead, and the poor little girl is all alone in the world."

"There's where Billy Norton will finally come in," Melvin said. "She has to have somebody to cling to, old-fashioned, womanly sort of girl, and not me longer than anybody out here. Ever since summer we spent together at Bar Harbor, you didn't you shut me up before, Jip? My sensible must bore you tremendously. I was so much an old pal to confide in. I quite forgot you a baseball crab that never looked at a girl for years at college."

"He doesn't end at college, Billy."

"I don't mean, Jip, that you—"

"I have a fool and all the rest of it? Yes,"

"He knocked out his pipe, and began slowly to turn his back to the fireplace, an elbow leaning

"I know I used to laugh at such things! But that

"I came to California and found—the only

"I took a long tug at his pipe.

"I've already told you about the attack of pneumonia my last summer at home and Doc Gilmer's panic over my staying in Chicago," he resumed. "Doc was always a fidgety old idiot and I've wondered since if I wasn't in too much of a hurry in pulling up stakes. But when one person leads you to the brink of a precipice there is generally somebody else to shove you over. The same August, Aunt Caroline died and left me the ranch. That settled it. I took the leap into the dark."

"From the romantic hint at the beginning of your story, Jip, I inferred the breaking loose from back East was to be a moonlight experience."

"The moonlight wasn't turned on, old boy, until I reached San Francisco. Fate pressed the button at exactly twenty-seven minutes past six on the night of my arrival. I had just given my order for dinner when the only-girl-in-the-world and a white-haired old gentleman in evening togs entered the hotel cafe and were shown to their seats directly opposite me at the same little table. At the very first glimpse, Billy, her loveliness dazzled me. There was that radiant bloom of youth about her that an older woman tries to make up for by her jewels. She had evidently returned late from a tea and come directly in without going to her room. Her enveloping cloak of soft, shimmering gray stuff with its high collar sloping down from the pink little lobe of her ear to the curve of her chin brought out the vivid coloring of her face as her large black hat with drooping plumes brought out the rich gold of her hair. But after all it was her beautiful eyes that did the work. Were they gray or hazel or blue? For the life of me I couldn't decide. Then she threw back her wrap and as she fingered the blue-purple flowers pinned at her breast I knew that her eyes were violet."

"That's the advantage of having a poet in the family!" ejaculated Norton. "The little girl I was telling you about has just such eyes, but whenever I've attempted to describe them I've been stumped."

"It was love at first sight," Melvin went on in a strained voice, "but the more I saw of her the more adorable she became. In a day or two, I managed to get an introduction to the old gentleman—after that it was plain sailing. For three little weeks of bliss we were thrown together in most intimate fashion, then I finished up the legal business that had detained me in San Francisco and came here. That's all."

"I don't understand?"

"It doesn't take a very complicated diagram to explain!" There was a hard, bitter note in Melvin's forced laugh. "The moment I saw the ranch I knew I had a white elephant on my hands. A sick one at that. Half the trees dead from neglect. New irrigating ditches to be dug. New piping imperative. In short, I'm mortgaged up to my eyebrows. Fancy a beggar like me marrying a girl accustomed to a life of ease and pleasure and all the gilt-edged advantages that money can give! I may be a fool, Billy, but I'm not a cad."

"And the girl? She was willing to give you up just because you were down on your luck?"

"Fortunately, I hadn't committed myself. You see everything had been so sudden. I didn't want to take her too much by surprise. Was waiting until I was sure that I had won her confidence, her friendship, before asking for the greater gift of her love."

"With a start, Norton leaned eagerly forward.

"But she knows the situation here? Can guess why you are silent? You've written her—"

"One letter—that I burned."

The light from an open fire sometimes plays queer tricks—as Norton leaned back in his chair his face suddenly looked white and old.

"It was the kindest thing that I could have done, Billy," Melvin insisted. "Perhaps she was a bit hurt at first that after my apparent devotion I didn't take the trouble to drop her a line. But she was accustomed to a great deal of attention. I was only one of many. Once I did think of writing the colonel, but—"

"The colonel?" echoed Billy, again leaning forward, his elbow on his knee, his hand shading his face from the blaze.

"Her father, you know. He was a retired army officer."

"You don't mean Col. Slocum, Jip?"

There was a muffled sound to Norton's voice as though he were speaking from behind the hand that shielded his eyes.

"Why, yes, I do! Is it possible that you know the colonel, Billy?"

"I knew the colonel, Jip. He died six weeks ago."

"The colonel dead? And Shirley—Do you know Shirley, too? Did you see her when you were in San Francisco? Is she ill—broken down with grief? Who is taking care of her?"

"Yes, I know Shirley. She and I—have been friends for a long time. She is keeping up bravely, but she looks like a little white ghost, poor child. And no one is taking care of her—she hasn't given any one the right yet, Jip. It's still up to you."

"Don't, Billy, don't!" murmured Melvin, pacing the floor. "You forget there's the colonel's damned money to separate us!"

"He lost every penny in a wildcat mining speculation, Jip. It was that that killed him. His little girl hasn't anything except what she earns giving music lessons."

"Shirley poor—earning her own living, and the man who loves her with two strong arms to work for her, with a home to shelter her in, with—"

The country stillness of the ranch was suddenly broken by a shrieking whistle, the clanging of a bell, a rushing swish of sound.

"The engine from Bakersfield!" exclaimed Melvin. "I had no idea they'd get it here so soon."

Norton rose and gazed bewilderingly about him as though roughly aroused from a dream.

"Here's your overcoat, old boy," said Melvin, holding out the garment and a helping hand. "I'm awfully sorry to have you hurry away like this, but you don't know how much your little visit has meant to me."

"It has meant a great deal to me, too, Jip—far more than you guess."

As though still in a daze, Norton took slow, shuffling steps toward the door that the owner of the shack had already swung open, then turned, and looked back.

"I shall often think of this little room, Jip, with its bright, blazing fire—and you and somebody else sitting together before it."

He straightened his drooping figure, squared his shoulders, and upon the full moon face lifted with a smile to the tall, handsome man towering above him there was suddenly a strange new dignity.

"Jippy," he said quietly, "I want you to promise me right now that you will go to San Francisco tonight."

Butter Making.

[Philadelphia Record:] Butter-making is one of the industries which is gradually slipping away from the farms to the factories. It is a great relief of household drudgery to send the milk to the creameries and condenseries instead of churning it at home. There were 1,620,766,000 pounds of butter, valued at \$405,000,000, produced on farms and factories in the United States in 1909. Of the grand total reported, the quantity produced on farms was 996,001,000 pounds, valued at \$225,544,000. Factories produced 624,765,000 pounds, valued at \$179,510,000. Butter manufactured by farmers' cooperative creameries is included in the figures for factories. Among the States Wisconsin ranked first in total production, with 131,049,000 pounds, valued at \$36,628,000. It was first also with 103,885,000 pounds valued at \$29,547,000 produced in factories. In total production Iowa ranked second, Minnesota third, Pennsylvania fourth, Michigan fifth, Ohio sixth, Illinois seventh, New York eighth and Texas ninth. Texas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana show a much greater farm production than factory output, and rank in the order written. Minnesota, Iowa and New York, in the order named, rank after Wisconsin in showing a factory production much larger than credited to their farms.

As country roads are improved the milk product of the country will be more and more handled by machinery. A census taken at this time would show a still further decrease of farm as compared with factory production.

Women as After-Dinner Speakers.

[Harper's Bazar:] It is always the plaint of every generation of diners that after-dinner speaking is on the decline. In this day and generation, however, the eternal feminine has come to the rescue. At recent dinners, where both men and women have spoken, it has been common comment that of the two the women were the better speakers.

One clever man, after a dinner in New York, where the women carried off all the post-prandial honors, explained it thus: "The women are not such egotists. Every man felt himself the star of the evening. So he insisted on talking for twenty minutes and more, till the whole table was weary of him. The women had sense. They got up, talked brilliantly for just five minutes and then sat down, leaving everybody anxious for more."

Age-long training tells. For generations the women in every normal family have sat and listened to the favorite stories of their fathers, brothers and husbands. They have learned the long, irrelevant preludes to an anecdote, the dreary delays and advances up to its point; the boresome, flat epilogues.

They have been told patronizingly that "no woman knows how to tell a good story." And, meanwhile, in their gracious, gentle role of audience they have laid to heart that precious knowledge "how not to do it." The result, while temporarily astonishing to man, makes woman smile—and understand.

It Is Not Raining Rain to Me.

It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining oil around!

The road is sprayed, the dust is laid,

The modern method found:

They smear the way afresh each day,

They smudge the hedges, too;

It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining gum and glue.

It is not raining rain to me,

It's raining pitch and tar

That sticks the boot of either foot,

And speeds the touring car.

The dusty street is obsolete,

And all the way to town

The road is wet and black as jet;

It's raining greases down.

—[Seymour Barnard, in New York Sun.]

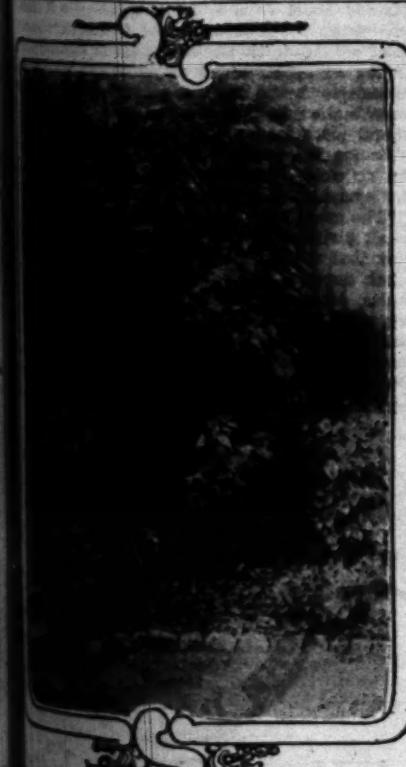
and secure them. It matters not how severely you prune the Ampelopsis and similar vines; one cut can cause them injury. Cut back the offensive parts of these vines and allow the architecture to dominate.

• • •

ICAL plant grower wishes to know if ferns may be identified, and how it is done. While it is possible to do so to a limited extent, the task is not so certain of results as in the case of flowering plants. There are, at least 4000, that we need no hybrids. In flowering plants the pollen is transferred from one to another, but with ferns the spores (similar to those of the first sown and fertilization takes place in the prothallus stage. The method is to "chance it." Sow together the several closely-related species, all of one genus, and trust to luck to obtain new ferns through self-sowing. No other method will pay for time and, probably the one suggested will not, even though crosses be obtained.

• • •

EGYPTIAN mythology we read the story of the Narcissus or, as it is Latinized: Narcissus, the name of the daffodil family. This frail youth is said to have fallen in love with his own image in the water as he stooped to drink. He came back to the pool, and finally pined away as Echo had done. The wood nymphs came and laid their hair over his body to prepare it for burial.



OUR GARDEN FOR ASPARAGUS AND BIGNONIAS.

When they came to bear it away, it could not be found in its place was a wondrous daffodil, and these flowers love the waterside, seem to be where they may see their own reflection in the mirrored surface. So from oldest times has been the emblem of self-love.

• • •

Electro-culture of plant life has progressed a slight degree further we may be able to produce in Los Angeles or elsewhere, all the tricks of plant growth demonstrated by the Hindu *Yogis*. Following out suggestions offered by Prof. Oliver Lodge, two German students recently presented before the Royal Botanic Society of Berlin showed wondrous results of scientific investigation and research, as well as exhaustive experiments.

In one instance, wheat grains were caused to germinate in fifteen minutes. A number of dry grains were placed in a fine layer of earth upon a copper plate, and the plate with an insecticide were subjected to an electric current. At the conclusion of the experiment, the grains were examined and declared by many of the most distinct signs of germination. The experiment showed that not only could electrical energy be used to hasten the initial development of the seed, but food could be "pumped" into weak plants to protect them from external and internal parasitic attack.

Electro-culture employed was capable of producing a current of low tension or high frequency. The former was used for germination and the latter for protection and parasitic extermination. The promoters of the demonstration claim to have discovered an insect which, while deadly in its effect upon insects

and mammalian life, has no effect upon plant life, and that, once a plant is treated, it becomes permanently immune against parasitic attack. The poison leaves the plant through its skin within six weeks of its application.

Ornamental Fountains.

A FOUNTAIN should be a garden ornament; a statement that needs to be kept in mind, for almost every one knows of fountains that are neither garden ornaments nor ornamental in themselves. A very excellent rule is never to set up a fountain unless it is good and beautiful in itself, and fills a definite place in the garden scheme. Do not, on any event, use it simply because it happens to be handy. Falling water is always beautiful, and the function of a fountain is to introduce falling water into the garden—a result that is not the less true because it must first be projected upward before it can come down. Everything in this device should look toward beauty. The fountain itself should be good to look upon, whether it be a simple vase, a fish, bird or human figure. The more complicated the device the more difficult the artistic problems involved; for the human figure is of all subjects, the most difficult for the artist. If human figures are used, they must be well done, or it would be better to break up the fountain and discard it altogether. The water part must also be well arranged, and adopted in volume and in form to the structure of the fountain. Finally, it must be so placed as to harmonize with the garden scheme.

Over-Watering Plants.

IT IS not easily understood by some that plants can be over-watered. But the fact is, they may be literally drowned—and this often happens. The position of water in the life-workings of a plant is chiefly that of carrier—it is taken up by the roots, carries food to all parts of the plant and mostly passes off into the atmosphere through the leaves. This routine is necessary—without it, growth cannot be made, while a surplus of water brings decay of the parts in touch with the excess. The times when over-watering is most possible are when a plant is without leaves, dormant or nearly so, and water cannot be used speedily; when the soil is heavy and does not give up the moisture quickly; when a plant has been recently transplanted and new feeding fibers have not been formed to take up the moisture; and when evergreens are in question, the leaves of which do not pass the water so readily. House plants may suffer for lack of regular watering if the atmosphere be warm; or they may have too much water if the conditions are as described. Transplanted plants like moisture, to give them a start, and usually take a thorough soaking; but that once is all that is needed, and that the plant can well stand. Just a little of fore-thought and study are needed to make evident a plant's needs, and its limitations; and there is really but little excuse for over-watering, yet strange to say it is a more common occurrence than many would suppose.

Agricultural Ariettes.

A Munich professor says that flowers are sensitive to music.—News note.

Now the ever gay commuter
Can become a little cuter,
Have the time of all his life,
Throw away his pruning knife,
Buy himself, when in New York,
A horticultural tuning fork,
Make the bashful budlets shoot
By performing on the flute,
Woo the roses, red and yellow,
With a tune upon the 'cello,
Charm the immature tomato
With a corner obligato,
Cheer the cabbages' dejection
With a piccolo selection,
Warble madrigals and glee
To appreciative peas,
Diggings, watering are archaic,
Out of fashion and prosaic;
Don't in future seek the aid
Of the trowel and the spade,
Till the garden right along
With the latest comic song,
While your most immediate neighbors
Excuse your tuneful labors!

—[La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.]

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[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Willie-Paw, what is the gentler sex?

Paw—In this country it is the female sex, but in England it seems to be the male sex.

TUEC

The remarkable value of a VACUUM AIR CLEANING SYSTEM for factories, stores, laundries, livery stables—all kinds of commercial and industrial concerns—is just beginning to be appreciated in LOS ANGELES, because it is just beginning to be known.

THE INCREASE OF EFFICIENCY, THE ECONOMY OF LABOR, THE IMPROVED APPEARANCE AND IMPROVED SANITARY CONDITION of such establishments would repay them beyond belief for their investment in the cleaning system that we have to offer. They have this one advantage in having waited until this time to secure a vacuum cleaning system—they can now secure A PERFECTED SYSTEM.

Experiments are over, and while almost any vacuum cleaner is better than none, we believe that the TUEC IS THE PERFECTED SYSTEM, and we believe that we can convince you that this is the fact. Come in, and let us demonstrate—seeing is believing, with the TUEC.

From the ROYAL LAUNDRY, PASADENA, we have the following letter:

May 21, 1912.

TUEC STATIONARY AIR CLEANING SYSTEM.

Gentlemen: Yes, we will recommend your air cleaning system. Our laundry is much cleaner than it ever was by the old system. By the old system, we had to work half the night to get the plant clean for the next day. By your system, cleaning can go on any time. Day cleaning is not an objection any more, as it raises no dust to send home to our patrons. As a matter of sanitation, there is no comparison.

Yours,
THE ROYAL LAUNDRY COMP'Y, PASADENA.

From many industrial establishments in the East, where the TUEC is in use, we have splendid written testimony on its value.

A large clothing company in Columbus, Ohio, writes that they "are at a loss to understand how large stores can get along without it"—that they use the cleaner every night and find it has "practically eliminated all of our dust."

The Akron Automatic Telephone Co. writes that the "TUEC system surpasses their most sanguine expectations in the cleaning of automatic switches."

The proprietor of a large livery barn where the TUEC is used to clean the horses, reports that he could not afford, and could not be induced to go back to the old way.

DEPARTMENT STORES—FURNITURE STORES—STORES OF ALL KINDS—FACTORIES—LAUNDRIES—LIVERY—every concern that ever needs thorough cleaning

Investigate the TUEC!

Investigate the TUEC before you pipe your building, for if you put in pipes that are too small, you can not get efficient cleaning.

The machine is stationary—placed generally in the basement. Piping connects it with all floors of the building, and the hose, with cleaning tool, is attached to convenient intakes in the pipes. Through the pipes the dust and dirt and foul air are carried out of the room, noiselessly, easily, without disturbing the workers and in the same room. For further details about this wonderfully simple and economical machine, see

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Los Angeles, California.

Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Poultry Plant.

BUILDINGS, EQUIPMENT, APPLIANCES, FEEDING AND CARETAKING.

THE poultry plant here described consists of five acres of land, which originally was planted to seedling oranges. As the better varieties of budded fruit were introduced these became less profitable, and have in consequence been pretty much removed, retaining here and there a tree for shade in the poultry runs, each of which enjoys from one to three trees, affording just enough of sunshine and shade to insure the comforts of the birds at all seasons of the year.

feet wide with alley, and four feet wide, same as other laying houses. Here 150 pullets are being put to the test as egg machines this year. There is an incubator cellar 16x30 feet, with brooder house above, operated with a brooder stove which burns distillate. In this house a thousand or more chicks are cared for with less work than is usual with the hot-water system. In the cellar seven incubators with a combined capacity of 2800 eggs are economically operated.

This incubator and brooder-house, run by an electric motor for pumping water for irrigating lawn and garden and operating a green bone and alfalfa cutter for preparing Biddy's daily ration, completes the list of buildings.

grown under careful and conservative management its present dimensions, with a weekly output of eight to ten cases of eggs. The sale of live stock, eggs for incubation and carcass, will make it a remunerative agricultural enterprise. This again illustrates that when the right man makes a business it invariably leads to satisfactory and remunerative returns for capital invested, and the labor expended.

A Good Appointment.

The general live-stock industry and the poultry breeders and breeders are certainly fortunate in the appointment of D. O. Lively of Portland, Oregon, to an important position of chief of the department of live stock for the World's Fair in San Francisco in 1915. In commenting on his selection, so high an authority as the Breeders' Gazette, of which Alvin H. Steele is the responsible head, says that "it is a capital appointment and guarantees an intelligent, energetic and successful conduct of the show. Mr. Lively, who is the president of the Portland Stock Yards, acquired his stock-show experience at Ft. Worth, and in 1910 participated in the organization of the International. In three years' residence on the Coast he has given great impetus to the upbuilding of stock breeding, and the San Francisco exposition was planned a year ago when a demand arose from coast breeders for Mr. Lively as chief of the stock department. Col. C. F. Miller, who was chief of live stock at the St. Louis exposition, accepted an appointment as chairman of the live stock committee in the stock department. A complete classification is thus assured, and it is believed that liberal prize money will be offered."

Among Mr. Lively's first official utterances was the following pertinent paragraph, in which he expresses the sympathy and support of the poultry breeders.

"The great improvement that has been made in all divisions of live stock will be shown in the display that will be made at San Francisco. In the stock department there will be shown horses, mules, dairy and beef cattle, sheep, goats, swine, poultry, pet stock, dogs and cats. We will strive for excellence in every department. We will be given the space necessary, and climatically San Francisco is the ideal location for animals and fowl of every kind including fowl."



Section of Magnolia Farm trap-nest houses.



Open-front laying house, showing 200 pullets.

The plant produces much of the green food essential to the prosperity of its feathered inhabitants, and the labor is chiefly confined to Mr. Hosford, the owner, and his family.

The houses on Magnolia Poultry Farm present a study in evolution from the small lath coop, now covered with burlap which housed his first dozen hens, through various styles of shed-roof houses and houses having one high side with short roof, and one low side with long roof, to the more modern continuous house plan with four-foot alley from which all feeding, cleaning and harvesting of eggs is done. These are sixteen feet wide and four-foot alley with trough at the bottom for feeding and leaving twelve feet wide scratching shed and roosting-room. Just above feed trough is a platform for nests about eighteen inches from the ground. Above the nests is the droppings board with perches above. A door opens up to allow droppings to be removed directly into wheelbarrow in the alley. Coops for breaking up broody hens are placed at intervals for convenience on the ground under the nests. This style of house, for comfort and convenience to fowls and the attendant, has much to commend it. All are open front, six feet high at eaves, front and back.

The trap-nest house is fifty-four feet long and sixteen

feet wide with a high front entrance. At present there are about 300 laying hens on the farm, and the egg yield averages about 450 eggs during the height of the egg-laying season. On this ranch the hens are given in the morning a little Kaffir corn or other whole-wheat grain, throwing it in the litter to induce exercise in the cool of the day. A dry mash in hoppers is kept before the fowls at all times, and clean, fresh water in crocks, one-gallon or one-and-a-half-gallon size for the larger pens. These crocks are washed and refilled twice a day or oftener if weather is uncomfortably warm. At noon the bill of fare calls for green bone and meat scraps ground fine, and bran or some of the dry mash, mixing it quite dry so that the hens cannot eat it too fast and the greedy ones get more than an average portion; there is less quarreling over the meat fed in this way than when it is fed without mixing. In the afternoon green alfalfa cut fine in the clover cutter; the last feed of the day consists of whole grain, either wheat or whole barley, or sometimes whole corn in the winter months.

Hens on the Magnolia Farm have to pass a rigid test as will be noted from the use of trap nests. Most of the crop of hen fruit, excepting that sold for hatching purposes, finds ready market in Los Angeles. Taking into account in a small way, Magnolia Farm has



The Chicken Dollar

will be a big one this year. The chicks hatched this year make up more than ever to

chicks hatched this year make up more than ever to

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I will expect the friendly aid of every lover of pets, animals and their feathered friends, which includes every human being. This is an inherent trait of man, and it can be safely expected that the animal section of the 1915 exposition will be one of its chief features."

Now without saying that after Mr. Lively has familiarized himself with the duties and responsibilities of his new position, he will give the poultry industry the attention that its importance merits, and that in the course of his subordinates to the several departments (in division, we shall have a name at the head of the World's Fair Poultry Show to conjure with, and he will command the confidence and support of utility breeders and breeders throughout the world.

Two or more years ago, when poultry was still a novelty to the landscape, there was some interest in raising back East for choice breeding stock and eggs for hatching; but with the present development of the industry that condition has long since ceased to exist. In all the popular classes, breeds and strains, the stock now available in California, we feel, is the equal of any that the older sections of the Mississippi have to offer. In spite of that, however, there is still a mistaken tendency, on the part of certain people, to send good money out of state which by right should find its way through channels in the prosecution of the poultry business. It seems to the writer, that bird for bird, the California stock is the equal of any the sun shines on. Why not patronize home industry? A foreign bird in a coop of birds has no significance when only good specimens are to be had at close range, and very often for less money. Besides, it is easier to buy near home, and generally, too, more satisfactory. We hope our readers will bear this in mind when in the market for breeding birds or show-room specimens. A careful reading of The Times liner advertisements will often reveal a real bargain in pure, that prospective buyers can ill-afford to overlook. Try it, and see if we are not right.

In view of the strong effort that is now being made in Southern California to organize the poultry breeders, similar to the citrus-fruit growers, it is interesting to note what has been accomplished abroad in this field.

In Belgium, for instance, there are 154 poultrymen's unions or exchanges, these forming into district or State organizations. The most important is the National Poultry Keepers' Association, founded in 1894 under the auspices of the government, and including fifty-five unions with about 8000 members. The betterment of poultry is largely carried on by encouraging poultry shows and competitions, as well as instruction in poultry breeding. This last duty is entrusted to a commission in which is associated a branch of the agricultural department. The lecturers are paid out of State funds. The societies under the charge of which these educational courses have been held bear the cost of publication and organization. For wrongdoing there is a system of fines. As will be seen the main object is educational—now which the local co-operative movement also is to cover; but its chief aim will be economic and commercial. The market problem will be its concern, the end that the breeders will better their conditions in larger returns for their goods, as well as increasing its quality, and reducing fixed charges in bringing the same to the ultimate consumers.

— in the American Ch.

Mr. R. H. Franklin, a regular reader of this department of The Times, sends in the following record of a hen, a cross between a White and Barred Rock, that is certainly out of the ordinary:

"The Buff Orpington hen, mentioned by you in the issue of May 19, is certainly a testimony to the production capacity of well-bred poultry, but I have a pullet, a White and Barred Rock that goes her one better. She laid eighty-five eggs in ninety days, commencing on the 20th of August, 1911. She laid her first egg on the 20th of May, 1912. She has been laying just three eggs a week ever since, and is in fine condition. I have other pullets that have done almost as well—in fact, coming along at about five months."

This is a striking instance of breeding to a strong strain from two varieties of the same breed, which may be considered exceptional. The perpetuation of the record in future progeny is, however, problematical, if not doubtful.

— in the American Ch.

White hens and out-of-doors laying are inimical to the health of the birds.

There is no time like the present to join the American Poultry Association, and so get in immediate touch with all that is best in modern methods and ap-

proaches to good breeding, which are a sign of good breeding, which ac-

counts for the quality in strong and robust chicks. A

good article usually sells itself, the tug of war

when trying to market the inferior product.

are not always the direct result of excellent conditions for them to

breed operations for the year. Infertile eggs keep

much longer, and so are a safer commercial proposition.

Do not overfeed; not only is it bad from a health point of view, but also from an economical. Stray kernels of grain soon attract wild birds and pigeons, and so increase your feed bills.

June is an excellent month in which to caponize your surplus males. The operation is not difficult, though requiring some care. Special instruments for the purpose, together with instructions, are to be had of the supply-houses.

The advertising men tell us that the price of success is "To keep everlasting at it." Poultry culture, to be successful, is not susceptible to neglect, but subject to continuous application.

Work in the poultry yard, when of commercial importance, is a good deal like making love to a charming young widow: You cannot overdo it.

Peroxide of hydrogen is a simple, safe and valuable remedy to have about in case of colds, incipient roup, wounds and sores. Keep in a bottle in a dark situation.

Where drinking vessels are filled by hand, permanent granules of potash is a good germicide in the water.

There is indeed no rest for the busy hen. To replace a \$20,000 tabernacle in Alberta, recently destroyed by fire, members of the organization have pledged themselves to give to the fund all the eggs laid by their hens on Sundays. It is believed that sufficient money will be realized by harvest time to rebuild the structure.

There are poor laying hens in all breeds and varieties, just as there are good and bad in other farm stock. Poor care is in a measure responsible, but inferior strain is more so.

The commercial importance of the day-old chick business is strikingly illustrated in the fact that in 1911 more than 3,000,000 were sent from Petaluma by the thirty hatcheries in that district. This business is growing. In December the orders are usually so heavy as to give a market for the entire production through April.

Five acres is the average size of a poultry farm in Sonoma county. As a rule, from 500 to 2000 hens are kept on this much land. A proper equipment on this scale represents an investment of from \$3000 to \$5000, but with \$1500 a start can be made on a renting basis.

The State University Poultry Farm.

Readers of this department will be interested to know what is really being accomplished at the Experiment Poultry Farm at Davis, which is under the direction of the State University. About nine acres are at present devoted to poultry husbandry. The equipment consists of one large two-story building 40x60, containing a reading room, lecture room, office and large exhibit room. The basement of the building will be in the near future used for incubation purposes. A smaller building has an incubator cellar 20x36 rooms overhead to be devoted to shop purposes and shipping room. Other buildings are: A fattening house, a feed house, three large brooder houses and two smaller ones illustrating different forms of breeding chicks; two intensive houses for the purpose of testing the advisability of keeping fowls under confinement for laying and breeding purposes, two large continuous laying houses, five colony houses and one duck house.

The object of the plant is to furnish instructions to students and to study problems of incubation, breeding and fattening.

There are, at present, ten different breeds of fowls and ducks at the station, including White Leghorns, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, Buff Leghorns, Black Minorcas, Barred and White Plymouth Rocks, Buff Orpingtons, Houdans and Pekin Ducks. During the present season there will be hatched out other breeds so as to have as many different ones as possible represented on the farm. The total number at present is about 500 laying hens, about 100 young stock and upwards of 800 little chicks.

The fertility of eggs incubated this season has been very satisfactory, as is evidenced by results, i. e. 91 per cent. for White Leghorns, 90.9 per cent for Buff Orpingtons, 85.6 per cent for a mixture of White Leghorns and Black Minorcas, and 90.1 per cent. fertility for duck eggs.

Dry feeding is the present practice at the farm, because it requires less time and thus less expense and because an extended test of such feeding has experimental value. The egg yield is now about 65 per cent. of the number of hens and sales amount to more than \$100 per month, all of which money goes toward operating expenses. At present there are being conducted at the plant two sets of feeding experiments, one for the purpose of testing the comparative value of the different concentrated nitrogenous foods from animal and vegetable sources. Another set of experiments is being carried on to ascertain the value, as far as egg production is concerned, of the different foods in supplying succulence to the ration. Sixteen pens of fowls are included in these experiments, results of which will be published as soon as the experiments are completed.

Caught on the Wing.

Scrutinize the growing youngsters and select your best specimens for segregation and extra care for breeding and show room purposes.

If you are not getting satisfactory returns for your product study causes; if you find that marketing conditions are inimical, co-operate with your fellow breeders in an effort to handle your own facilities for salesmanship.

Poultry culture is not so much a matter of situation as it is of method. Contact the hen intelligently and the chances are she will do her part.

With the advent of warm weather and dry soil, plow up the yards and afford the birds an opportunity to do a scratching business; they like it, and it has a stimulating influence on growth and egg production.

It is better economy to buy a good article of grain food at a seemingly high price, than to put out your American dollars for screenings at a lower quotation.

In the build and arrangement of houses and yards, observe economy of labor in operation. First cost occurs but once, but a waste of time and labor often proves an indefinite proposition.

It may well be asked what of the broiler business if our sole dependence was the sitting hen? Verily, the incubator is a great institution in the mystery and mystery of the poultry industry.

The male bird is more than half the flock. Mated to a dozen females heredity on his part becomes a matter of importance.

It is better to thoroughly understand the requirements and limitations of your home market, than to be posted on quotations ruling in Chicago or New York. The one may lead to tangible results, the other only to speculative thought.

Those who exercise thought and labor in cleaning up disfigured hen fruit, had better pay more attention to clean nests, sanitary houses and yards.

If your customers find your hen fruit "the best they ever ate," they are quite apt to tell neighbors and guests about it. That is the best kind of advertising.

Once a fancier always a fancier. Many from one cause or another "go out" of business only to return under more favorable conditions. That has been the history of many during the past twenty-five years in the Southwest.

Insectiferous food under our more or less arid conditions being less in evidence than in the more humid regions, the matter of animal food must be provided. How about your flock?

The open front poultry house is growing in popular favor both East and West. It lends itself admirably to the landscape of the Southwest.

As knowledge of poultry culture increases, the wider the use of green feed. It regulates the system, cuts down the grain bill, and should furnish the roughage or bulk of the ration.

To practice poultry culture on the side in conjunction with other crops is a good economic proposition, only it must not be allowed to grow too much on the side. One crop should be the mainstay.

NOTE: Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes, as well as failures. The writer will be glad to receive them in his office, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

Why
PEERLESS CHICK FEED
when they can buy other kinds for less? Why?
Peerless Chick Feed
GULF LIFE INSURANCE
Henry Albers Co.
Main 867; F4437.
409-411 E. 3rd St.

Steinmesch Chick Feed

No Feed Its Equal.

No Sick Chicks.

No Trouble To Feed.

Twenty varieties of seeds and grains for the health of the baby chick.

6 lbs. 25c — 100 lbs. \$3.25.

AGGELER & MUSSER SEED CO.

113 North Main Street, Los Angeles

FREE
BOOK
On Application to
Coulson Poultry and Stock Food Co.
P.O. Box T, PETALUMA, CAL.

Mandy Lee
Incubator measures and adapts
heat, moisture and ventilation
to each other. Gives definite
proportions of each. Results,
right conditions, big hatches,
strong chicks, etc. Same units for all users. Investigate.
My latest heat poultry book free.
GEO. H. LEE CO., Cor. 14th and Alameda Sts.

Orchard, Farm and Range.

By Our Regular Contributors.

Fruit, Grain and Stock-Raising in California.

Sugar Beets in California. GIANT INDUSTRY SHOWS TREMENDOUS GROWTH IN THIS STATE.

By Edwin F. Schallert.

ALTHOUGH beet sugar is now manufactured in sixteen States, nearly 30 per cent. of this country's output comes from California. The main facts which have been responsible for this are that the acreage devoted to the cultivation of the product has been rapidly extended, and soil and climatic conditions are better on an average here than in any other locality. Furthermore, our beets contain more sugar than those raised anywhere else, and our season for the last couple of years has been as long as any, with the possible exception of one State.

With the growth and development of the sugar industry in this country, California has been intimately associated. The first successful factory was established in this State at Alvarado in Alameda county, and even though there were three other factories in the United States at that time, all failed except the one at that place. From that day to this the California development in the industry has kept pace with that of other sections, until now it is quite likely that we shall rank first among beet sugar-producing States for 1911. Besides, no region on earth offers greater possibilities for the future growth in the sugar industry than California, although the manufacture of the commodity is carried on in every country in Europe, in parts of Canada, South America and Asia, as well as in the United States.

Sugar Manufacture Has Great History.

NO COMMERCIAL enterprise has had a more wonderful history than the manufacturing of sugar from beets. Its very inception was related to one of the greatest periods in European chronicles, for the birth of the industry practically saved the sugar market of the Old World during the Napoleonic wars.

Owing to the blockading of the continental ports of England, the cane sugar supply of France, Germany and other countries was cut off, and the price of the commodity rose to an exorbitant figure. It sold at an average of 30 cents a pound, and even as high as 60, according to some authorities. It became necessary, therefore, to secure some substitute for the much-used staple. At the time, the producing of beet sugar was only in the experimental stage, and a very low percentage of the refined product was extracted. There were a few factories in Germany, which produced no appreciable quantity, however, and the first country to take the lead in producing sugar on a commercial basis was France. In 1812 one million francs were set aside by her government to develop the industry. Nearly 17,000 acres were planted to sugar beets in that year, and a number of factories were built. Shortly afterward many of these had to close down because of the opening of the ports, and the large importations of cane sugar which were made. Most of the manufacturers were not at that time able to compete with the product from over the seas, and the industry would have succumbed to an early death if it had not been for the efforts of a few of the producers.

Europe's Gigantic Production.

AS THE years went along investigations revealed better methods of extracting sugar. The interest in the industry revived, and its steady growth began. But it was one of the most remarkable of steady growths that has even been recorded.

About a hundred years ago Europe produced a few thousand pounds of sugar; during the season of 1910-11, she produced nearly 8,000,000 tons. There were over 1200 factories in operation on the continent, and they consumed nearly 52,000,000 tons of beets.

For a long time France was the largest producing section, but Germany took first place in 1878, and has since held it. Her sugar yield in 1910-11 was 2,500,000 tons. France dropped to fourth place, her output having decreased 90,000 tons or 11 per cent. A notable growth took place in Russia's production a year ago, for it increased 88 per cent. and amounted to 2,100,000 tons. This gives her second place among the world's beet-sugar-producing sections, and it is quite probable that owing to the great expansion which is taking place in the industry Russia's output will soon exceed that of Germany.

The Industry in California.

THE growth of the sugar beet industry has been rapid in all sections of the United States, but no greater results have attended its progress anywhere than those achieved in California. This State is better adapted in many respects to the sugar beet than any other region on earth. The product requires very peculiar climatic conditions, and although it can be raised in almost any latitude in the temperate zone, and even on the edge of the Arctic Circle, all localities in this area are not suitable for its production. The important thing is to have just the right temperature while the plant is maturing, and the right amount of water at the right time. Growers in California, by reason of employing

irrigation, are able to regulate their water supply and have a considerable advantage over those in other sections, where rain is depended upon to do the work. Aside from this, the soil conditions are especially favorable in western sections for the maturing of the crop, for the beet thrives on semi-arid land, and will stand greater extremes of temperature than in moist or humid soil.

California produced, during 1911, 162,538 tons of sugar, eleven factories being in operation. The output of the previous year, with eight factories producing, amounted to 144,747 tons, while in 1885, when there were only two factories in the State, only a little over 1,300,000 pounds was the production. According to the records for 1910 the sugar beet season—called the "campaign"—lasted longer here than in any other State except Utah, which does not compare with California in production. There was also a greater extraction of sugar, based on the weight of the beets by 1½ per cent. than in any other State, Michigan being second. The average sugar in beets was also more by 0.61 per cent. This was probably all as a result of better conditions in California.

Co-operation Necessary.

THE beet sugar industry differs radically from many others in that there are two phases to the preparing of the product for the consumer—the cultivation of the beet and the manufacture of the sugar. It is always necessary therefore to have the best fields near a factory, because if they are located at any great distance the crop will not pay for its transportation to the center of operations. Moreover, the manufacturers must be assured of enough sugar beets to make it worth their while to handle the product. The story of the industry in this State, as well as in any other section, has been a story of co-operation between the farmers and the owners of the factories. Unless they have worked hand in hand development has always been much retarded. An instance of the successful blending of the efforts in the production of beet sugar is that of the Ventura county section. At the time sugar beets were introduced, the land around Oxnard, where the sugar factory is located, was largely devoted to the culture of lima beans. Some of the leaders of the sugar industry made a proposition to the farmers to erect a factory, providing 18,000 acres were planted to beets. This was done, and the results obtained fully repaid the growers for their confidence.

The Building of the Factories.

S BEFORE stated the first successful beet-sugar factory ever built in America was the one at Alvarado, Cal. In a sense this was the corner-stone of the industry in America. The second factory in this State was erected at Watsonville by Claus Spreckels, "the Hawaiian sugar king," in 1888. The year 1891 witnessed the building of the Chino factory, the first one in Southern California, and this was followed six years later by the giant establishment at Spreckels in Monterey county. In the same year the factory at Los Alamitos in Orange county was finished. The completion of the great sugar factory at Oxnard took place in 1898, and one was built at Betteravia in Santa Barbara county the following year. Since that time factories have been constructed at Corcoran, Kings county, at Hamilton City, Glenn county, and at Huntington Beach, Anaheim and Santa Ana in Orange county. Another is being erected at Santa Ana, and a couple more in different parts of the State will probably be added to the list this season. The eleven factories which were in operation last year have a capacity in the amount of beets sliced daily ranging all the way from 3000 tons to 600, and their total slicing capacity taken altogether is 10,450 tons. Last year they consumed nearly 900,000 tons of beets.

The Cotton Crop.

IMPERIAL VALLEY cotton growers are looking forward to a large cotton crop this year. Undoubtedly the future possibilities of the cotton industry in this State are very great, and the production figures for the last few years are a strong indication that the cultivation of the product is being engaged in extensively. Over 9000 acres was planted to cotton last season, and a crop totaling nearly 6000 bales was produced. The value of this was over \$400,000, besides the seed, which was valued at \$43,350. This year over 16,000 acres is planted, and it is expected that the yield will be about three-quarters of a bale per acre, whereas last year it was two-thirds of a bale to the acre. It has been learned that less water and more frequent cultivation will give better results than have been obtained in the past.

A New Delicacy in Orange County.

ORANGE COUNTY has recently produced a new dish for the epicure in the cherimoya, a fruit of Mexican origin, which has generally been imported from that country to the United States. A box containing about twenty specimens was recently sold in Los Angeles, and they brought 20 cents each. These cherimoyas were produced by a specialist in the raising of tropical fruits, who has several bearing trees. This is said to be the first successful attempt at producing the delicacy in this country.

Burbank's Spineless Cactus

29 Varieties to Select From

The greatest fodder and fruit bearing on the world. It will produce 200 tons of fodder per acre, or 100 tons of fruit per acre.

The fruit is delicious raw or made into jellies, syrups, etc., and produced at less than one-tenth the cost of other fruits; it would sell at the same price as oranges.

There never can be a crop failure.

Dairy and Cattlemen Take Notice

Burbank's Spineless Cactus are the chief food known in sodium potash and magnesia, the principal salts found in milk. These valuable organic salts are found in cactus more abundantly than in any other fodder. The fruit contains 6 to 14 per cent. sugar, besides a large amount of protein and fat, also aromatic flavors.

The planting season for 1912 is now open. Order today. A limited number to each person.

There have been many imposters selling so-called Burbank's Cactus; they are not spineless, slow grower and injurious to animals.

All shipments direct from Luther Burbank from his farms.

They cannot be bought anywhere else in the world. See samples. Prices as low as \$1.00 each; 10, \$2.50; 100, \$20; 1000, \$150.

G. A. MERTES,

Burbank's Cactus Specialist.

Display at Germain Seed & Plant Co., 112 So. Main St., Los Angeles. Here will be found

Artificial Sunlight

Acetylene, the Wonder Light

No home too small to participate in its benefits. It is too large to light well and economically. It gives more light, brighter than electricity, cheaper than gas, at all hours—by just turning a key. Doesn't cost good to you?

ACETYLENE APPARATUS MFG. CO., 557 SOUTH LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES. Write for free Booklet telling all about Acetylene Generators.

Eucalyptus Seeds

In large or small quantities. Write for free pamphlet, "EUCALYPTUS CULTURE," (new edition.) It gives full directions for sowing the seed, raising the plants and marketing the trees, together with descriptions of all the leading varieties and their uses and the localities to which they are adapted. Packets 15c each, 2 for 25c, 4 for 50c, 5 for 60c. Applications on large quantities. THEODORE PETERSON, 112 So. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Bone Meal Ground Sheep Manure

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Giant Spineless Cactus

For Fruit and Fodder. LUTHER BURBANK'S CROWNING INVALUABLE for STOCK and POULTRY.

Price list and record of test in feeding, etc., on application.

W. A. LEE, Agent, Dept. 7, Oceanside, Calif.

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321-325 No. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif.

ORANGE SEED

We can still supply a limited quantity of Orange Seed. This is from Seedling Oranges only, and is to that secured from mixed packing houses. The cost is less than you can buy.

MORRIS & SWEENEY, 425 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Men and Women.

REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS is an Englishman. Nothing particularly startling about that. He is the successor in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott. Now we may expect sensations, for that man in the "City of Churches" has been a manufacturer of sensations time out of mind. The members of the Puritans who attend Plymouth Church have waxed fat, become frivolous and have departed from the simplicity of their ancestors. A lot of them gave a luncheon to their Pekinese pet dogs, and Dr. Hillis denounced the doggone proceeding in most set terms. Then all Brooklyn society became lined up on all four sides, and the husband of one of the dames threatens to horsewhip the preacher while another proposes to sue him for libel. The heathen in early ages used to say "how these Christians love one another." And the man in the street today says "not so."

Oklahoma is in the center of the cyclone belt, physically speaking. The chameleon takes on the color of its surroundings, and perhaps that is what is the matter with Oklahoma politics. Surely it has political colors enough, and one Charles Nathaniel Haskins is unusually close to the center of the political twistings. Haskins is a native of Ohio, where politics grow thicker than grass. He studied law, and lawyers get into politics more than any other class of people. Haskins moved to Indian Territory about eleven years ago, and being an Ohioan, had a penchant for office-holding. He was elected Governor, and then the cyclone broke loose and has been twisting around him ever since. Senator Owen and Gov. Haskins have lost no love between them, and reconciliation is apparently far off. Gov. Haskins is out in the open for the avowed purpose of matching the toga from the shoulders of the next Senator. Things will be moving in Oklahoma.

The Hon. William Howard Taft, President of these United States of America in this present year of grace, is a true reformer and real progressive. He not only refused to look askance at one Senator William Lorimer, sent by the people of Illinois to represent them in the United States Senate, but he caused all sorts of people to open their eyes wide in astonishment at the message he sent to the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, accompanying certain papers touching the case of Judge Archibald of the Commerce Court. President Taft is the last man to condone corruption in any place, high or low, and he claims no halo for doing his duty.

What is one to think of progress now? Mrs. Florence Lyon Young has just been awarded the first prize for the decoration upon the children's room of the Forsythe Dental Infirmary at Boston. This infirmary was founded by the Forsythes as a family memorial to give dental treatment to the children of the poor. The charity is very great. A sound mind is impossible without good teeth, and in our day and generation the care of the teeth must be begun in infancy, for if the first set, or milk teeth, are neglected the permanent set will be defective, and how many demands of little ones there are whose parents are too poor to pay for this service.

The world is getting awfully practical. Here comes Miss Delta M. Stickney, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with all the technique of domestic science specialized, and she proposes to put this specialized science into the curriculum of every school in the country. Time was when in the schools chemistry, geology, astronomy theoretical and applied were the subjects that occupied the attention of specialists and technologists. In infant schools in old days children were taught to make buttonholes and sew on buttons, darn stockings and hem their bibs. Now, if you please, these homely household duties are part of the specialized technology of the highest schools and Miss Stickney is their prophet.

Edward Thomas Walsh, Jr., of Australia is a daring man. He wanted a wife, and turned his back upon all the eligible damsels in the antipodes. This was an act of daring that puts Richard P. Hobson in the shade. He came to America, and after two years' search found a maid to his liking in a Yankee girl. Act of daring number two, for many a man's heart goes a-flutter when he faces his fate in the yes or no of one of Columbia's fair daughters. But the climax of daring is in going back to Australia to face the sweet daughters of his native country with his Australian bride.

Miss Eugenia Kelley, from one point of view, is an unusually fortunate young lady, and vice versa. Her fortune, or heiress to her father, the late millionaire Edward Kelley, is \$24,000 a year, but her allowance is only \$6000 a year. She is a simple schoolgirl and comes into court with the plea that the allowance is insufficient for "pin money." She asks that it be increased to \$10,000 and the young lady's very indulgent father backs her up.

There is a crisis again in the Spanish Cabinet, and in Premier, Don Jose Canalejas, is as usual the center of disturbances. The former Premier, Don Antonio Cánovas, is in the other focus of the elliptical cyclone.

Industrial Progress.

IN THE industrial progress of the next three years the opening of the Panama Canal and the celebration of that great event at San Francisco will be controlling factors. The exposition at San Francisco will draw, at a fair estimate, a million people. These visitors will not be birds of passage, but are going to remain for a considerable time in the State and on the Coast.

We are not looking at this matter from the standpoint of dollars and cents to be spent by visitors, although that is not a negligible consideration. We are looking at it in a broader light, taking a view that goes farther. The coming of this great crowd of people will be felt in the growth of population, in the increase in capital and in the development of all industries for many years to come.

These people who will visit the exposition will not be all native-born Americans nor citizens of the country. Numbers will come from all over the world. They will see with their own eyes what California is and they will return to recreate the impressions produced in their own minds in those of many times the number of the visitors. If a million adults visit the fair, then 10,000,000 pairs of ears in all parts of the world will hear a tale not told twice, but ten times over.

For many years to come this story will be repeated and will direct the attention and the footsteps, too, of a great many people to the Coast, some as visitors, many as settlers.

Among the noted developments of the immediate past the following are of particular interest:

The field men of the American Beet Sugar Company have visited San Jacinto Valley and inspected the beet fields of that section. They find the new plants in such vigorous condition that it encourages the hope of a new section for sugar-beet culture.

Charles D. Frey announces his intention of trying the cultivation of alligator pears near Covina.

The promoters of the Los Angeles, Riverside and San Diego Railroad report that matters are in such shape that construction may be expected at any time.

A company is being organized at Redlands to construct a tourist hotel to cost \$100,000.

The Southern Pacific Railroad is expecting to begin work this summer on the new railroad shops at Phoenix, Ariz., to cost \$350,000.

The old machinery used for making cement at the Roosevelt Dam, Arizona, has been removed to a point three miles west of Tempe, where it will be set in motion again, and will turn out 400 barrels a day.

The directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles are keeping things thoroughly stirred up to get work done on improving the harbor at San Pedro at a cost of \$1,000,000.

G. A. Hart of Los Angeles has secured possession of 1440 acres of early orange land in Tulare county at a cost of \$167,000.

Architects in San Diego are busy drawing plans for a new six-story hotel and theater building to cost \$75,000. At the same place plans have just been completed for a three-story brick store and hotel building to cost \$30,000.

The Pilgrim Congregational Church at Pomona has just been dedicated. It is a beautiful Gothic structure and cost \$100,000.

Things are moving at old San Fernando at the head of the valley of that name, where a new brick building covering a lot 200x125 feet containing twelve stores and a banking-room, with a hotel upstairs, is about to be begun.

The Percy H. Clark Company has sold 675 acres on the hills near Beverly Hotel for \$150,000. It will be subdivided.

Business real estate in Los Angeles is not dull. A lot on Main street near Pico has just been sold for \$47,000; another on Flower near Third for \$50,000; still another, southwest corner Seventh and Olive, for \$100,000; then one on Broadway near the Majestic Theater for \$175,000, and last one on Hill street, in the same vicinity, for \$100,000.

The Board of Education of Los Angeles has taken in bids for the new High School on North Broadway in East Los Angeles. The immediate construction will cost \$150,000.

Everywhere are development and improvement. At Tropico a physician is about to erect a new sanatorium.

A Los Angeles capitalist has sold the Burrell ranch of 1930 acres in Tulare county for \$192,000. It will be subdivided.

The board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of California propose to increase the capital stock from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000. This is all for improvement. A big office building will be erected in San Francisco and the plant at El Segundo will be much enlarged.

Recent surveys indicate that the State of California owns in school lands 1,175,000 acres more than previous records show.

At Prescott, Ariz., a bond issue of \$1,000,000 has been placed with an eastern company. The money will be used in the reclamation and irrigation of a large tract of land near that city.

First steps are being taken by the Congregational people at Palms to raise money for a new church.

Arrangements are completed at Hueneme for a new steamship service to ply along the coast.

At Riverside a commission has been appointed to study the question of increasing the products of the soil at that place, where oranges have been the chief industry. It is supposed that other fruits can be cultivated with success.

The cities in the San Joaquin Valley from Fresno southward are organizing a general society for mutual promotion.

In the Buena Vista Valley, half-way between Oceanside and Escondido, forty miles from San Diego, a syndicate has secured 1900 acres of good land. The company is capitalized for \$250,000. The property will be developed.

A new apartment-house is under way on Hope street, near Pico, in Los Angeles city. It promises to be very high class and costs \$75,000.

At Van Nuys fifteen new residences are under construction.

The growth of Glendale is indicated by the purchase of a tract of twelve acres planted to lemon trees at a reported price of \$36,000. The purchase was made for subdivision.

Walt Mason
The Poet Philosopher.

IUSED to guide a safety plow drawn by two buckskin mules; the honest sweat streamed from my brow and lay around in pools. And as I labored in the field I saw the rich drive by: "I wish that I like them were heeled," I sadly used to sigh. "How full of joy must be the man whose wealth's in bales, like hay, who doesn't have to drive a span of bughouse mules all day! It isn't fair that one should bask upon a golden stack, while the other man pursues a task that breaks his heart and back." And now I ride around in state, deferred to by the throng; and I have greenbacks by the crate, for which I used to long. I look with envy at the lads who ply their framing tools, who wish and wish they had my scads while stirring up the mules! "It isn't fair," I sigh, "that some should back in perfect health, while my insides are out of plumb, and can't be cured by wealth. I'm old and battered up, in truth, and yonder toiling clods enjoy the priceless boon of youth, the first gift of the gods! It isn't fair—there's something wrong! I'm too short-winded now to push those buckskin mules along and guide the safety plow!"

WALT MASON.

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Bird Sanctuary.

[New York Sun:] There is an interesting place at Brentwood, in Essex, about twenty miles from London, known as the Bird Sanctuary. It is equipped with 200 nesting boxes, and this spring all these are occupied. The blue tits and the tree sparrows, which take most kindly to the boxes, are already hatching out their broods.

The marsh tit has taken a box for the first time this year, and a nuthatch also annexed one and is hard at work with his mate darting in and out of the box feeding his young. The bullfinches have increased and there are three or four nests in the wood, one with four little bullfinches, who will soon fly. The bullfinch, however, prefers to find his own nesting site.

Nightingales, garden warblers, whitethroats, lesser whitethroats and blackcaps are in full song. And there is a crowd of young thrushes and blackbirds in the wood. There are four or five pairs of nightingales this year; when the sanctuary was started there was only one. The spotted flycatcher has come, but although the nests of all the other birds mentioned have been found the flycatchers have not yet built. The willow warbler who built his dome shaped nest in the wood last year has not yet been seen. But there is quite a number of goldfinches. These gay little birds have greatly increased; they had almost been exterminated by the bird catcher. The cuckoos sing loudly, and in the evening a brown owl may be heard. The rent and upkeep of the wood are provided for by voluntary subscriptions and the sale of nesting boxes.

The Dawn of Love.

The troubled waters mean the mist,
The shroud upon their leaping joy;
Full anxious ears their murmurs list,
The mighty ark is Neptune's toy.

Sinister lurk the shapes of night;
Demons of the deep, in ghoulish glee,
Dance sarabands o'er prostrate plight,
The fiends depart—Christ walks the sea.

Quagmire and pool and shifting sand,
Nighthawk and vulture wait the feast.
A cry aloud—a light on land—
A star glows glorious in the east.

Lo! Heaven is here, and Love is king;
Rulers of darkness bend the knee;
Peace and goodwill the angels sing;
Travail bears man to ecstasy.

GEORGE H. TOMLINSON.

The Bypath Talent.

"Mine has always been a bypath talent."—John Burroughs.

The talent of the bypath—
It seeks the winding trail,
The shadows of the woodland,
The fields where call the quail;
For it no dusty highways,
No roads where mankind throngs—
And those who have such talent
Press forward with glad songs.

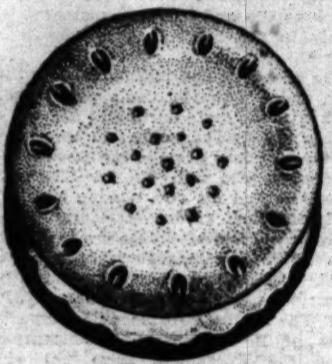
The talent of the highway
Oft falters ere the night;
Serene the bypath talent
Turns to the fading light.
The stars and moon are comrades
Unto the couchless one;
The man who treads the bypath
Rests well when day is done.

The talent of the bypath—
How such a prize uplifts,
How it must ever figure
Among man's greatest gifts!
For it no crushing vistas
Of frowning steel and stone;
The talent of the bypath
Flowers—and dies alone.

—[Denver Republican.]



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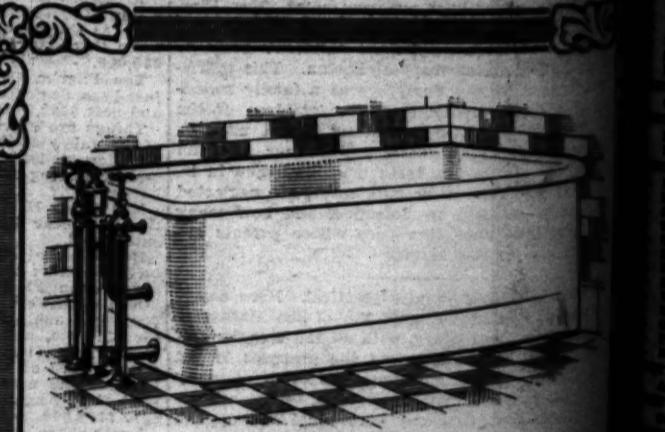
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